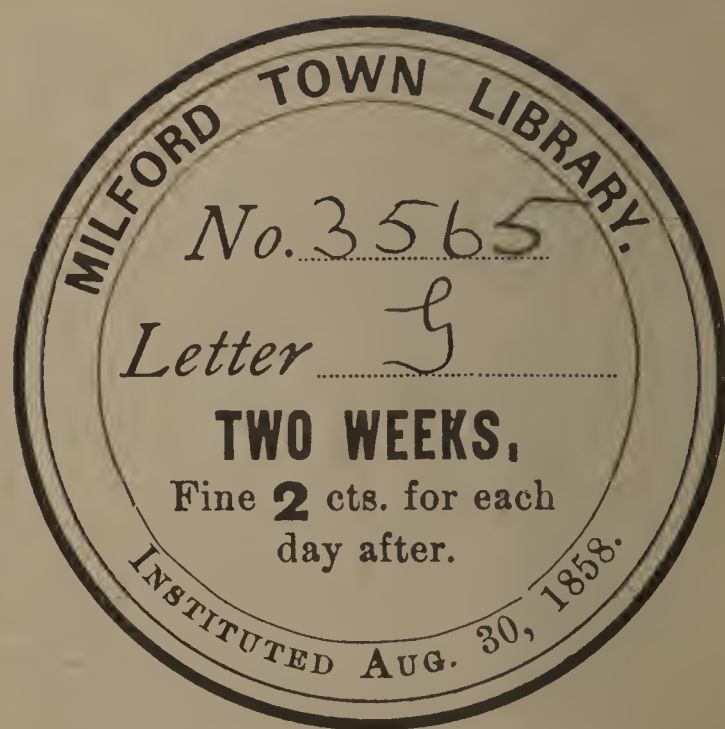




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1903

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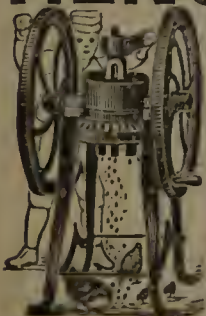
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VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., OCTOBER, 1902.

NO. I.

THE AGENT WHO MET HER MATCH.

SHE was a tall, wiry woman of about forty years, with a firm step and pleasant smile. Under her arm she carried a small bundle, which might have contained one of many different things, but it looked very much like a book. On entering his office, the agent, for such we will call her, walked directly to his desk and commenced:—

“My dear sir, I have”—Here the man turned sharply in his chair and interrupted her with:—

“I have no doubt, madam, but what you have the best lives of all the presidents from Washington to Roosevelt, bound in cloth, and containing one hundred full-page illustrations, but I have no use for it.”

“But, you don’t understand,” she interrupted.

“O, it is n’t a biography?”

“Well, I don’t want any new patent glue, warranted to stick to any known substance, and which is always convenient for desk, shop, house, and factory use. I have a recipe of my own, only I have not had time to have it patented.”

“Sir!” she screamed in his ear.

“No,” he said, “I have no need of a new copy-book, warranted not to crock or soil the fingers. The last six I have bought have been warranted to last a life time, and as I don’t expect to live but one life here I shall have no need of anything in that line.”

“What do you mean?” she shrieked.

“Simply, madam,” said he calmly, “that I have no use for any ladies’ magazine, published weekly, containing the latest fall modes and directions for making five hundred new and fancy articles, which make suitable Xmas gifts for men. I know it is a fine paper, and only ten cents a copy, but I am an editor myself, and have an attic full of just such trash as that found in your magazine. In fact, I have no need of anything this morning, so I bid you good-day,” and he turned to his desk.

The enraged woman left the office, trembling with rage, for she had met her match.



SERENADED.

LEST a few readers of the Oak, Lily, and Ivy recognize this experience, or one similar to it, let us dispense with names, date, and also place; although I might hint that the P. V. T. C.s were having an outing at a small resort towards the south.

The boys’ cottage was, at the most, two hundred yards away, and still they considered it well to spend the evenings with the girls.

Accordingly, one evening after the doors had been locked, and we had

supposed them to be "abed and asleep," they came over, pounded at the doors, blew horns, rang cow bells, and added to the noise by shouting.

Suddenly all was still. The silence was broken only by rattling sounds and the shuffle of feet. It then dawned upon us that the boys were coming in. My room-mate sat right up and shrieked, and when she had exhausted her voice and breath, the well-known notes of a cornet floated up stairs,—evidently the player was sitting on the lower step.

"I'll never speak to another boy, there!" said the most frightened of the girls. Less than five seconds had elapsed before she shouted down, "Will you stop that racket if we'll come down?"

O yes, that was what they wanted. I managed to get into some one's shoes, a skirt, and a dressing-gown, while the others did the same. By the time we arrived below, the boys were in the pantry, calmly helping themselves to the food supply.

We asked them how they managed to get in. Midst their laughing we made out that they had left the smallest boy in the wood-box behind the kitchen stove [He must have been comfortable!] and that he was the means of their securing an entrance.

Finally we succeeded in getting them home, and the next night returned the compliment with a ghost party.

E. D. HUSSEY, '05.



A REVERIE.

THE sunlight falling like a halo on his snow-white hair, his eyes dim and expressionless, gazing far into space, the old musician sits at the piano, his fingers wandering idly over the keys. From key to key his fingers glide, bringing forth strains now low, weird and strange like the moan of the wind in a storm; now louder, shriller, more piercing as the wind tosses and wails in its fury; now lingering, sad and sweet, becoming fainter and fainter, short, gasping and jerky until at last like the sighing wind they die away even as the wild, indefinable longings of a troubled heart rise to their heights, struggle for a time, and subdued sink to rest. More slowly move his fingers, striking here a minor sad and pathetic, there a deeper, clearer major.

He strikes a chord; a melody, pure, sweet, and thrilling, resounds through the room and finds an echo in his heart. His face lights up with inspiration, his eyes are now brighter, more thoughtful. The tones grow firmer, clearer, as in fancy he sees again his old home, the loved ones gathered there, and the tears fill his eyes as his mother's face, beaming with love and kindness, smiles on him with that same sweet smile he had seen it wear years ago, and which often had soothed his childish heart when torn with some real or imaginary grief. Tender, longing and full of pathos are the tones, as if he were loath to leave this beautiful picture.

Louder, more musical become the tones, ringing with joy and triumph, portraying some boyish struggle overcome, some victory won. Gay and brilliant, rippling and melodious, the music bursts from the piano, denoting the grand, untried hopes and ambitions of youth.

Sorrow now breathes through the strains, wild, turbulent, unreasoning sorrow, such as is wrung from the heart of a child torn with conflicting emo-

tions. The tears steal down the old man's cheeks; a sob shakes his frame as he thinks of his first great sorrow—the death of his mother. Violent and despairing become the tones, soaring to madness, then, as the tired spirit, worn out with weeping, grows quiet, with one great crash the music ceases.

Silence prevails for a moment, the musician's head is dropped upon his breast, his form is shaking with emotion. Gradually the weight is lifted from his heart, his fingers seek the keys again, and reverie proceeds.

The fierce glare of the sun has vanished, leaving in its wake a softer, more soothing radiance. So the joy which is now the theme of his musings, experienced in the more serious time of manhood, is calm and reasonable, though as pure and sweet as in the brilliant time of youth.

Having learned the lesson of self-control, when the sorrow of his manhood afflicts him he is serene and content, pouring out his feelings in music subdued and mournful, yet breathing hope in every strain, in harmony with the chiming bells which peal from the village church near by. A little bird outside the window is warbling a message of sympathy. In turn, rich and melodious, low and plaintive, becoming softer and softer as his fingers grope uncertainly for the notes, the strains flow from the instrument; the sun is slowly sinking, the chime of the bells is less distinct, no bird-note sounds from the window ledge.

No longer shines the sun; his ray has sunk into the west; the chiming trembles and dies away. The dreamer still sits at the piano; his hands have fallen from the keys, his head is bent on his breast, his face is sweet with hope and resignation. All is silent. His life story is ended. The player is—at rest.

H. C., '05.



A BOARDING-SCHOOL TETE-A-TETE.

IN the little town of W—there were two boarding-schools: Woodbury Hall School for young ladies, and Cook's School for young men. Dr. West, the principal of the Woodbury Hall School, was a very sober, stern sort of man; and in many ways very strict with the young ladies. He wouldn't allow them to have any gentlemen callers, but they might have lady callers from four until six every afternoon.

There were two young men who were very anxious to see two of their friends who attended this school, but they didn't know exactly how to manage it. They didn't want to write to them because the principal had a right to examine all letters that the young ladies received. At last they decided to dress up as women, and call.

They happened to go just at the right time, for Dr. West was busy in his office, and when the door bell rang it was answered by his little daughter, who was but seven years old.

They asked if they might see Miss B— and Miss C—.

"Why certainly," said the little girl. "Go right into the reception room, and the young ladies will be down in just a few minutes."

My! But weren't those boys glad that little Miss West answered the bell. They went into the reception room, but both felt decidedly uneasy.

"I do hope the girls will hurry," said one, "for if the Doctor should come

in I should give myself dead away, for I never could talk like a girl very long."

The girls came down in a few moments, but to the boys it seemed hours. When they entered the room they burst out laughing, for they recognized their callers in an instant.

"Mercy, don't give us away," whispered one. "We had to do this or we couldn't have seen you at all. Be at your window at eight tonight, and as the lights in the dining-room will be out by that time, we can sit on the ground, and if we speak softly we can have a jolly good time and nobody will be the wiser. Don't forget, tonight at eight; and now we must go, before the Doctor comes and discovers who we are."

They ushered the boys out just in time, for Dr. West was coming down the hall.

That night at eight the girls opened the window and saw the boys there patiently waiting. Such fun! They had a perfectly jolly time for about an hour, when suddenly the dining-room window was raised and Dr. West's head was instantly recognized.

He had evidently been in the dining room for something, and heard some one talking. He looked through the window but could see nothing, so he decided to open it and look out. He did so just in time to get a vase of flowers on his head, which the girls had accidentally knocked from their window-sill in trying to make their escape.

The young ladies got into bed as quickly as possible, and soon they heard Dr. West coming up stairs.

A knock at the door.

No answer.

"Young ladies, I wish to come in."

No answer.

"Young ladies, I wish to come in."

All was still.

"Young ladies, I am coming in."

He came in, but found both ladies in pretended slumber, and so he decided to interview them the next day.

F. T., '05.



MISERY.

THE horizon was perfectly black; it was not solely the gloom of night, but low clouds, which seemed to be resting on the hill itself, rose and filled the whole sky. Still, as the moon was about to rise shortly, and a remnant of twilight still hovered in the zenith, these clouds formed a species of whitish vault whence a gleam of light was thrown on the earth. The ground was accordingly more illumined than the sky, which produced a peculiarly sinister effect, and the hill with its paltry outlines stood out vaguely and dully on the gloomy horizon. The whole scene was hideous, mean, mournful and confined; there was nothing in the field or on the hill but a stunted tree, which writhed and trembled a few yards from the traveller. There are instants in which nature seems to be hostile.

—Victor Hugo.

AN AFTERNOON'S EXPERIENCES.

IT was warm and sunny, and as I thought it would be a good day for a ride, I started directly after dinner with a friend whom I had invited to go with me. We rode out into the country for about two miles, and as we were quite tired, we sat on a large rock by the roadside, to rest. Soon we had rested sufficiently, and once more started on our journey. When we had gone but a short distance, we saw a large white farmhouse.

My friend said, "Do you think we could get a drink of water here? I am very thirsty."

"I don't know," I replied, "It won't do any harm to ask, anyway."

We had by this time reached the house, and went up and knocked at the door. A very pleasant looking woman responded, and we told her we had come quite a distance and were very thirsty. We also asked her for a drink. We were invited in, and she disappeared to get us what we supposed to be a glass of water. But she returned presently with two glasses of ice cold milk, and two generous slices of cake. We thanked her many times, and after resting started for home, but did not reach there as soon as we expected.

When we had ridden about half an hour, my friend said, "This does n't seem to be the way we came."

"O yes it is," I replied, but I stopped short, for I did not see the rock on which we had rested. We certainly were lost, and could not go back to the farmhouse, as it was growing dark, and we were not sure whether we could find it. So there was nothing to do but to ride on. Soon there was a sound as though a wagon were approaching. We listened and heard it again. In a few minutes the wagon came in sight. It was driven by a very rough looking man, while a little child was sitting on the seat beside him. I was about to ask him the way to Milford, when he began to mumble something in a foreign language. Then he went his way and we went ours. We were by this time more discouraged than ever. But we could do nothing but go on, and that we did.

Suddenly I uttered an exclamation of surprise, for I discovered that we were all right, but had arrived home by an entirely different route than that from which we had started.

—ETTA MCKENNA.



An anxious customer burst into our office the other day, and loudly called for the proprietor.

"Here's a copy of a little pamphlet I'd like to have you 'set up' as soon as possible."

"All right," said Mr. B.

"Can you print it and deliver it today?" said the other.

"O, we'll have it done yesterday if you say so," replied the irate printer.

—Exchange.

"Sincerity is the key stone of character."—*Beveridge*.

"This man," wrote a farmer, in endorsement of an incompetent laborer, "has worked for me one day and I am satisfied."

THE
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Published Monthly during the School Year.

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EDITORIALS.

The class of '02 have made their exit, and it is now our turn to stand before the public as editors of The Oak, Lily and Ivy. We desire to make our paper a success, and believe the lower classes are willing to help us. Remember, schoolmates, you will some day fill our places. Do not criticise too harshly, as there is a first time for everything. We enter this year as earnest workers, and desire to establish a worthy reputation among our exchanges and friends.

We are glad to find our former teachers, the Misses Teele, Field and Morton, among our instructors. We have with us two new assistants, Mr. Murphy, the sub-master, and Miss H. rwood, the new commercial teacher. We extend to them a hearty welcome. We sincerely hope our new commercial teacher will not leave as quickly as former ones have done. We give our new principal the heartiest of welcomes, and hope under his care and instruction to make

this. our senior year, the most successful of any in our high school course. We, the members of the senior class, and of the school, pledge him our help and heartiest co-operation in his work among us. We also wish well to our former principal, Dr. Frisbee, in his new work at Fall River.

The class of '03 has had an experience not common to many classes. As freshmen we started in the old high school building, not realizing how soon we were to lose it. On the morning after the fire excitement prevailed. How glad we were to have a few days' vacation! The old Universalist church next served as our school building. No sooner had the newness worn off than we were once more turned out by fire. This time it was not only exciting, but discouraging. We then entered Memorial Hall, and finally our new building, which we, more than most classes, can appreciate. having had these most trying experiences. Not only have we had four school buildings, but four principals, seven commercial teachers, and other changes among our instructors.

At the first meeting of our class, the following officers were chosen: President, Elmer E. Thomas; vice-president, John McMahon; secretary, Nellie Brosnahan; treasurer, Mary Ide.

We hope our friends will take due notice of the many changes that our class has made in the paper. An excellent half-tone of the school has superseded the original cut, which we hope is a step in the right direction. The essays occupy the full extent of the page, while the editorials are removed to the middle of the paper. The size has been slightly increased, thus giving a better appearance to the matter. It will be our constant aim to make the paper interesting, not only to pupils, but also to graduates and friends, who, we are sorry to say, have become quite estranged from us.



"A man cannot select a surer road to ruin than to have a selfish motive back of every action."

ATHLETICS.

8-47-23-32!

All out for football!

The M. H. S. A. A. met for the first time this year, Sept. 10. Principal J. C. Hull was chosen chairman, and afterwards president of the association. Sub-master T. H. Murphy was elected vice-president, and Fred W. Holland, treasurer. A motion to elect a secretary was tabled. A committee consisting of Charles A. Moriarty, Roy E. Kerr and William E. Brady was chosen to canvass the school for new members. Another committee, consisting of Elmer E. Thomas, Herman E. Dillingham and Walter Ewing, was chosen to collect all property belonging to the A. A. in possession of former members.

In organizing a football team this year we are confronted with a strange problem. The committee on suits has found only nine out of a possible twelve from last year. We do not mean to criticise the last class, but we hope that if any material is in their hands, they will speedily return it to the A. A. From now, on the managers should be held responsible.

It is not improbable that a basketball team will be formed among the young ladies of the school. About thirty girls have already expressed a willingness to join the A. A. There is some very excellent material in the different classes, and we hope that all the girls will join the association, thus practically insuring them the financial and moral support of the boys.

At the second meeting of the A. A., Elmer E. Thomas, Walter Ewing, Roy E. Kerr and Edward McDermott were chosen directors. T. H. Murphy and Walter Ewing were chosen manager and assistant manager, respectively. Their nominations were approved at a subsequent meeting of the directors. It was voted to purchase four nose guards and six new football uniforms. Four petitions were circulated around the school, at large, and were most generously responded to. Charles A. Moriarty was chosen secretary.

LOCALS.

I have observed that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious.

—*Bolingbroke.*

"O transcript Fathers!"

Miss O'Connor has already congratulated us for our "good singing (?)."

It's no joke to have a spring desk fly up in your face when busily sketching, is it, Sam?

"You would n't think that a stopple would cause so much excitement, would you, Clarence?"

Who is the poor unfortunate motor-man who saves his coat buttons for one of our dignified seniors?

Miss M. is thinking seriously of having a giggling corner in Room 13 for the benefit of the physics class.

Is n't it queer how quickly we close our lips and put our eyes on our books when we see Mr. M. entering the room?

Miss M. to pupils—"Please give your names in alphabetical order."

A voice from the rear of the room shouted, "I'm Dillingham."

It has been suggested that the male "element" in the chemistry class would do less tramping about. One would think they had feet like "King Dodo."

Miss M. to pupil in physics class—"What is the meridian?"

Pupil—"Draw a line from the equator to the pole and every point in the line is called the meridian."

Young student, diligently poring over Ariovistus' reply in Cæsar's First Commentary—"I wish Cæsar had been a little more egotistical and said 'I' now and then, for the benefit of his many youthful admirers (?) of later days."

The senior class should all congratulate W. for his bravery and thoughtfulness the night of graduation. The poor fellow nearly broke his legs jumping through the windows and falling over desks in endeavoring to raise the '03 banner.

PERSONALS.

We are glad to see Miss Threlfall at school again.

Andrew Morse '00 is employed by the Draper Co.

Miss Beth Watkins '02 has a position in the Gazette office.

Miss Lola Leland '01 has entered Framingham normal school.

Edward Dempsey '02 is studying at Holy Cross college, Worcester.

Miss Lillian Shedd '01 is book-keeping for Norris, Staples & Gould.

William S. Clarke '02 is attending Norwich university, Northfield, Vermont.

Charles Hilton '01 of Pawtucket visited his parents for two weeks last month.

Sumner C. Reynolds ex-'00 passed a two-weeks' vacation at Old Orchard in August.

Miss Cook, our former drawing teacher, visited the school one day this month.

Miss Ethel H. Aldrich '01, has resumed her musical instruction in Boston with Prof. C. N. Allen.

The Misses Florence and Francis Gorman, Susie E. Ranahan and Lizzie McNamara, all of '02, have entered Framingham normal school.

Mr. Thomas Johnston of Hopedale and Miss Daisy Batchelor ex-'99, were married Sept. 10, 1902, at Trinity church. They have the best wishes of the class of '03.

The Park View Tennis Club, all of whom are high school pupils, have enjoyed many pleasant outings and social events this summer, the most enjoyable of which were the week's outing at Box Pond, the straw ride to Hopkinton, and the dances at Mendon.

We are sure that the class of '03 regrets having lost one of its best scholars, Stuart C. Godfrey, who is now preparing at Exeter for Tech, together with Stanley G. Wires, ex-'04, Attilio H. Cenedella '02, and James J. Clancy, '02. We wish them all the best of success.

EXCHANGES.

Since we have not, as yet, received any exchanges, our column this month will be lacking as regards direct results.

We shall look for all the exchanges which the former classes have received, and would be pleased to receive any new ones.

We wish to say, under this head, that the class has decided to discontinue the "Current Events" column hitherto published in this paper.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy begins a new year under new management; and we, as editors of the Exchange column, hope it will meet with even greater success than it has in former years. In order that our editorials may prove interesting we shall need a large number of exchanges.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

We gratefully acknowledge the generous gift of Dillon Bros., the contractors and builders of the Milford high school, of a fine flag and pole; also two beautifully polished granite tablets, placed on either side of the main entrance. We sincerely regret that this matter has thus been neglected.



HUGOISMS.

Degradation thirsts for respect.

Thoroughness is the corner-stone to success.

Men who are down-trodden never look back, as they know only too well that an evil destiny is following them.

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme

Donne à quel'qu'un

Sa musique, sa flamme,

Ou son parfum.

Je te donne à cette heure,

Penché sur toi,

La chose la meilleure

Que j'aie en moi!

Do not ask a man's name, who begs of you a favor.



It is said that after a public lecture on one of his "Essays," Lord Bacon was served with eggs.

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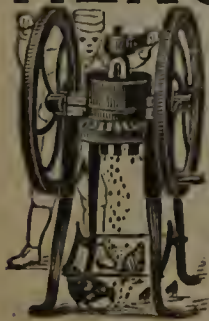
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VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

Picturesque Milford.

The first of a series of views describing the beauty and grandeur of Milford and its contiguous territory.



Third Meeting House—Universalist Society.

THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the universe, and lets no offence go unchastised. —Emerson.

THE Universalist Society is one of the oldest religious organizations in town. The exact date of the introduction of the faith is unknown; but, as far back as 1781, meetings were known to have been held at the house of Alexander Wiswall, in the Plains district, known then as the "Parish." Rev. Adams Streeter first ministered to the "Universalers," ostensibly at Mr. Wiswall's. The dates of his ministry are 1781-5. The society was then formally organized (1785) and the first meeting house erected January 10, 1821, part of which still exists on the present site of Church Block. The church steadily increased in numbers, until the progress of the times and a remarkable expansion in church work necessitated the building of the so-called Pearl Street edifice, May 1, 1851. After this site was vacated for the present one, the building was purchased by the town for educational purposes, and later it was entirely destroyed by fire. The society entered its third home on Pine street on March 22, 1900, and is still prospering. It counts among its many pastors Rev. Adin Ballou, one of Milford's former citizens, and author of an exhaustive history of the town.

[NOTE.—This section is strictly on sectarian and non-partisan. Our only aim is to present both the natural and artificial beauties of the town, to rether with a short historical summary each month.—ED.]



CRITICISM OF THE DE COVERLY PAPERS.

THE periodical essay originates in France in 1580, and is immediately copied by English writers. It improves rapidly, and by Addison's time has become very popular. His first attempt at this style of writing is made in contributions to *The Tattler*, a paper edited by Steele. This is followed by *The Spectator*, which is successful from the beginning. The essays purport to be written by a very observing gentleman, who gives himself the name of *The Spectator*, because of his occupation, and who is unknown save to a very few friends. Steele and Addison contribute most of these papers, though a few are written by Budgell and some other persons interested in the work.

It is in this series that the Sir Roger de Coverly papers appear. There are about forty of these interspersed in the six hundred of *The Spectator* essays. In these papers a typical English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverly, is described. The authors understand beforehand what they wish this person to be, and thus are enabled to make a perfect character sketch. Sir Roger's associates in *The Spectator* club, of which *The Spectator* himself is a member, are described so briefly and so well that one is interested at the very beginning.

Sir Roger in town forms the subject of several papers. We wonder at his knowledge of history when he visits Westminster Abbey; we pity him for his hopeless passion for the perverse, beautiful widow, yet withal he is so cheerful over it, we admire him at the same time; we praise his kindness to

every one he meets, especially those of a lower class, or who are deformed and helpless. We laugh at his humorous fancies concerning the things he sees, and his disputes with Sir Andrew Treeport. While we see the justice of Will Honeycomb's remarks about the fickleness of women, and his advice to Sir Roger, we cannot help sympathizing with the Knight after a particularly discouraging report concerning the widow. Sir Andrew Dundrum is visiting her, and perhaps she will favor him, even if he is a half a year older than Sir Roger, and the latter sits disconsolate in the club.

When at last *The Spectator* accepts Sir Roger's invitation to visit him in the country, we see a different, yet the same phase of the Knight's character, his kindness towards his dependents, and his interest in their affairs. We notice again his eccentricities: He associates a certain part of his estate with the widow and walks there listening to the nightingale and thinking of her; in church he will allow no one to go to sleep but himself, and if on waking from a nap he sees any other like offender, he will call out his name before the whole congregation. Sir Roger's, or perhaps rather the *Spectator's*, philosophy fills us with awe. We are amused at the Knight's self-importance and his manner of settling all disputes among his dependents. We approve his manner of treating his servants, and in various ways he shows a wisdom and justice much in advance of the customs of the times. So interested are we in Sir Roger's character, that at his death we feel as if we had lost a friend, and can appreciate the grief of his friends.

A true picture of the customs of the times is given in these papers. The coffee houses, theatres, and fox-hunting are among the recreations of the gentry. The country churches, each one dependent on some baron's estate, the belief in witchcraft, the universal distrust and yet trust in gypsies, the ceremonious behavior of the country gentlemen, and the intense party feeling,—all are mentioned and illustrated.

The purpose of these essays is to teach a few obviously needed lessons in as inoffensive a manner as possible. In most cases the moral is left for the reader to determine, and is indeed so plain there is no mistaking it. And these morals, or at least many of them, are as applicable to the present world as in Steele's time.

In style, Addison and Steele resemble each other very much. Both have a loose, almost rambling way of writing,—what is called the easy, conversational style. Both are evidently very fond of repetition, for we find the same idea expressed five or six times in as many different ways. Addison is the deeper of the two, and more inclined to take serious views, while Steele makes things appear ridiculous. Yet Steele writes some papers fully weighty enough for the average reader, and Addison is capable of a fine humor, so very fine, indeed, as sometimes to be almost invisible. Budgell's style is simply an imitation of Addison's, and very few peculiarities of his own appear.

Undoubtedly these papers produce to some degree the effect desired by their authors in their time, and even now are considered examples of good English. It is said that Washington Irving in his *Sketch Book* imitated Addison and Steele in style.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

THIS year Milford is honored in having had here a teachers' institute, under the auspices of the state board of education. The institute was held in the high school building on Friday, October 10. The hall of the building was well filled, as there were more than 250 teachers in convention. The institute included the teachers of these towns: Hopedale, Framingham, Franklin, Holliston, Medway, and Natick. The program was one of the most interesting and instructive ever held in Milford, and was fully appreciated by all.

At 9 o'clock the convention was opened with devotional exercises, followed by an excellent and instructive address on "The artist and the artisan," by George H. Martin, supervisor of the Boston public schools. The other speakers of the morning were Henry T. Bailey, an agent of the state board, J. W. MacDonald, Miss Grace Clark, Mrs. Emma K. Gordon, Philip Emerson, and State Agent John T. Prince.

Miss Clark's talk on "English literature in high school grades" was especially interesting. In speaking, Miss Clark emphasized the fact that the safety of the republic lay in the reading of the people, and especially in the reading of the common people. She also said that literature was the priceless inheritance left from all ages, and for this reason too much time could not be devoted to it. In conclusion she warned the teachers not to make the study of literature too mechanical, for in so doing she affirmed that they crushed the very soul out of it.

Henry T. Bailey in his discussion of drawing as a language, especially as it applied to pupils of the first five grades, gave the teachers much that was worthy of careful consideration.

Mr. Prince's talk on geometry was clear and very much to the point. In speaking he called attention to the various methods used in teaching, condemning the memoriter method, and advising an entirely new one, in which the pupil has only the theorem given, and works out the rest for himself.

The lecture on "Oral reading" given by Mr. MacDonald was well worthy of praise, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard him. The other speakers of the morning were equally interesting and instructive.

At 12.15 the convention was adjourned until afternoon, and the teachers repaired to the Y. M. C. A. Hall, where a good dinner was served them by the ladies of the Baptist church. The waiters were chosen from the senior and junior classes of the school, and although there were nearly twenty waiters, they were kept busy waiting on the out-of-town guests for over an hour and a half.

At 1.25 the session was resumed. During the first hour there were talks by Mr. George F. Wilson, W. D. Parkinson, Mr. Emerson and Miss Clark. Mr. Frank M. Gilley, a prominent physicist, and the author of Gilley's "Elements of Physics," gave a paper on that subject. Mr. Gilley's lecture was a rare chance for science teachers, who earnestly seized upon it.

Following these addresses came talks by Miss Anna W. Braley on first grade management; on arithmetic, by Mr. Prince; on language, by Mr. Parkin-

son; and on nature study and zoology in high school grades, by Miss Sarah Averill of South Worcester. Miss Keene of Chelsea also gave a paper on "French by the natural method." The convention was closed with a lecture on "The Old and New Ideals in Education" by E. H. Russell, principal of the state normal school at Worcester.



THE WEIRD FORM.

IT was autumn. The forests were clothed in brilliant scarlet and gold, the yellow grain was waving in the fields, the orchards presented bountiful feasts in the sunshine. The farmers were reaping their harvests, but some one else was reaping a harvest also over the whole country. He was described by those who had narrowly escaped his horrible clutches as a weird, shadowy being, sometimes clad in deep orange, again in pale yellow.

He first made his appearance one hazy day, when the daughter of the prince, attended by her retinue of servants, was riding through the forest. The party were talking merrily, when suddenly above the tramp of the horses' hoofs, the babbling of the brook, the hum of the bees, there arose a sharp roar, rush and crackle, and a terrible form in flaming orange swept down upon them, leaving no chance of escape. He was gone, too, with a rush, roar and crackle, but after his disappearance, which was made amid a cloud of smoke, everything was black, and the royal party was not to be seen.

The prince, much alarmed by their absence, sent his servants to search for them. They galloped bravely away, but they had made but a short detour into the neighboring forest, when about half a mile ahead a quivering mass of yellow, with wavering outstretched arms, was seen approaching. The frightened men halted, and did not stir. The moving creature gave a sudden start, and with its glaring eyes fastened upon the searchers, it sprang with a shriek upon them. Another shriek rent the air, then the form with its yellow draperies passed on, and again all was black.

The whole country was alarmed at the dreadful mystery. But still the horrible devastation swept on over hills and valleys, now committing the most terrifying outrages, now simply rushing over the land. Nothing withstood his attacks and onslaughts. For a whole month he continued his work of destruction, then something happened. One day a terrific storm passed over the same route which the monster had followed, and when it was over, the weird, yellow being, with its waving arms, had disappeared from existence.



MRS.—away, while cleaning house, asked her husband to nail up some []; he refused; she looked †† at him, told him his conduct was without ||, then beat him with her ☞ until he saw **. He now lies in a, tose state, and may soon be a subject for dis§. A man must be an * his life and limb in such a way as that.

The major (rocking Nelly on his knee for Aunt Mary's sake).—"I suppose this is what you like, Nelly?"—"Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a real donkey yesterday,—I mean one with four legs, you know."

THE
Oak, Lily and Ivy.

Published Monthly during the School Year.

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EMERSON FLETCHER LYFORD.

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EDITORIALS.

We are deeply grateful to our friends for the many kind words said about us; and, especially are we indebted to the Daily News (Milford) under date of Oct. 23, 1902, for the following:—

“The first number of the 19th volume of the Oak, Lily and Ivy, the high school paper which is published monthly under the auspices of the senior class, made its appearance to-day, and is a credit to the young editors in every sense. Typographically, it could not be improved upon, while the pages teem with bright, interesting matter, and the advertising patronage is exceedingly generous. The class has made a departure from former years in the style of the paper, which is both unique and delightful; and the undergraduates and alumni of the school should second the efforts of the editors by subscribing for the Oak, Lily and Ivy, and making its financial success a certainty.”

One topic of conversation among the pupils of Milford high school at present is the introduction of rhetorical. In most high schools, this has been the custom for some time, but Milford has escaped until now. There are many arguments both for and against the practice. In the first place it gives the speaker confidence in himself, and certainly no more critical audience than his schoolmates can be found. Then these rhetorical furnish an excellent school for the student in elocution, and in them he can exhibit his talents. One advantage that has been suggested is that the pupil is thus in part prepared for graduation, if he is so fortunate as to hold high rank in his class, but unfortunately this applies only to a select few. Then it might be beneficial to the memory to learn these selections, but most students prefer to cultivate that quality of mind in some other manner. On the other hand, if a person has little or no ability in that direction, it is exceedingly embarrassing to face a room full of pupils, only too willing to enjoy a laugh at his expense. This knowledge, moreover, does not add to his fluency. Certainly if he is at all sensitive on this point, the feeling will not be lessened by an unsuccessful performance. Thus many arguments might be added, but the best way to dismiss the matter is to use the words of Sir Roger de Coverly, “Much might be said on both sides.”

Asst. Ed.

NOTICES.

A new feature of the Oak, Lily and Ivy during the coming months will be a prize story contest. The conditions of the contest are as follows:—

1. Contestants must be members of the school.
2. That the stories shall be original.
3. That they be handed to the editor-in-chief on or before January 1, 1903.
4. The editor reserves the right to publish such stories as he may think best, even if they do not take prizes.

For the best story received on or before the above date, and complying with the above conditions, the Oak, Lily and Ivy will pay two dollars (\$2.00); and for the second best one dollar (\$1.00). No partiality will be shown in judging the papers, as the judges, who will be selected from the teachers of the school, will judge the stories without knowing the names of the writers. For further information see the editor-in-chief.

E. F. LYFORD.
Editor-in-Chief.

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

An effort is being made to establish a school library. The school once had a very good one, but the two fires completely destroyed it. The new one has a nucleus of forty volumes. Friends of the school desiring to contribute money or books will find their gifts much appreciated by teachers and pupils.

WATCH LOST.

At a football game of recent date, one of the M. H. S. players lost a valuable watch. The matter is in the hands of the police. If, however, the watch is left at Thomas' barber shop, Milford, inside of two weeks, the matter will be dropped, and a suitable reward paid to the person who returns the same.



ATHLETICS.

"Baseball has made its home run."

The football team made a very auspicious beginning by defeating Holliston High 11 to 0. The game was devoid of any sensational plays, although Ewing made two beautiful end runs, supported by good interference. Both teams were frequently penalized, and their playing was very erratic, especially in the first half. Constant fumbling by Milford saved Holliston from being scored on in this half. In the second half, however, the Milford boys took a brace, and by clever team work rushed the pig-skin behind the "letter" twice. McDermott kicked one goal and missed the other by a small margin. Dillingham held his own at center; while Cooke and Ewing also excelled

in individual work. For Holliston, Frost, Nichols and Leland played a good game. Mark Moran evinced to all those overzealous supporters of both sides that the toe is mightier than the tongue. The summary:—

MILFORD—11	0—HOLLISTON.
Thomas l. e.	r. e. Dakin
White l. t.	r. t. M. Clancy
Kerr l. g.	r. g. Frost
Dillingham, c.	c. Dodd
Daniels, r. g.	l. g. McGinnis
Brady r. t.	l. t. Woodsum
B. Clancy, r. e.	l. e. Peckham
McDermott, qb.	qb. Heffernan
Cooke (Capt.) lhb.	rhb. Leland (Capt.)
Holland rhb.	lhb. Nichols
Ewing fb	fb. Spring

Touchdowns, Ewing 2. Goal kicked, McDermott. Goal missed, McDermott. Referee, Thomas O'Donnell. Umpire, Dennis Driscoll. Timers, Gillon, O'Connell. Linesmen, Kenney, O'Connor. Time 15 m halves. Attendance 300.

In the second football game, Saturday, Oct. 11, we met our first defeat at the hands of St. Mary's A. A. of Franklin, by a score of 16 to 0. The game was won on pure strength and heavy weight combined with careful training and scientific play. Despite the inequality in weight, however, the contest was characterized by true sportsmanship and an utter absence of any disagreeable features; it was intensely interesting from a conservative view, due in part to the honest refereeing of Mr. Greene. The Milford eleven was simply outclassed. Lapointe, especially, disgusted the Milford supporters by making a touchdown, "single-handed," the full length of the field. The summary:—

MILFORD—0	16—ST. MARY'S A. A.
Threlfall l. e.	r. e. Lapointe
White l. t.	r. t. Fiske
Thomas l. g.	r. g. Wheatley
Dillingham c.	c. Bourbeau
Daniels r. g.	l. g. Greene
Brady r. t.	l. t. Davis
Clancy r. e.	l. e. Palmer
McDermott q. b.	q. b. Kenney (Capt)
Cooke (Capt.) l. h. b.	r. h. b. Keefe
Holland r. h. b.	l. h. b. Boucher
Ewing, f. b.	f. b. Daley

Touchdowns, Keefe, Daley, Lapointe. Goal from touchdown, Kenney. Umpire, Sumner C. Reynolds. Referee, D. E. Greene. Linesmen, Dan Clancy, P. J. Connolly. Timers, Frank Gilmore, W. C. Greene. Time, 15 and 10-minute halves. Attendance, 400.

LOCALS.

Too cute.

A bright sophomore has told us the sun rises in the west.

Robby says that his desk looked as if somebody threw a cat into it.

French II. Miss M. translating—"I love, I—" It is n't yourself, is it, Helen?

Sam thinks that shorthand and physics are not as easy as he thought they'd be.

Miss A. (in Eng.) says that after the squire's death the funeral ate baked beans.

Miss M.—"What can we change the cubic foot to, Br d-y?"

Br-d-y.—"To lbs."

French II. Miss A. translating.—"And do you love me?"

C.—"Wait a minute."

I wonder why so many of the boys and girls enjoy having an afternoon session. Can you tell us, Joe?

Miss F.—"What is a capacious mind?"

Pupil.—"A man with a big head."

Principal to bright senior—"How did the Saxons get to England?"

Ga-k-l—"They rowed over in a boat."

One of our senior boys recently lost his cap. It was found later in a young lady's desk. How came it there, P-r-y?

G-rt-de—You must not be making goo-goo eyes at Sam in the drawing room, and then pretend that you are sketching that branch behind him.

One of our senior young ladies asked a peddler how much he would sell two bananas for. The poor fellow, anxious to make a sale, answered, "Fifteen cents a dozen."

Teachers are usually thought to have eyes in the back of their heads, but one would never think that they could see through a person. Miss F. has a very piercing eye, has she not?



EPITAPH ON A DENTIST'S TOMB.

View this grave with gravity,
For he is filling his last cavity.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Frisbee has been in town for a few days.

Miss Alice Moulton '02 is employed in Manheim's millinery parlors.

Beatrice Bourne '01 has resumed her studies in elocution in Boston.

Miss Marion Adams '00 has a position as bookkeeper in Eastman's box shop.

We are glad to see Whittemore '03 back at school after an illness of two weeks.

The engagement of Mr. Fred Saunders to Miss Lelia Walker '98 is announced.

Miss Maude Snare '01 is employed as a bookkeeper in the custom house at Portland, Maine.

The wedding of Arthur B. Edmands and Blanche M. Gardner '98 took place Wednesday, October 15. They have our best wishes.

Miss Mary Coppinger ex-'03, having graduated from an art school in Boston, has a position to illustrate for Jordan, Marsh Co.'s catalogue.

The P. V. T. C. have enjoyed several good times this month, but the most enjoyable were the walk to North pond, and the candy pull at Miss Mann's '03.

The Misses Grace Brown, Eva Cadman, Ana White, and Beth Watkins, all of '02, are taking a post-graduate course in typewriting and stenography at this school.



EXCHANGES.

"A day at the Brockton fair" published in The Chronicle, is interesting.

The High School Gazette, published by the Lynn high school, presents an attractive appearance.

We think The College Signal is rather more interesting to the boys than to the girls.

The Argus published by the Harrisburg high school is one of our best exchanges. This paper contains a very good exchange department.

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VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 3.

MISS 'DOSIA'S BURGLAR.

"LAUREL place," called the conductor, and Miss Theodosia Wayne gathered up her parcels and gave him the signal to stop. As she stepped from the car a young man came along the street, and touching his hat to the trim little old lady, said pleasantly :—

"Let me help you with your bundles, Miss 'Dosia," at the same time relieving her of the largest packages.

"Thank you, George Randall," said Miss 'Dosia ; "I shall be very glad of your assistance ; for as much as I dislike to own it, I am not as young as I used to be, and these bundles will grow heavy before I get home. That comes of living at the very end of the street."

"You ought not to live down there all alone, Miss 'Dosia," said the young man ; "you ought to have some one live with you to do your errands and be a protection against burglars and tramps."

"Now do n't talk to me, George Randall, about having any one live with me, for I won't listen to you. I have just had an argument with my Cousin John's wife on that same subject, and I do n't feel any too good-natured about it. Here I am, sixty-five years old, and it does seem to me that I'm old enough to have my own way about things. I like to live alone, and I'm perfectly well and able to take care of myself. As for burglars and tramps, it will be time enough to worry about them when they come."

"But they have been in the neighborhood, you know, Miss 'Dosia. Only last night they broke into Mr. Price's house on the hill and stole all his silver. You really ought to have some one stay in the house nights, any way."

"I'd just as soon have burglars come and steal all my silver as to have any one stay in my house nights, so do n't talk to me any more about it. Is n't that your mother standing in your door there ? Well, she seems to want you from the way she is beckoning. Give me my bundles ; I can carry them the rest of the way myself, and go see what she wants."

The young man surrendered the bundles, saying, "Wait just a minute, Miss 'Dosia, and I will come back and help you the rest of the way," and then went up the walk to his home. Miss 'Dosia kept on towards her neat little cottage at the end of Laurel place. She was an independent soul and loved to live alone. Not that she was at all inhospitable ; on the contrary, no one in the neighborhood was more fond of entertaining company, but when it came to having some one in the house for a servant whom she would have to direct, or a companion who might possibly have some authority over her, she objected.

"It's easier to do my own work in my own way than to tell a servant what to do and then have to watch to see if it's done ; and as for having anybody around to tell me what I ought to do and ought not to do,—well, I won't have it, that's all."

Full of indignation because she had twice in the same day been advised

to do something contrary to her wishes, Miss 'Dosia went on her way, lost in thought, and not noticing her surroundings until she was startled by a loud "Moo-o-o-o."

Now Miss Theodosia Wayne was not afraid to live alone, and she was not frightened at the idea that burglars might break into her house; but there was one thing about which she was timid, and that thing was a cow. She could never meet a cow at close quarters without having a nervous fear of it, and now here was one directly in her path, blocking the entrance to her own yard. This same cow was the bane of her life. It belonged to a shiftless neighbor, who turned it loose to roam about at will, and its favorite feeding place was Miss Wayne's well-kept lawn. She ventured a feeble "Shoo" and waved a bundle at the intruder, but the cow stood calmly looking at her, quite unmoved by this demonstration. She looked around in dismay and perceived her late escort making his way towards her with a look of amusement on his face that aroused her ire.

"Stop that grinning, George Randall, and come here and drive this beast away. There," as the cow moved off, "now I want you to go and tell Daniel Butler that if I find that cow on my premises again I'll have it put in pound. It's a great idea that I must be kept out of my own house by that old Butler cow."

That evening, as Miss 'Dosia sat at her solitary supper thinking over the events of the day, she remembered that burglars had been in the vicinity the night before, and she began to wonder what she would do in case they should visit her house. She had quite a collection of silver which had been in her family for years, and which she firmly resolved that no burglar should ever take away from her. She called to mind an old pistol, also an heirloom, which had lain unused in the attic ever since she could remember, and although she had no ammunition, she had an idea that it might be a convincing argument if she should suddenly point it at a burglar and command him to leave her house. It was a formidable looking affair; Miss 'Dosia was almost afraid of it herself as she placed it on the little table near the head of her bed when she retired that night, but its presence gave her a feeling of security as she fell asleep, with her precious silver locked in the closet near by.

About the middle of the night Miss 'Dosia suddenly awoke and sat up in bed, holding her breath and listening intently. Yes, there it was again,—the sound which had aroused her, a stealthy footstep in the yard below. Her room was in the second story overlooking the back yard. The burglar was probably making his way cautiously towards her back door, intending to force an entrance there and then explore the house, perhaps murder her if he met with any opposition. Again she heard that muffled sound, as if some one were taking a most careful step and then pausing to see if he were discovered. She could stand it no longer. She must see what he was doing, but she must be as cautious as he. If she could hear him so plainly then he could hear her. Firmly grasping the ancient pistol, with the utmost care and quiet she slipped from the bed and crawled on her hands and knees to the open window, raising herself just enough to peer over the edge. There just beneath her was a dark shape. As she looked it moved again, that same

cautious, stealthy step,—towards her back door. What should she do? Should she scream and hope to arouse the neighbors? Perhaps they would not hear her voice, and then she would be at the mercy of that ruffian down there. She would leave by the front door and run to the Randalls'! But perhaps he had an accomplice who was watching the front of the house. If she only had something heavy which she could drop down and crush him beneath its weight. There, he moved again; he had reached the rail at the doorsteps, and began to raise himself slowly. Miss 'Dosia's breath came in gasps. She leaned farther out of the window and in the darkness of the night saw the unwieldy shape of—Butler's cow.

Miss 'Dosia raised the hand which held the pistol. If it had been loaded there is no doubt that she would have discharged the contents in the direction of the disturber of her dreams. As it was, the only relief for her exasperation was to throw it at the unsuspecting offender, and the weapon flew through the air. Her aim was sure and true. With a startled "Moo," the cow moved away in the direction of home, and Miss 'Dosia, heaving a deep sigh of relief, went back to bed and slept soundly till morning.

N. A. B.



ROUND TOWERS IN IRELAND.

The pillar towers of Ireland,
How wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers,
Through the valleys of that land;
In mystic file, through the isle
They lift their heads sublime;
These gray old pillar temples—
These conquerors of time!

—*Denis Florence McCarthy.*

IRELAND can well and proudly claim the home of Round Towers. The little "Emerald Isle" is dotted here and there with these granite pillars of history, numbering about one hundred and twenty in all. It is a matter of conjecture as to their original purpose, but the fact that they were invariably built near churches proves that they were the work of Christian builders, and they were probably of use in furthering the Christian religion. As early as the eighth century these towers were known to have existed in Ireland. One of the most famous is that of Keneith. The base is of solid granite, the one door being raised sixteen feet from the ground, only accessible by a ladder. The interior has three stories, with stone floors slightly arched. The windows are high, and are single lights. The whole tapers in the form of a vast cone, surmounted by a cross. The solid masonry base and high entrance lead one to believe that the towers were used as places of refuge in times of war.

The accompanying illustration is of the Irish Round Tower in St. Mary's cemetery in Milford, built by the late Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, and stands as a memorial of his work in the parish here. Standing alone, in all its weirdness and vagueness, it overlooks the tranquil sleep of the dead, like a mighty sentinel on guard.

Picturesque Milford.



IRISH ROUND TOWER.

ATHLETICS.

What's become of the track team we voted to organize last October?

The football team has been "laid on the shelf;" next month we hope to give a statement concerning its success or failure. Cheer up, boys, there remain, after basket-ball, hockey, golf, tennis, baseball, and—the track team.

At a meeting of the young ladies held in Room I., the question of having a basket-ball team was discussed. It was unanimously voted to form a team; and Eliza Conlahan was chosen captain, with the Misses Teele and Harwood as instructors.

Dean Academy 2d team, augmented by 1st team men and substitutes, defeated us by the ridiculous score of 45-0, October 29, at Franklin. Suffice it to say that the Milford boys played well against such tremendous odds, and the game lacks further detail.

About two years ago we used to have gymnastic exercises a few minutes each recess. It served as a sort of stimulus to the dull routine of school life, and made our work a combination of both mental and physical advancement. It seems proper, along with this 20th century idea of rhetoricals, debating societies and lectures, to introduce a branch of physical culture, which also would demonstrate the practical value of a public school education.

At a meeting of the A. A. held Nov. 26 it was voted to organize a girls' basket-ball team. The directors were empowered to purchase the necessary material. The young ladies have already secured Washington Hall to practise in. The president, vice-president and treasurer of the A. A. were chosen to inquire into the matter of organizing a basket-ball team for the boys. It was voted to disband the football team on Saturday, Nov. 29.

The most important game of the season was played Saturday, Nov. 3, at Medway. Campbell's field was lined with the supporters of both sides; the Milford contingent alone

numbered seventy-five. The first half was hotly contested. Dresser, Medway's heavy tackle, seized the ball a few minutes after play was commenced, and rushed it down the field for 25 yards. Milford held the line steadily, but Dresser skirted our left end for a touchdown. In the second half the Milford boys were determined. Tandem plays and line bucking by Hawkes and Clark were of no avail, but Medway's stocky sub-master continually broke through for considerable gains. When the play was well on in this half, Dresser again carried the ball to within 10 yards of our goal, when Hawkes was carried over for a touchdown. The same thing was repeated by the ex-Dartmouth man, with Clark as the tool. The score was probably reduced 12 points by Ewing's spectacular tackling of big Dresser. Summary:—

MILFORD—0

22—MEDWAY.

Thomas, l. e.

r. e., Fish, Nourse

White, l. t.

r. t., Mason

Whittemore, l. g.

r. g., Bullard

Dillingham, c.

c., Connolly (Capt.)

Daniels, r. g.

l. g., Allen

Tompkins, r. t.

l. t., Dresser

Threlfall, r. e.

l. e., Morse

McDermott, q. b.

q. b., Hitchcock

Cooke (Capt.), l. h. b.

r. h. b., Clark

Holland, r. h. b.

l. h. b., Durfee

Ewing, f. b.

f. b., Hawkes

Touchdowns, Dresser 2, Hawkes, Clark. Goal kicked, Hitchcock 2. Referee Rev. Robert W. Drawbridge; umpire, George Gillon; timers, Steele, Farnsworth; line-men, Gillon, Malloy; time, 15 and 20m. halves. Attendance 500.

OBITUARY.

Athletic Enthusiasm, the "noblest Roman of them all," has been cruelly stabbed by Cassius Season, F. B., in the presence of the entire High School Senate. The football manager will read his will on the rostrum, Dec. 3, four hours after sunrise. He leaves two sons, Hope and Perseverance. His remains will be laid away in the brown padded shrouds that have so often fondled him, till he rises again in a glorious resurrection.

Requiescat in pace!

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EDITORIALS.

Lack of space forbids us giving a detailed account of our new library; but suffice it to say that since the movement has been inaugurated, we have received pledges for many new volumes. Later we will be able to publish a complete list of books and authors.

One of the matters which it seems should be brought to the attention of the school committee is the condition of the fence in front of the school building. The old wooden structure hardly corresponds to our new granite building and well-kept lawn; furthermore, it is a disgrace to the appearance of the school grounds. The expense of removal would be little or nothing, and it certainly has long since fulfilled its period of usefulness. A low granite curb would set off the lot much better, and at the same time correspond to the building. We hope that the school board will carefully consider this matter, and immediately demand its removal. W.

Since the last issue of the Oak, Lily and Ivy, the high school has

been the recipient of several beautiful and very valuable gifts. Some of our friends have made the school presents of several busts and plaster casts, with pedestals and brackets for the same. There are busts of Apollo, Diana, and Mercury, besides a life-size bust of the poet Lon fellow, and a statue of "Winged Victory." The social service department of the Woman's club has also presented the school with an imitation of Lucca della Robbia's relief, the "Trumpet Boys." The class of '94 has not forgotten us, either, for we have received from it a fine engraving of Stratford-on-Avon. As editors of the high school paper we wish to thank, in the name of the school and the committee, all who have so kindly and generously given us these most beautiful examples of art for the adornment of our school.

The elective course has been the subject of much discussion for the past few years and has finally been adopted, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. It has been opposed by many for the reason that some who are attending the high school merely for the honor of it, will choose the easiest studies. It has also been said that a few who take the elective course, and to whom their studies come easy, have so much spare time that they are continually disturbing the teachers by being disorderly. We hope, however, that there are none such in our school.

On the other hand, there are many advantages. If we are compelled to take a study we do not enjoy, what pleasure is there in it? But if we can choose the studies we prefer, and those which will be of advantage to us in later life, it is much more interesting, and we enjoy our work.

A few new studies have been introduced this year also, German being one of the most important. This is taught in most of the neighboring schools. The commercial course has been lengthened to four years, giving the pupil the advantage of two years of stenography instead of one as before. The freshmen have many opportunities, and should be greatly benefited in their work by this change.

LOCALS.

I have observed that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious.

—*Bolingbroke.*

How can plants get rain in sunshine; L.?

Members of Room 12, please be less quiet.

Some teachers desire their pupils to get in their desks, but we doubt if they do it.

Master Kinney wants to know if the statues down stairs were dug out of the ground.

Miss F. in "Ancient Mariner"—"What power is propelling the ship?"

Master G-s-k-l—"Hot air"

Miss Morton to pupil—"Who is one of our greatest reformers?"

Pupil—"Carrie Nation."

Miss Pond—"Did you bring your specimens, K-l-y?"

K-l-y—"Yes, I brought myself."

Miss F. in B. English—"Master Kinney, say you will study one."

Kinney—"Yes, I'll study one."

A letter carrier is desired in Room 10 to carry notes. Any one who desires the situation is requested to apply at the above room.

Instructor to Dillingham in Geometry—"Perhaps if you step aside we can see the figure."

We wonder why he said "perhaps."

Mr. M. in B. Latin class—"What is the subjunctive of purpose?"

Sw-n—"The subjunctive of purpose is the subjunctive of purpose."

Mr. M.—"Most likely."

Miss Morton in Physical Geography—"When is the latitude and altitude the same?"

Miss G-l-s—"When the sun is over the North Pole."

At the Milford-Medway football game, the president of '03 lost his cap. Later he wrote asking for his headgear, saying that his attachment for his cap was very strong. We would suggest that he make the attachment stronger with hat pins.

PERSONALS.

Miss Mary De Laskey '02 is employed in Woonsocket.

We are glad to see George W. Billings after a prolonged illness.

Grace Brown '02 is employed by Tewksbury & Weir, electrical contractors.

We understand Miss McConnachie '05 entertained several of her friends the other night.

E. Fletcher Lyford '03 renewed old acquaintances at Somerville, during the Thanksgiving recess.

Stuart C. Godfrey ex-'03 and E. Stanley Wires ex-'04 were home Thanksgiving from Exeter.

Carroll White '06 entertained at his home in Bellingham about thirty-five of his friends, a short time ago.

Miss Lilla Callanan '03 very pleasantly entertained the K. G. Club Nov. 14 at her home, 344 Main street.

Robert Bisbee '02, who has recovered from an attack of pneumonia, visited the school one day this month.

John Swift has launched into political circles. He was the nominee of the democratic party at the last election.

A number of girls of '03 and '04 enjoyed a pleasant evening October 30 at the home of May D. Jackson '03, Walnut street.

Miss Agnes Mann '06 was pleasantly surprised Friday, Nov. 14, by a number of her freshman friends, when she was presented with a beautiful gold bracelet.

The marriage of Mr. Frank Gilley and Miss Laura Crandon, a teacher of the M. H. S. during 1899 1900, took place in Newtonville, Nov. 5, 1902. Congratulations from the school.

Several members of the school both past and present attended a dance in Elks Hall given by three scholars of M. H. S., and one former scholar, Nov. 26, 1902. During the evening refreshments were served and a delightful evening was enjoyed by all.

EXCHANGES.

The *Capitoline* contains a fine poem entitled "Autumn."

The jokes in the *Argus*, Harrisburg, Pa., are especially good.

The first three stories in *The Cherry and White* are well worth reading.

We are glad to see several new exchanges. Our list is lengthening.

"Out of Place in a Place" in the *Argus*, Shelton, Conn., is interesting.

The Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass., is a neat and well arranged paper.

"M. S. Girls" in the *Phoenix* is a genuine treat for the average student to read.

Read the character sketch of Antonio under the "Work in English" in the *Capitoline*.

From the graduation program in the *High School Brecia*, we judge the exercises must have been interesting.

The *Herald* (Holyoke) gives a fine list of books, selected for outside reading for the first and second year classes.

That is a rather tart allusion to one of America's "foremost women," heading the local columns in the *Philonian*.

A careful perusal of *Lasell Leaves*, Auburndale, Mass., gives one an excellent insight into life in a female seminary.

The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis., is everything that its name implies. It is a thoroughly up-to-date, newsy and airy paper.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy is an attractive and interesting paper. Its "A Reverie" is well worth reading.—[*The Reveille*, Northfield, Vt.]

The article "Former Members of '03" is an excellent idea. All papers should imitate it; we are indebted to the *Capitoline*, Springfield, Ill.

The Latin School Register, Boston, comes to us for the first time. It is a neat and well arranged paper, and we quote it as a model high school periodical.

The *High School Crimson*, Fort Scott, Kansas, contains the following: "The story of 'A Boarding School Tete-a-tete' in the Oak, Lily and Ivy is well worth reading."

We beg an humble pardon of the *Hedding Graphic*, Abingdon, Ill., for misconstruing the title of its especially attractive journal. The '02 man who gave us the lists evidently confounded an "H" with a "W," hence our ludicrous mistake.

The Protectionist, Boston, issued by the Massachusetts Republican Club, is a valuable acquisition to our exchange list, insomuch as it is of a direct educational value along commercial lines. Extracts from Senator Lodge's speech on "Reciprocity," and the administration's views on the tariff are especially interesting.

Among our exchanges is the *Greylock Echo*, published by the Adams High school, of which Mr. Hull was formerly principal. From it we copy the following: "In the resignation of Mr. J. C. Hull we lose a valuable and efficient principal. Mr. Hull has held the position for the past seven years and throughout that time he has worked conscientiously for the good and advancement of the school. He has also proved himself a good citizen, and we wish to extend our best wishes to him in his future work."

We gratefully acknowledge the following: *Distaff*, Boston, Mass.; *Cherry and White*, Williamsport, Pa.; *Vidette*, Claverack, N. Y.; *Gates Index*, Neligh, Nebraska; *Oracle*, Bangor, Me.; *High School Review*, Newton, Mass.; *Racquet*, Portland, Me.; *Academy Monthly*, Germantown, Pa.; *English H. S. Recorder*, Lynn, Mass.; *H. S. Gazette*, Lynn, Mass.; *Leavitt Angelus*, Turner Centre, Me.; *Dalhousie Gazette*, Halifax, N. S.; *School Bell Echo*, Merrill, Wis.; *Coburn Clarion*, Waterville, Me.; *Beacon*, Chelsea, Mass.; *Chronicle*, Norwood, Mass.; *Brecia*, Portland, Me.; *Sentiment*, Parsons, Kans.



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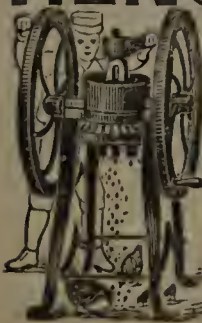
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more than got into the street when somebody happened to hit Aunt Maria's arm, and the street was covered with bundles and band boxes as far as you could see. I got to laughing so I thought I should die, to say nothing of the other people, but lucky for me, I stopped before she turned around.

I was beginning to get tired, and was more than surprised, yet tickled to death, when she said she could n't stand it any longer, but would have to ride in one of them "ere flying machines." She saw a car coming about a half a mile away, and laying her bundles down, took her umbrella, went out into the street, and began to shake it at the conductor. He stopped and wanted to know what she would like, and after telling him, he said she must take a car that had a sign on it reading "Back Bay." She had no more than got back on the sidewalk when she saw the car coming, and gathering up all our bundles we started out into the street again.

When the conductor told her to hurry, she asked him if he was sure it was going to Back Bay, and all sorts of questions, and after helping her in he pulled a bell and the car started, a little sudden so Aunt Maria thought, for, with a jerk she landed right down on her best Sunday-go-to-meetin' hat, and it took her some time to get settled down again.

I turned around to see who was in the car, and I saw three girls with pretty white dresses on and long curly hair. They were laughing at me, and I suppose it was because I was dressed so funny. Just then Aunt Maria looked up and saw another car coming towards us, and she said it was on the same track with us. She gave a scream and covered her face up with her handkerchief and began to cry, for she was sure we were going to be killed. She stood up and pulled the bell about a half a dozen times for the car to stop, but she pulled the wrong one, and the car kept on going, and it cost her thirty cents more than her fare for pulling the wrong bell.

Well, I began to get frightened and I thought we would surely be killed until I heard the girls laugh, and I knew they would not be so amused if we were in danger of being killed. Just before the car got to us it turned off on to another track and went right along, and Aunt Maria is now wondering how the car got by us.

We arrived at our destination at last, and after helping Aunt Maria off and getting her bundles out, the car started, but just then she missed her umbrella, and started after the car, but it was no use, she had to come back without it.

We soon reached Aunt Jane's house and Aunt Maria rang the bell. A colored servant answered the bell, and said he didn't think Mrs. Brown would like to buy anything, and that all peddlers should go to the back door.

This made Aunt Maria angry, and she told him she was n't selling anything, but would like to see Mrs. Brown, for she was her sister, and she also told him he would n't keep his position long for insulting her. He begged her pardon and said he hoped that he had n't hurt her feelings. We went into the hall and he told us Mrs. Brown would be there in a few minutes.

Aunt Jane seemed pleased to see us, but I was certainly ashamed of Aunt Maria, for she asked questions all the time. When we were almost through dinner, the waiter brought in a finger bowl for each of us, and Aunt Maria drank what was in hers instead of using it for its right purpose.

After dinner she looked around until she found a nut-cracker and she wanted to know what it was for. (She thought it was a lemon squeezer.) I was in "hot water" all the time she was there, until one day she said she must be going home.

The day came for her to go, and when the carriage came to take her she said, "Well, I declare, this is much better than ridin' in one of 'them ere flying machines.'" I did not feel safe until I saw her in the boat and started for home. I remained with Aunt Jane all summer, and when I came home she came with me. I enjoyed myself much more with her than I did with Aunt Maria, and I was dressed a "little" different than I was the day I came.



STEPPING STONES TO SUCCESS.

AN opportunity in the hands of a resolute man is success. Opportunities are never obtained by brooding over the past, dreaming of the future, nor by sitting idly waiting for them to pass your way ; they must be made. The success of the twentieth century, now rising in the east, will rest in its ability to make its opportunities, to seize and utilize the lessons of the present moment. If so great a genius as Gladstone carried in his hip pocket a book, lest he should let slip a moment at any time which might be improved, certainly we, of ordinary abilities, should improve every minute of our life.

All cannot be Julius Cæsars, nor yet all Napoleons, but, like them, all can and all must seize their own opportunity, if success is the coveted goal. Did Hannibal or Napoleon wait for the opportunity to cross the Alps? Did Alexander sit idly expecting the world to throw itself at his feet in voluntary submission to his power? Did our own General Grant wait for the Confederate forces to sit down before Richmond and surrender to him? And will we, the coming generation, obtain success by any other way than by making the opportunity? No; opportunity never waited for any one, and it never will. Opportunity is the first stepping-stone to true manhood and nobility of character, and is closely allied with resolution, or the power of concentrating the energies. "Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his powerful career?" The power of concentrating the energies and actions is as far removed from the unsuccessful man as is success itself. Shakespeare truly says that "He wants wit, that wants resolved will." What is the secret of success? Is it your environment? Is it opportunity? Is it honesty or perseverance? No, there is no secret about it. Just attend "as much as lieth in you" to yourself and your own affairs, and push ahead with prudence and resolution. If mountains should appear to rise in your pathway, should you be discouraged, and sit down in the shady valley to bemoan the impossibilities which seem to block the way and which you do not even attempt to mount? impossibility was not known to Napoleon. He believed that anything within the bounds of possibility is possible. "Impossible is a word to be found only in the dictionary of fools."

Cyrus the Great of Persia captured Babylon with its massive walls and supposed impregnable fortresses, because he had a resolution,—a resolution

which was not abated by anything within the realm of sound judgment. He made his opportunity, and never once failed in his determination.

The life of our own Charles Sumner illustrates one of the best specimens of undaunted resolve and fixed purpose combined with self respect and thorough honesty. When all mankind shall possess the power of resolution then, indeed, "There shall be no Alps."

Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was, as his persistency shows, the possessor of a resolute determination. He did what he determined to do, namely, to grasp San Francisco by one hand and New York by the other, and to pull them into closer relationship; to lessen the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific, so to speak. This marvelous invention astonished all, and the world was placed in a stand-still of bewilderment for a moment, only to recover and leap forward with over-reaching and boundless leaps of progression. The present century is alive with millions of would-be Morses. Who can prophesy what is in store for us for the next decade, even? Inventions are of common occurrence and are being patented by the thousand. We ride in the cars, yet cannot even explain the power by which we are being conveyed. What is the purport of so many inventions? Is it for personal ease and comfort that men ponder and study these great and helpful subjects and try to alleviate work? Is it for fame? If it is for fame, who has a greater fame than Alexander of Macedonia? Yet it was not from the desire of fame that he became famous, but from the desire of more territory, which he conquered by concentrating his energies. After having seized the opportunities, improved the moments, and having kept the resolve by action and under difficulties of impossibility, apparently, we see in the distance the glimmer of our bright and shining goal,—success.

Success, however, is not reached as soon as expectations may indicate. There are other stepping-stones which must be used in reaching the end. A man never was truly successful and a trifle dishonest at the same time. Success, therefore, is the fruit of honest, resolute, cheerful and earnest labor. "We get out of life just what we put into it. The world has for us just what we have for it." What we do, we should do well. A dozen things partly done do not make one of them well done.

Brevity, frankness, charity, promptness, together with self-respect, self-confidence, and common sense, are jewels which adorn the crown of the successful man. "A crown is his which seldom kings enjoy." Frankness is undeceit and is broader than truth; brevity is wit; charity is love in its deepest meaning; "promptness takes the drudgery out of occupation, self-respect and self-confidence lead others to respect and trust you, while common sense, 'the genius of our age,' has no match in talent. Common sense is what God has given all mankind, and it behooves us as men and women to use it. The base environment does not influence a man with common sense, but rather the man influences the environment. Let us all remember that "Character is success, and there is no other."



"The spread of 'realism' is marked by the case of a man, recorded in a New York newspaper, who 'walked in his sleep because he dreamed that he had no carfare.'"

Picturesque Milford.

The third of a series of views describing the beauty and grandeur of Milford and its contiguous territory.

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST IN MILFORD. (CONGREGATIONAL.)

WE take pleasure this month in being able to give our readers, as the third in the series of sketches entitled "Picturesque Milford" a view of the home of an organization even older than the town in which it is situated.

In looking over the records of this church, we find that on April 15, 1741,



twenty-six devout persons came together, and after "asking divine blessing and aid" proceeded to organize a church. The first minister, the Rev. Amariah Frost, was then called. Such were the beginnings of the First Church. The next few pages show a gradual increase in the membership, but nothing of special note is seen until forty-eight years later, when we read of the resignation of the Rev. Frost.

Next followed a period of nine years, when the church was without a pastor. During this period the records show the happenings of very few events of importance in the history of the society.

Now after nine years of candidating we see the church again prospering under the hand of the Rev. David Long. The congregation now outgrew its place of worship, and we read that in the summer of 1819 the church was practically rebuilt, the old edifice being renovated both inside and without. After this renovation we see the church practically like the cut on this page.

After the Rev. David Long had served for forty-three years, we see notice given of his resignation. Such is the early history of this society. During its existence it has enjoyed as its pastors some of the most eminent clergymen in the state, and in its parish have been many of the leading merchants and wealthy citizens of our land.



THEY OUGHT TO BE.

"A couple were married in St. Louis the other day who could n't understand each other's language," said Mrs. Gilley.

"And I suppose that they are unspeakably happy," commented Mr. Gilley.

—*Boston Journal.*

THE PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR.

Where have you been so short a time
That you no longer stay?
It can't have been too cold a clime
That made your hair turn gray.

Your figure is but slightly bent,
No need to look so sober,
Your happy home is pure content
And work is nearly over.

Why do you look so thoughtful, too,
While seated by the fire?
With merry children loving you,
For what can you desire?

Beside you sits your youngest, Spring:
And voices carol near—
They are the birds she ushers in
Which are to all so dear.

Do you this eve remember how
She used to run and play,
While you, so busy, held the plow
On every pleasant day?

Bright dandelions trimmed her hair
And light green velvet dress;
Each flower she plucked with greatest care
With gentle soft caress.

Fair Summer comes on rosy wings;
Upon the harp she plays;
And with her younger sister sings
The old melodious lays.

They sing duets both old and new
In notes and chords which blend;
'T is home, sweet home and many adieux,
And then the concerts end.

Gay Autumn sits with paint and brush,
Palette with colors bright;
But let's creep near, step softly, hush!
What brilliance greets our sight!

A scene of harvest of fruit and grain
In yellow, red and gold
A silent echo of Spring's refrain
A vision to behold.

But Winter came and marred the page.
Of course that bold wild son
With pranks and tricks of youthful age
To spoil would be the one.

At last, I think I must have guessed
What brings your years no joy.
Of all, the child you love the best
Is that unruly boy.

But you are old and he is young
Your memory now is dim,
When you your reign had first begun
You were much like him.

You have been good, and very kind
There is no fault to tell,
This son of yours, we soon shall find
If he can rule as well.

Old Year, we're loth to have you go.
Our friendship now to sever
But all our greatest kings, you know,
Can never reign forever.

THE Oak, Lily and Ivy.

Published Monthly during the School Year.

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EDITORIALS.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS DE- BATE

During the last hour on Wednesday, Dec. 24, the seniors and juniors held their first public debate. The hall was well filled, and all present voted the affair was a decided success. The subject for discussion was: "Resolved—In woman's suffrage lies the solution of all social and political problems of the day." Those supporting the affirmative were Elmer E. Thomas '03, Marion Vaughan '04, and May Ranahan '04; those chosen to support the negative were John McMahon '03, Frederick Holland '03, Edward Hansbury '04. The judges were the Misses Feele, Field, Harwood and Morton, and the presiding officer Mr. T. H. Murphy. During the argument the affirmative side made the following points:—

First: Woman was man's intellectual, not his physical, equal. To show this, Mr. Thomas brought forward the fact showing that the majority of teachers in our school are women, and that a large percentage

of the valedictorians graduated from our schools are young ladies.

Secondly: That by increasing the voting lists with unselfish, patriotic women, the country's need would be best attended to, for he contended that the larger the voting list was the smaller was the chance for the so-called "machine run politics." The Misses Vaughan and Ranahan also added several important points to the argument.

The negative in its argument first brought forward the fact that by a decision rendered by Chief Justice Waite in 1875 it was adjudged unconstitutional.

Secondly: That woman's emotions were too easily worked upon, and she would be unfitted to hold the office of judge or jurymen. Lastly, Mr. McMahon brought forth the fact that to give woman suffrage would be to create a "house divided against itself," a home with no mother, or rather, we should say, to destroy the most sacred of earth's blessings—the home.

There was some discussion among the judges, but it was finally decided by a majority vote that the debate had been won by the affirmative side.

E. F. L., '03



The prize speaking contest held Wednesday, December 17, in the assembly hall among the members of the junior and senior classes proved a success. Superintendent Haley presided, and the judges were Messrs. Stacy, Whiting, Lynch, Billings and Rev. D. T. Magill, who after consultation awarded the medal to E. Fletcher Lyford. The Daily News presented a medal to Miss Lillian Callanan, to be the property of the school and to be competed for under the same conditions as that for the boys. Miss Callanan and Mr. Lyford received the hearty congratulation of all their friends. Each pupil was marked, first, for general appearance, second, for articulation, third, for gesture, and fourth, for the selection. The program also included piano selections by Miss Florence Threlfall, vocal solos by Miss Vera

O'Connor, and a flute solo by Leslie C. Whittemore. The hall was well filled and the proceeds amounted to about forty dollars, which will be used for school purposes.

Another contest will take place in April.



NOTICE.

We wish to publicly thank, in this issue of our paper, Mr. E. L. Wires for his generosity in presenting the school with the fine picture of the Campanille, which now hangs in the assembly hall.



GRIT, OR A FEATHERED TRAGEDY.

Scene: At the annual poultry exhibit in New York.

Dramatis Personæ: Enterprising agent (an M. H. S. Alumnus); Portly old gentleman (visitor at the exhibit); Pretty little lady (his wife).

Ent. agent to visitor.—"Do you keep poultry, sir?"

P. O. Gent., turning and looking at his wife.—"Only one old hen."

P. L. Lady, as she smiles sweetly at her husband.—"Once I was a goose."

Enterprising agent: "Oh, now, she is a duck."

CURTAIN.



ATHLETICS.

On election day, November 3, we lined up against Hopedale A. A. in one of the best fought games of the season. From the first kick-off everything seemed to favor Hopedale; by means of both tackle and guard back formations they smashed through our line for big gains, only to lose the ball, on fumbles, twice within the 25-yd. line. When time was called, the ball was on Milford's 2-yd. line.

Encouraged by our success in holding our heavy opponents' line, we began the second half, determined to score. Every man threw himself into the plays and the steelyards began to weigh in our favor. The husky shop boys were kept guessing, as we pelted their line and circled their

ends; when Ewing was finally hurdled over for touchdown. By snappy work and fast play we had rushed the pigskin up the field to the 2-yd. line, when time was called. The crowd was the largest that has witnessed a game this year.

MILFORD—6

O—HOPEDALE H. H.

Clancy. Threlfall l. e.	r. e. Steele (Capt.)
Kerr l. t.	r. t. Pickard
Camp l. g.	r. g. Wright
Dillingham c.	c. Pierce
Whittemore r. g.	l. g. Kelley
Daniels r. t.	l. t. Westcott
Brady r. e.	l. e. Powers
McDermott q. b.	q. b. Jones
Holland r. h. b.	l. h. b. Clough
Cooke (Capt.) l. h. b.	r. h. b. Gardner
Ewing f. b.	f. b. Weekes

Touchdowns. Ewing. Goals kicked, McDermott. Referee, Thomas O'Donnell. Umpire, Horace Parker. Timers, George Gillon, Percy Jones. Linesmen, Charles Gillon, Joseph O'Connor. Time, 15 and 20 m. halves. Attendance, 800.



LOCALS.

Who took the lunch, Tompey?

Did you all enjoy your Christmas?

Well, Fred, Will will soon be home, and then what will you do?

Miss C. of Room 10 says anything that happens is contagious.

Central says that 28-2 is a very busy number on the telephone, Lizzie.

Did you enjoy yourself at the sleigh riding party, Carroll? E. says she did.

Some of the sophomore girls are very much interested in Room 12. I wonder why, Walter?

Some of the seniors are very desirous of long words. For instance, "voluminous" and "the like."

Miss H., Senior Latin—"Molem mirantur equi." "The horses gaze at the mass." ("They wondered at the size of the horse.")

In Latin C.—Master M. asked a certain young man what English word came from audio. The smart young man replied, "Audacious."

Hussey must be going into the clothing business; we notice he wore a tag in Senior English the other day marked "Cheap at seventy-five cents."

PERSONALS.

Mary Jackson '03 spent Christmas in Boston.

Martha Moore '03 spent several days in Northborough lately.

Parties and entertainments have been plenty during the holidays.

Stuart Godfrey ex '03 spent Christmas with relatives in Washington.

William S. Clarke '02 was home from Northfield, Vt., for the holidays.

Miss Jessie Howe '97 of Amherst spent Christmas with her parents here.

Several scholars of the M. H. S. attended the ball given by the Magomiscock Golf Club.

Bertha Snare '02 and Annie Threlfall ex-'03 clerked at Walcott's during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Margaret Burke '00 clerked in Wilcox's and Miss Lena Jackman '06 at Gould's during the holidays.

E. Stanley Wires ex-'04, Attilio Cenedella and James Clancy '02 were home from Exeter for the holidays.

Mrs. Harmon, our former teacher, was present at the prize speaking contest. She was gladly welcomed by all.

The seniors were pleased to learn that the medals of the prize speaking contest were won by members of the class. The boy's prize was won by E. Fletcher Lyford, and the girl's by Miss Lillian Callanan.

We are glad to hear that Stuart C. Godfrey ex-'03 has decidedly led his class at Exeter in Latin and mathematics, and has won a fine scholarship, as quoted by a Milford paper, also that James Clancy '02 of the same college has won a scholarship of \$150. Edward Dempsey '02 of Holy Cross has received several medals.



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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 5.

Picturesque Milford.

The fourth of a series of views describing the beauty and grandeur of Milford and its contiguous territory.



THIS month we have taken the liberty to present to our readers the cut of a statue not found within the town limits ; namely, that of the Adin Ballou monument situated on the site of Mr. Ballou's old residence at the corner of Hopedale and Peace streets in Hopedale. We take the liberty to do this because we know of few other men who have done more to help this town than Mr. Ballou. Mr. Ballou was for many years the pastor of the Universalist church of this town and resided in Milford during his pastorate. The statue is of bronze with a granite base. It was dedicated in 1900.



PREJUDICES OVERCOME.

"BUT Uncle," persisted Phil Norman, "there can be no harm in going this once. I promised mother that you'd go. Many respectable people attend the theatre."

Silas Wilson obstinately shook his head. Stern, immovable, somewhat biased in mind, he resented being dictated to. "Respectable, nothin !" he retorted. "I hain't ever seen good come of them performances, and I've lived nigh onto seventy year. Letty," turning to his wife, "you aint sot on going, be ye?"

"I do n't know," responded a quaint little woman with snow hair and brown eyes. "Now you see, if Raymie"—she stopped short ; her husband's face had grown stern and hard, his form rigid, a sign of displeasure. Husband and wife never spoke that name.

After much coaxing Phil persuaded the old couple to accept his invitation. As in the evening in best attire they took their way to the theatre, Mrs. Wilson, or "Aunt Lettie" as Phil called her, confided to Mrs. Norman that she hoped they would n't sit where every one could see them. Entering the hall, Aunt Lettie's spirits were revived at sight of the minister and his wife "settin' right so 's every one could see 'em." If the minister could come to a play, she "guess" she could. With a sigh of satisfaction she settled into her seat. Still unconvinced, Uncle Silas edged into his place with a grunt of disapproval. Soon the play began.

All was silence in our party of four, except for an occasional "Humph," or "Well, I swan" from Uncle Silas. Aunt Lettie, with clasped hands, was leaning forward, absorbed in watching the stage, as a fair-haired boy of eight entered. "Raymie." she cried as the light fell on his face. Here was the very counterpart of her boy Raymie as she remembered him as a child. Cheer after cheer went up for little Laurie, the singer. But Mrs. Wilson was thinking of that night nine years ago when Raymond Wilson had left his home, having quarreled with his father, who objected to his marrying an actress. Angrily Silas Wilson vowed he would never forgive, and with haughty scorn his son had declared he would never seek forgiveness. So despite the mother's tears and pleading, father and son had parted.

Three years later, a letter came saying that Raymie was dead—nothing more. The father was still obdurate then, yet now his wife fancied there were tears in his eyes. Perhaps he, too, remembered.

Now the applause rang through the hall, as the child ceased to sing (for

he had been singing). As the rosy face again appeared before the footlights, all eyes were directed toward him. His voice rose clear and full on the air:—

“How sweet is forgiveness,
To bring back to light
Some heart that is pining
From anger and slight.”

As the song proceeded, the old man's eyes grew dim. He had remembered. Perhaps, after all, he had been too hard on Raymie. As the child left the stage, the old man, with tears streaming down his cheeks, rushed to the stage entrance. Behind the scenes they found him, Laurie clasped in his arms, and opposite them a sweet faced woman with eyes full of happy tears, watching them. In her Mrs. Wilson recognized Allie Wilmarth, Raymie's little school friend. As Aunt Lettie was thinking this out, Uncle Silas exclaimed, “Here, Lettie, here's our own Raymie's boy, and there's his mother.”

When Phil and his mother left the Wilsons at their gate, Mother Wilson grasped Phil's hand. Though she said nothing, that meant a great deal. Once within the cheery farmhouse around the rosy fire, the family forgot all differences and were happy. Grandpa Wilson never had been happier than now, when he was telling stories to the little lad perched on his knee. Meanwhile Mother Wilson and Allie were exchanging confidences. At length all went to bed, after thanking God for his goodness.

Phil, coming early in the morning, found Laurie and his grandfather out in the garden.

“Well,” he asked, “what do you think of the theatre now, Uncle?”

“I allow I hev seen some good come from it. Not from one performance, but a piece of one. Hey, Laurie? I'll keep that piece safe, and no one else is going to have my little warbler.”

“O, how I wish papa was here,” said Laurie, “he often told me of his home. Don't you miss him, grandpa.”

“I love to remember him as a little child, and in you I see him,” the old man murmured; “God be thanked.”



A NEW YEAR'S INCIDENT.

T WAS New Year's Eve. The dying year was bidding a mournful farewell to the world by murmuring sadly and mournfully through the leafless branches.

Grandma Knowlton sat before the fireplace, musing over past years with an expression of mingled peace and sadness depicted on her placid countenance. She was all alone in the great Red Farmhouse to which, as a bride of eighteen, she had been brought by John Knowlton, a promising young farmer. The happy couple had four sons, and lived in peace and contentment for nearly a quarter of a century, no shadow coming to cloud their happiness until Harold, the eldest, was nineteen. Then a dread disease broke out in their town, and John Knowlton was one of the victims. How vividly the days and nights of weary watching came back to her now! Care and untiring efforts were of no avail; her husband succumbed to the fatal fever, and she was left, but not alone, for she had four sturdy sons to comfort her.

Though she grieved sorely over her loss, she was not of the sort whom sorrow embitters, but rather whom it invests with a certain patient resignation unattainable except through affliction.

The branches of the trees beat a mournful tattoo against the windows in accompaniment to her reminiscences. The fire was burning low in the fireplace, and the room was becoming chilly, for the night was cold. Mechanically the old lady raked the ashes, threw on a fresh log, and allowed her thoughts to resume their interrupted channel.

Could it be fifteen years since her eldest son had married and left the old homestead! One by one his brothers had followed his example, until she was left alone in the Red Farmhouse, for, notwithstanding all their pleadings, she could not be induced to leave the home where she had spent the happiest portion of her life; nor could she endure that another should even have the semblance of being mistress where she had reigned so long, and this she felt would be the case if one of her sons brought his wife there.

However, at least once a year, on Christmas her heart was gladdened by the sight of all her loved ones, and the old home resounded with evidences of merriment such as it had known in the early years of her home-coming.

This year it had been even merrier than usual, for had not her eighteen children and grandchildren been in full attendance, and had not each of her sons had some special cause of rejoicing, thus contributing to her joy?

Scarcely five hours ago she had seen William, the youngest boy, depart with his family, he being the last to leave. How noble he had looked, as, for the tenth time he returned to bid her a last good-bye! Was it a prophetic instinct that made him renew his importunities to induce her to make her home with him? But she laughingly but firmly refused, saying she desired to end her life among the scenes of her happiest days.

How desolate the house seemed without them! Now that the excitement had subsided, her cheeks lost their unwonted color, the light faded from her eyes, and her tremulous steps showed the years were beginning to show their effect on her.

Her musings seemed to give her a strange sort of satisfaction, so she did not notice the flight of time. She became oblivious even to her surroundings; the fire burned down, the candle sputtered and went out, but all unheeded. The old year departed; the new year entered softly, silently, as though fearful of awakening the sleeper before the fireplace. The new year's bells chimed sweetly, but even their echoes could not arouse the slumberer, for she had begun the New Year in a happier sphere.

M. R., '04.

The following order is said to have been promulgated in an American camp: "The battalion will be reviewed by Major General Dash at sunset tomorrow. The sun will set at 6.37 P. M. By order of Major Blank, commanding."

"Some idiot has put my pen where I can't find it," growled old Asperity this morning, as he rooted about his office desk. "Ah—aw—yes; I thought so," he added, in a milder tone, as he hauled the writing utensil from out behind his ear.

A SHAKESPEREAN RELIC.

WE here print a brief summary of a letter received by our instructor in English, Miss Carolyn M. Field, from a friend at Stratford-on-Avon and which may be of some interest to our readers, especially those interested in Shakespeare's works. We regret that we are unable to print the diagrams accompanying the letter, but we trust that the explanation given will be sufficiently clear without them. Some four miles from Stratford-on-Avon is the pretty village of Snitterfield, the probable home of Shakespeare's father. At a short distance from the village dwells an old saddler named Wm. Bryan, and a little to the right of his home is an old plaster and timber structure, formerly a dwelling, but now used by Mr. Bryan for a barn. A little further to the left is the reputed site of William Shakespeare's home, while near by were two houses, standing when Mr. Bryan's grandfather settled at Snitterfield. Mr. Bryan's grandfather bought of the people dwelling in these cottages a small oak cupboard said to have come from the Shakespeare house near by. It was brought home and set up in the chimney corner of the brick and plaster house until 1891, when for some reason it was removed. By chance some one discovered on one of the sides of the cupboard that had been imbedded in the wall letters in small brass nails reading thus: "Born 1564." On further investigation a similar inscription was found on the other side reading "April 23." It now seemed probable that something more might be found in the front, and Mr. Bryan and his wife set to work with lye to remove the thick coating of black paint. Their search was rewarded, for after considerable labor the following (also in brass nail-heads) was disclosed:—

1585
June
I bought it
I sawed it
1586
May
I nailed it
I carved it
William Shakespeare.

This curious find has attracted many to the saddler's dwelling, although there has been much doubt expressed as to whether this really dates back to the poet's time. Mr. Bryan is firmly convinced that such is the case, and has refused an offer of 750 pounds for it and declines to sell for less than 1000 pounds.

L. C. W.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at a Fifth-Avenue store. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced. "Yes, madam," replied the clerk. "We have had them in stock only two days." "I did n't think they were, because the fashion paper says the black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa." The clerk explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.

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EDITORIALS.

The school social held in the Assembly Hall on January 9, 1903, was a great success as a social event. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Haley, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hull, Miss Carolyn M. Field and Mr. George E. Stacy. The program for the entertainment included selections from the High School Orchestra, piano solos by Miss Florence Threlfall, readings by Miss Hannah Callanan and a flute solo by Mr. Leslie Clifford Whittemore. After the entertainment dancing was enjoyed until eleven. There was a short intermission, during which ice cream and cake were served. The net proceeds amounted to about thirteen dollars, which will be used for class purposes. It is hoped that another social may be held some time this month to which friends of the school will be invited. For full information see members of the senior class.

It is with regret that we say farewell officially to the editors of the lo-

cal, athletic, and general columns of the Oak, Lily, and Ivy, Miss Casey, Mr. Holland, and Mr. Brady having decided to remain another year at school, and therefore being no longer seniors. We take this opportunity to publicly thank them for their earnest work, and the interest they have shown in the paper. As a class, we also regret losing any of our members, because thereby our own number is lessened. We hope that they may prove as loyal to the class of '04 as to that of '03, and wish them every success in whatever positions they may hold. At the same time we wish to welcome the new members of the editorial staff, Mr. Whittemore, Mr. Hussey, Mr. McMahon and Mr. Walker.



SPEAKING OF BILLIARDS.

I was teaching billiards to my fiancée and her pretty cousin, when Angelina—the former—left the room for a moment.

The pretty cousin and I were standing close together, and I was contemplating a difficult losing hazard off the white.

"I'm sure you'll kiss me," I murmured innocently.

"How dare you, sir!" cried the young lady, starting back.

"She sha'n't, Edwin, if I can prevent it!" shrieked a tornado of white muslin, flashing into the room.

I tried to explain; but what is one man against two women?

I'm disengaged now, and I don't care for billiards. I play ping-pong.—
[Boston Journal.]

An old soldier, who had become a perfect machine by years of discipline, was, one Christmas day, carrying a plum pudding out of the cook-house. "Attention!" called some one in joke. Down went his arms, and down went the pudding.

This notice has just been issued by a Southern blacksmith: "De copartnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will settle wid Mose."

ATHLETICS.

Inability to procure a hall, after many unsuccessful efforts, compelled us to give up basket-ball. We look forward, however, to a prosperous baseball season.

Some of the boys are eager to secure the room between the boys' and girls' dressing-rooms to practise "tossing the ball." We hope their earnestness will be rewarded by being given the desired permission.

The intense heat(?) of our school-rooms these days has a certain smack of tropical effervescence, which, in turn, reminds one of the grassy parlor where sofa pillows are strewn in a diamond shape, and the entertainment is given by a troupe of nine "kerseyklad" minstrels to the "music of the spheres." The game of baseball is an interesting sport.

On Dec. 5 we played our last football game with Weston high school in the latter city, defeating the home team by a score of 5-0. The game is especially commendable inasmuch as the boys were playing far from home on a bleak, sultry day. The team is to be congratulated on its good work; it played six games and won three. In every game that has been chronicled we have played a strictly high school eleven, while our opponents have been materially strengthened by other than high school pupils, including teachers and graduates. The writer, although a member of the team, takes little credit upon himself, but wishes to commend the earnest and persevering efforts of Walter V. Ewing, in both the capacity of assistant manager of the team and full back; also the able generalship of Allan L. Cooke, who had charge on the field. "Unity, mass, and cohesion" characterized the work of the team as a whole, which is a potent factor in any composition. We wish to thank our fellow-students for their hearty support both by their presence and their voices on the field of combat. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we hold in memory the football season of 1902.

LOCALS.

Miss C-e-a thinks Mr. H-'s ways are lovely.

A policeman must be employed to guard our school.

"If you cannot express your ideas, send them by freight."

A great disadvantage it is to all teachers with rooms poorly heated.

We wonder what the attraction in Room 10 was last month for Mr. B!

One corner of the library was very attractive for Miss G. while Bennie was there.

The juniors are very grateful (?) to the principal for his kindness (?) in allowing them to speak again.

Mr. M. in C. Latin to W—"Now give me an example of Miss W."

Pupil in the back of the room—"I can't."

"Scipio genere equestri natus est." Scipio was descended from the equestrian order.

Boy translating the above—"Scipio was born at a horse race."—[Exchange.]



EXCHANGES.

The Cherry and White is always gladly welcomed.

"The day of the dog," *High School Sentiment*, is a good story.

"A pair from Centreboro," *Newton High School Review*, ends very well.

"Christmas" and "Helpfulness and China" in *The Distaff* are worthy of note.

The poem entitled "The maid of the red and gold," in *The Index* is worth reading.

All should read "Jack's first touchdown" in *The Academy Monthly*, Germantown, Pa.

The Index, edited by the Haverford grammar school, contains two fine pictures of their football team.



"The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge, sternly, "will be expelled from the court-room." "Hooray!" cried the prisoner.

PERSONALS.

William Glennon '00 of Brockton was in town last month.

Miss Annie Sumner is visiting friends in Chester, Vt.

Miss Annie Thayer '96 is visiting friends in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Coasting and sleighing parties have been in order the last month.

Miss Gertrude Mowry '96 is recovering from a severe attack of appendicitis.

We were all pained to hear of the illness of our teachers, Misses Harwood and Teele.

Mr. Frank Moriarty '87 is said to be one of the brightest business men in the west.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamson, née Miss Edith Fletcher '95, welcomed a baby girl Christmas day.

We all extend our tenderest sympathy to Mr. Murphy in learning with deep sorrow of his recent bereavement.

Mr. G. M. Billings, editor of the Gazette, was recently elected vice-president of the Massachusetts Press Association.

Leslie Whittemore entertained several of his friends at his home the other evening. All report that they had a pleasant time.

The K. G. Whist Club enjoyed the evening of Jan. 9 at the home of Miss Callanan '03. The first prize was won by James Luby '04.

Dr. Samuel E. Fletcher '84 of the Milford high school, now of Chicopee, has been elected president of the board of aldermen of that city.

Miss Helen Mead '04 entertained about 20 of her friends at her home on Chapin street Jan. 3. Refreshments were served, and an enjoyable time was spent by all.

Miss May Jackson '03 pleasantly entertained the P. V. T. C's. at her home on Walnut street Jan. 23. During the evening music and a dainty lunch were much enjoyed.

EXCHANGES.

The *Hedding Graphic* is all that its name implies.

We always find the *Captoline* neat and interesting.

The Poet's Corner in *The Gates Index* is a good idea.

The Lake Breeze had some good stories for Thanksgiving.

The *Agnesian Monthly* is a welcome addition to our exchanges.

"A football game as seen by a girl" in the *Chronicle* is interesting.

"The awakening" in *The Student*, Columbus, Kan., is indeed worth reading.

The Imp, Brighton, contains a good story entitled "Boating on the Charles."

The November number of *The School Bell Echoes* contains a number of interesting stories.

The Latin School Register contains two fine stories, "The Other Man" and "Down Eros, Up Mars."

The reading matter in *The Lake Breeze* is as interesting as usual. The December number has a very neat cover.

Evidently the editors of the *Lasselle Leaves* think the editorial column is the most important in the paper.

Most of our exchanges published attractive Christmas numbers. *The Oracle*, Bangor, Me., is especially well designed.

We think the Chelsea high school paper would present a better appearance if its "ads" were not spread throughout.

Gates Index, Neligh, Neb., publishes two good articles, "A visit to the Mormon City" and "Slavery in the United States."

The *Oak, Lily and Ivy*, published by the senior class of the Milford high school, is a complete little paper. The only fault we can find with it is that the articles are too short.—[Exchange.]

We hope to profit by this friendly criticism.

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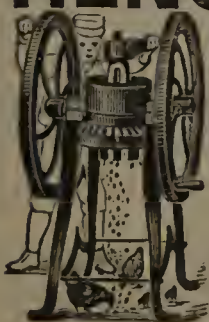
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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., MARCH, 1903.

No. 6.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is with great pleasure that we are enabled to publish the following. The author has had wide experience, and her lecture on "English Literature" given at the Teachers' Institute, held here last fall, will be remembered by all.]

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT HOME READING.

[By Miss Grace Clark, of Cambridge.]

WHAT do my young friends read? That is a subject which interests me much, for your companions and friends determine your character in a large degree. What books do you read? What friends have you made in books? Let me know that and I can make a good "Yankee guess" as to what kind of a man or woman you want to be. This is an age of printing and of books and of reading, and more or less consciously our ideals grow from our reading.

Perhaps with true "Yankee" spirit you answer my question by another, "What shall I read?" Well, "that depends." If you are busy with school work and want something to rest you, make a list of good "recreation" books, as we call them. If you want something to develop your mind and character, if you want something to enlarge your views of life and of humanity, make another list of books worth study, worth pondering over, worth re-reading. Include in your lists history, biography and travels, as well as fiction. Then, don't read too many books. Read a good "recreation" book once in a week or two as you like; read surely one good book a month for a study book, and make a study of it. (If you wish to buy a simple aid to your home study get from Allyn & Bacon, Boston publishers, a little pamphlet entitled "How to study fiction," by Alfred M. Hitchcock, price five or six cents.) But be sure to read some history. A diet of candy and cakes is not desirable for your physical well being, nor is constant reading of light fiction likely to add to your mental development or the cultivation of your literary taste.

There is much light fiction innocent enough, interesting, and to a certain degree helpful, which you may find restful in your hours of leisure. Read such books if you like, until you grow to like something better. The way to form good literary judgment is to make a real study of a few great books, and I know no better way than to take the books we call "classics," books which time has passed judgment upon; books which men and women have found interesting and helpful; books which bear upon them the stamp of genius. The list of such books is so large that after careful study of a few of them you can be turned loose among them to follow your own natural likings and dislikes. Remember, however, that there are good books not suitable for young people to read, and be willing to be guided by your parents, your teachers, your librarian. *Les Misérables* and *Quo Vadis* are two masterpieces of

fiction. Young people read chiefly for the story until they learn to study books and make friends with their authors. Beneath the sad stories of these great books underlies a deep social study of human life which none but a mature person can grasp or enjoy. Be willing to be young, to read what is appropriate to your age, and save deeper books to bring you fresh enjoyment when time shall soon bring you judgment and reason to bear upon recreation reading as well as study.

I would have you read the classics first, because public opinion can be pretty well trusted to gauge, *in time*, the moral and literary qualities of books. Publishers' advertisements, a public taste gone astray, give many books a fleeting popularity. As DeQuincy said so many years ago, there are "books of the hour" and "books of all time." Most of us have not time to read many of the former class. Let us be sure we know thoroughly some of the latter.

The following list comprises some of the books which the author considers helpful reading:--

READING LIST.

Class I. (Seniors.)

Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, Othello, Hamlet, Midsummer Night's Dream, King Lear, Abraham Lincoln (Schurz), Shakespeare's England (Winter), Conduct of Life (Emerson), Representative Men (Emerson), History of Civilization (Guizot), Life of Hamilton (Lodge), Essay on Behavior (Emerson), McCarthy's History of our Own Times, American Commonwealth (Bryce), English Literature (Saintsbury), David Copperfield (Dickens), Henry Esmond (Thackeray), Romola (George Eliot), Judith Shakespeare (Black), Princess of Thule (Black), A Window in Thrums, Marble Faun (Hawthorne), Egyptian Princess (Ebers), Pride and Prejudice (Austin), Biglow Papers (Lowell), Sharp Eyes, Hypatia (Kingsley), Looking Backward, Vision of Sir Launfal, Marjory Daw and Other Stories (Aldrich), Gallagher and Other Stories (Davis), Stockton's Short Stories (Compare with short stories of Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, etc., in French. If you do not read them in French get translations. Get also La Petite Fadette by George Sand. Many long stories by French authors are not suitable for young readers. Their short stories are marvelous. Simple idyls of country life, character studies of the humble and lowly. We have nothing to compare with them, and high school seniors should read a number of such stories.) Pickwick Papers, A Roman Singer (Crawford), Plain Tales From the Hills (Kipling), Views Afoot (Taylor), Meh Lady (Page), A Kentucky Cardinal (Allen), The Choir Invisible (Allen).

Class II. (Juniors.)

Ben Hur (Wallace), Prince of India (Wallace), Hereward, Lorna Doone, Cranford, Pendennis, The Abbot, Legends of Alhambra, Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, Malcolm, Robert Falconer, Tales of a Traveler, Vicar of Wakefield, In Old Virginia (Page), Treasure Island (Stevenson), Gunnar (Boyesen), A Study of Words (Trench), Odyssey (Bryant's or Palmer's translation), Dombey and Son, Harold (Bulwer), Burns' Poems, Psalms of David, Idylls of the King, A Gentleman of France, Under the Red Robe,

Amyas Leigh, Darkness to Dawn (Farrar), Wulf the Saxon (Henty), The Roman and the Teuton (Kingsley), Essay on Friendship (Emerson), Kidnapped (Stevenson), Westward Ho! Richard II., Julius Cæsar, A New England Nun.

Class III.

Marmion, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, The Refugees (Doyle), Tale of Two Cities, Around the World in Yacht Sunbeam (Brassey), Bits of Travel ("H. H."), Bits of Talk, The White Company, Silas Marner, Last Days of Pompeii, John Halifax, Innocents Abroad, Hoosier Schoolmaster (Eggles-ton), Two Years Before the Mast (Dana), Col. Carter of Cartersville (Smith), Tales of New England (Jewett), Young Folks' Plutarch (Kaufman), Life of Agassiz, My Winter on the Nile (Warner), Short Stories from the Dictionary (Gilman), Walden (Thoreau), Essay on Manners (Emerson), Politics for Young Americans (Nordhoff), Knickerbocker History of New York (Irving), Astoria (Irving), Anne of Geierstein (Scott), Tent on the Beach (Whittier), Rhodora (Emerson), Snow Storm (Emerson), Thanatopsis (Bryant), Ramona ("H. H."), Hugh Wynne, Quaker (Mitchell), In the Tennessee Mountains (Craddock), Hero Tales from American History (Roosevelt and Lodge), Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail (Roosevelt), Last of the Mohicans (Cooper), David Harum.

Class IV.

Scott's Waverleys, especially Ivanhoe, Kenilworth and, Talisman; Stories from Homer (Church), Stories of the Persian Wars (Church), Cooper's Novels, Feats on Fjord (Martineau), Peasant and Prince (Martineau), Roman Life in the Days of Cicero, Age of Chivalry (Bulfinch), Guerber's Myths, Betty Alden series (Austen), Nicholas Nickleby, Man Without a Country, Story of the Indian (Grinnell), Young Folks' History of France (Yonge), Christians and Moors in Spain, Shorter History of England (Greene), Stories from English History (Strickland), Boys' King Arthur (Lanier), Story of a Short Life (Ewing), Canadian Stories, Tonty etc. (Catherwood), Water Babies (Kingsley), Lays of Ancient Rome, The Tempest, Tales of a Wayside Inn, Nights with Uncle Remus, Kidnapped (Stevenson), David Balfour (Stevenson), Black Arrow (Stevenson), Good Old Times, Master Skylark, Prince and Pauper (Mark Twain), Merchant of Venice, Brave Little Holland, Baldwin's Siegfried, Tenants of an Old Farm (McCook).



THE "CRISIS."

Aunt Grace and Mr. Davis were sitting in the parlor, though that was nothing new, for they had done this very thing every afternoon for a week, now. But the Brown twins were having a holiday. Mamma Brown was busy, and the twins were at a loss what to do with themselves.

It was seldom that Marjorie and Bobby were found in such desperate straits. They wandered aimlessly about, and wondered why it was that Mr.

Davis and Aunt Grace always occupied the parlor when they wanted it. "He's come an awful lot lately," volunteered Marjorie. "I do wonder what they can find to talk about. It must be terribly interesting. S'pose we go look in the parlor window, Bob, and see what they're doing."

They went, but disappointment stared them in the face. "Huh," sniffed Bobby, "they're way over on the sofa; needn't have been so awfully scared somebody'd see them. I heard mamma say last night, that the crisis was almost reached 'tween Mr. Davis and Aunt Grace. I wonder what 'crisis' means. O Marjorie, probably it's come now; that's why we can't see them. I tell you, let's go round and open the door softly, you know, and peek in, and p'raps we may see it." "Yes," said Marjorie, "let's."

No sooner said than done. The door was opened, O so softly, and the two conspirators "peeked in."

"I do n't see the crisis, do you, Marjorie? I do n't see anything 'tween 'em."

"Neither do I," said Marjorie, anxiously; "but never mind, let's creep under the sofa and wait, and then we'll surely see it when it comes. They'll never see, they're too busy, talking."

Mr. Davis and Aunt Grace were sitting on the sofa, one on each end. Mr. Davis was near the window, Aunt Grace near the stove; strange to say, the former felt too chilly, the latter too warm, so the distance between them diminished. The Brown twins were not aware of this interesting fact. They were patiently awaiting the "crisis." Mr. Davis still seemed to be chilly and Aunt Grace hot, so that when each was comfortably arranged, the distance between them had lessened considerably.

"Miss Grace," began Mr. Davis—the "crisis" was approaching, unknown to the Brown twins—"I er-er have something er—will you er-er h'm, h'm—will you ("Yes, Mr. Davis") will you—(here proceedings were interrupted by a violent and hearty rrt-rrt chew! from under the sofa. Mr. Davis, overwhelmed by the shock, gasped hysterically—"marry me?" "Yes, Mr. Davis," replied Aunt Grace, before she extricated her small niece from a somewhat alarming position.

It developed later that Bobby, finding a feather under the sofa, (Alas for his mother's reputation as housekeeper!) had been seized with an uncontrollable desire to tickle Marjorie's nose, and he had done so with the aforesaid result.

In spite of Aunt Grace's protests, the Brown twins went to bed early that night.

N. B., '03.



In an old diary bearing the date of 1775, several pages are devoted to cash accounts. On one of these is a quaintly worded statement, duly witnessed and dated.

The spelling is not particularly commendable, but spelling was an uncertain art in those days, and even now is a gift denied to some.

"Novem. 29th 1775.

"This is to sartifie to all Parsons home it may Consarne that I have Paid a sufishent charge for a redish Colerd Surtute with a Blew Velvet Cape, wick I now wair.

JOHN SMITH."

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EDITORIALS.

On Friday afternoon and evening, February 6, two lectures conducted under the auspices of the junior class, were given by the Rev. Mr. Kempton of Fitchburg. Mr. Kempton spoke in the afternoon on "Evangeline," reading portions of the poem, and in the evening his topic was "Nova Scotia, the land of Evangeline." Both lectures were profusely illustrated by fine stereopticon views, most of them being actual scenes taken in the country of Evangeline. Mr. Kempton has given much attention to the preparation of these lectures, and is singularly well fitted to conduct them, as he is a native of Nova Scotia and has spent much of his life there. In the afternoon the seating capacity of the hall was taxed to the utmost, the audience being largely school children. In the evening the attendance was also large, and the class has every reason to feel satisfied with the results of its labor.

The class will clear about thirty-eight dollars.

Through the kindness of the school committee, the class of '03 was enabled to hold a very pleasant invitation party on the twentieth of last month. There were about fifty couples present, and a general good time was enjoyed by all present. The affair was a decided success both socially and financially. The party committee take this way to express their thanks to the school board for their kindness in allowing them the use of the assembly hall.

We have received a number of new books for the library during the past month, which have been carefully selected with regard to their educational value. Among them are French and German dictionaries, Shakespeare's complete works, several works on history and science, and a number of books of carefully chosen pieces for prize-speaking contests. The latter will make an especially welcome addition to the library, as since the inauguration of speaking contests in the school, many of the pupils have found considerable difficulty in finding suitable pieces. This difficulty can now be avoided by reference to the library, as the books contain pieces adapted to both sexes.

We have at last received our class pins, and they have been distributed. The pin is enameled in red and gray, our class colors, with gold numerals, letters and trimmings. They were procured through Mr. Andrew E. Macuen and have given excellent satisfaction throughout the whole class.



ATHLETICS.

Next month will bring the opening of the baseball season, which to the boys is the liveliest time of the year. This year we hope to improve our former record. If we do not it will not be through the lack of talent, but of energy. The freshmen have brought to us several good players, and these, with the old members, ought to make up a strong team. If we are going to have a team, let us have a good

one, and we certainly can if each one will do his share..

After long consideration the members of the school have finally decided to join the inter-scholastic league. This league comprises the high schools of Uxbridge, Medway, Northbridge, Holliston and Milford. We hope this may be a benefit to all the members.

Some time next month the members of the school will give a concert for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It will be under the direction of Miss O'Connor, our music teacher. We should give Miss O'Connor our hearty co-operation in return for her interest in our affairs.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held in Room 12 on Feb. 18, it was unanimously voted to adopt the following constitution, drawn up by a committee chosen by the association several weeks ago.

CONSTITUTION, MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this association shall be the Milford High School Athletic Association.

ARTICLE II.

The object of this association shall be the development of an increased interest in systematic physical exercise on the part of as many members of the school as possible; the development, maintenance and support of athletic teams that shall fittingly represent the school; and the promotion, by example and influence, of the cause of purity in high school athletics.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERS.

All graduates, students and teachers of the Milford high school; the superintendent of the Milford public schools, and the members of the Milford school committee, shall be members of this association; and all of the above shall be entitled to attend, participate in, and vote at all meetings of this association.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

The officers of this association shall be a president, vice-president,

secretary, treasurer, and executive committee. The term of office of all the above shall expire at the annual meeting, which shall be held at three o'clock on the first Friday of the school year.

ARTICLE V.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The executive committee shall consist of two graduates, three students, one teacher, and one member of the school committee. The graduate members of this committee shall be elected by the alumni at their annual meeting. In case, however, the annual meeting of the alumni should be omitted, or in case the alumni fail to elect their representative, then the other five members of the executive committee shall elect two graduates to membership on that committee. The student members of the executive committee shall be elected by a majority vote of those students present at the annual meeting. The teachers and school committee shall choose their representatives upon the executive committee.

ARTICLE VI.

The president, vice-president, and secretary shall be elected at the annual meeting by a majority vote of members present. The secretary, shall, in addition to the usual duties of that position, attend and keep a record of all meetings of the executive committee though he shall not vote therein unless also a member of that committee.

ARTICLE VII.

The treasurer shall be elected by a majority vote of the executive committee. He shall have charge of all funds of the association, and shall expend no money except for the payment of such bills as bear the written approval of the principal of the school. His books shall be open to the inspection of any member of the executive committee at any time, and twice each year, viz, during the first week in December, and during the last week of the school year, he shall submit a written report, which after being audited by the executive committee shall be posted on the

school bulletin board and also published in the school paper.

ARTICLE VIII.

Only actual undergraduate students, of amateur standing, shall represent the school in any contest; and no games shall be arranged with other schools that do not live up to a similar rule. Any captain or manager violating the spirit of this rule shall thereby forfeit his position.

ARTICLE IX.

Only such students shall wear the "M" as the executive committee shall designate.

ARTICLE X.

The captain of each team shall be elected by a majority vote of the members of each preceding team who have been awarded the "M". The meeting for this purpose shall be called by the principal of the school.

ARTICLE XI.

The executive committee shall have the right to veto any election.

ARTICLE XII.

Managers shall be nominated by the association and elected by the executive committee.

ARTICLE XIII.

The executive committee may adopt such additional regulations as they choose, provided they do not conflict with any provision of this constitution.

ARTICLE XIV.

This constitution may be amended by vote of the association and also of the executive committee.



THEY OUGHT TO BE.

"A couple were married in St. Louis the other day who could n't understand each other's language," said Mrs. Gilley.

"And I suppose that that are unspeakably happy," commented Mr. Gilley.

—*Boston Journal.*



The high school orchestra rendered a number of very pleasing selections at the reception given by the Baptist society, Jan. 16.

LOCALS.

French I.—He leaped into a bottle.

College History—Immoralize his name.

Real kind of him to get your hat, Lillian.

Iliad—He placed his breastplate on his shoulders.

Did you think you could skate on the water L-'l-e?

Miss G. Iliad—Ald hit the son of Atreus round on all sides.

French I.—"Il avait les yeux flambeaux." "He had the pinkeye."

It must be colder than usual when E-ll t runs upstairs to look at the barometer.

School keeps in the afternoon for those who do not know their lessons the first session.

Have you seen the tie with a freshman behind it? It's a sofa pillow with a distinct echo.

History I. Instructor—What kind of an ardile did I understand he was? Th-s—A croc-odile.

It is wonderful if a person can whisper with his hand behind his mouth, is n't it, Miss F-d?

The girls are now singing "Glory and love to the men of old." We hope the young men are included also.

Miss F-d.—"Have you a book, K-l?"

K-l-y.—"Yes'm."

Miss F-d.—"Well, put your eyes on it."

Again we are reminded that history repeats itself. Early Rome saw the advent of the Latin League. It is our privilege to notice the growth of the Anti-Latin Contingent.

History I. Teacher—"Why did n't the Greeks take as much interest as the Romans in the goddess of the hearth.

(From the rear)—They were not embarrassed with the fuel problem.

PERSONALS.

Miss Florence Howe '03 is ill.

Miss Florence Threlfall '05 has been ill for a week.

We are glad to see Miss Mann '03 back, after a week's illness of tonsillitis.

Willard Swan '94 has returned to school after an illness of about a week.

Recently the P. V. T. C's and a few others went to Box pond on a skating party.

E. Stanley Wires ex-'04 was at home from Exeter for a few days this month.

Robert Bisbee '02 was at home from Wesleyan University for a few days recently.

We are pleased to learn that Edward Dempsey '02 has won two more honors at Holy Cross College.

Miss Lelia Walker '98 is at home from New York after a visit of two months there with her friends.

Marie Cenedella '05 very pleasantly entertained her friends at her home, Main street, very recently.

Florence N. Aldrich '04 spent a few days in Lynn this month with her sister, Miss Ethel Aldrich '01.

Bertha Carr '06 and Agnes Mann '06 have recently seen "Beauty and the Beast" which is being played at the Colonial in Boston.

Miss Ada L. Hastings, a former drawing teacher in this town, has accepted a similar position in a girls' high school in New York.

Wm. S. Clarke '02 and Bert Eastman have been at home for two weeks from Norwich University on account of illness at the school.

The Park View Tennis club enjoyed a sleighing party to Medway, Jan. 23, where refreshments were served. A fine time was said to have been had by all.

Friends here were shocked to hear of the sudden death of E. Otis Thayer '91 of Boston, last month. He was a rising young lawyer, and a fine representative of the Milford high school.

EXCHANGES.

The "*Coburn Clarion*" is one of our most complete exchanges.

This month a new paper appeared among our exchanges, "*The Phi-Rho-nian*."

The *High School Crimson*, Fort Scott, Kan., contains an interesting history of the high school.

The *Oracle*, Bangor, Me., prints an interesting story entitled "A bit of advice, and how it was successful."

The *Oak, Lily and Ivy* contains a very exciting and humorous story in "Miss Dosia's burglar."—[Exchange.

"Kismet" and "Jim's mistake" in *The Argus*, Harrisburg, Pa., are very good. We are always pleased to see this paper.

The *Capitoline* contains a poem entitled "Sir Roger de Coverly" which gives a fine description of the interesting old man.

The arrangement of the material in the *Latin School Register* is different from that of any other of our exchanges. Nevertheless it is neat and attractive.

The *Index*, Haverford grammar school, contains photographs of different departments of their new buildings. We should judge their new quarters would be very attractive.

The *Latin School Review*, Cambridge, Mass., printed on the cover of its December issue the most artistic design it has been our pleasure to see among our exchanges for some time. The school should feel proud of its designer.



FINANCIAL REVERSE.

Olebach—"What's up, old man? You look as if you had been disappointed in love."

Skemer—"Well, that's not far wrong."

Oldbach—"Oh! you'll get over that. It's not as bad as a financial reverse."

Skemer—"That's just what it is. Miss Roxina Ownright has rejected me."

—*Boston Journal*.

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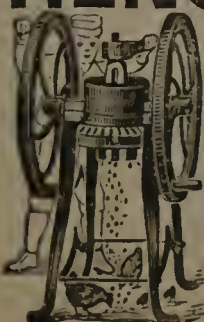
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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., APRIL, 1903.

No. 7.

PARADOXICAL.

ONE afternoon in November, 1867, a party of four men met in the Utopian Café, London. They took their places in a far corner, and were quietly perusing the bill of fare when a portly German waiter came stalking up with a small tray containing cigars, and a napkin thrown over his arm. Three of the gentlemen promptly gave their orders, but the fourth, after much hesitation, ordered a fillet of beef.

"I say, Hugh, you still cling to your old Royalist opinions," said Lord Chatelaine.

"How is that?" answered Sir Doubleday, jocularly.

"You know King Charles once knighted a sirloin of beef."

"So you think my palate is subservient to the tastes of a king," said Doubleday, rather indignantly.

"Not exactly that, Sir Hugh; but you know crowned heads are often the 'fashionable shrines of many worthless sots.'"

"Not so with me, however," replied the haughty barrister.

Sir Hugh Doubleday was an honored and respected member of the English bar. He was a portly old gentleman, beautiful to look upon because of his silky white hair, which was carefully parted, and hung loosely about his ears and forehead. The moustaches were in direct harmony with the hair, they possessing that same milky whiteness. Suspended from his shoulders by a fine cord were his glasses, an almost imperishable need; for in reading he would toss his head back, like Bismarck, raise the glasses to his eyes in the fashion of an American heiress examining a Titian, and carefully scrutinize the copy. This mannerism gave him that appearance of a dignified, pompous gentleman, so peculiar to men of his age and time. When walking he carried a Tuscan cane made of "Shrewsbury" wood. The figure was that of a lion, carved in such an artistic manner that one would suppose it was made of molasses candy, for the head and shoulders were perfectly life like, while the body was drawn out in a crook-shape to form the cane proper.

He had a streak of wit, for he characterized the last Derby as being "won by an eyelash." He prided himself on his infallibility in law. His erudition had carried him securely down the ages. In history he could name the kings of all countries, consecutive and contemporaneous, from Rameses to the present day. Science was especially interesting on account of the possibilities of its future. He placed little confidence in the Bible, although he accepted a Supreme Being.

The company were discussing the merits of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," when Umlant, the "Dutch" waiter, came strutting along, looking up at a large tray piled high with steaming viands, in the manner of a southern darkey on "Jubilee Day."

"Pate de fois gras for my Lord Chatelaine. Chicken à la crapudine, Herr George Goldsmith. Lobster paté, Herr Reginald Sweetster. Le filet du boeuf, Sir Hugh Doubleday.

"Mr. Sirloin du Vache, I solemnly dub you Knight of the Hungry Appetite," said the latter gentleman.

"All hail! Sir Roast-beef," replied the company.

Lord Chatelaine was a gay young noble, but just raised to the peerage. He was especially attractive, wore tailor-made clothes, and was a favorite in court circles. In conversation, he would laughingly remark, "Clothes do not make the man, but they make a pretty good imitation." He had a certain antipathy for "I," "my," and "mine;" and he made many friends. His general popularity caused him to be often misconstrued. Accordingly, when advocating sincerely a movement for the good of his fellow-citizens, some of his skeptical observers would manage to detect a slight sarcasm or irony in his actions, that tended to self-advancement. He was an intense reader; thoroughly conversant with all the works of the best writers; and used to read "Demosthenes' Olynthiacs," and "Phillipics" for a diversion. He spent money freely, but was not a Sybarite, however.

In direct antithesis to himself was George Goldsmith, a most peculiar chap. He was a divinity student at Oxford, and spent his holidays in town. His chief failing was absent-mindedness, an affliction which frequently plunged him into many ludicrous situations. One day he was walking along the Picadilly Circus, reading a copy of "Cyrano de Bergerac," when in front of a big dry goods store he sank to his knees and fell to worshipping a "Princess Louise" cloak form, murmuring these words:—

"A kiss, when all is said,—what is it?
An oath that's ratified,—a sealed promise,
A heart's avowal claiming confirmation—
A rose-dot on the 'i' of 'adoration',—
A secret that to mouth, not ear, is whispered,—
Brush of a bee's wing, that makes time eternal,—
Communion perfumed like the spring's wild flowers,—
The heart's relieving in the heart's outbreathing,
When to the lips the soul's flood rises brimming!"

An illusion had been produced on his senses. During his spare moments he wrote tracts on "What I would do if I had a fortune;" and "On the control of the hands in a dramatic performance." He was a philanthropist, but not in a financial way. Despite his oddities, however, he was a diligent student and a dutiful son.

Reginald Sweetster was the embodiment of a critic with a berth on the London Times. His forte was a scurrilous attack on the rise of problem plays at the present day.

"I had a most singular case at the last sitting of the assizes, which bordered on a paradox," said Sir Doubleday, gently puffing a mild Havana.

"What was it?" replied George Goldsmith, eagerly.

"O, the Archbishop of Canterbury was sued for breach of promise," retorted the former facetiously.

"You jest, Sir Hugh," broke in "Reggie" Sweetster.

"O, I do, 'Mr. Morality'? Well, Dickens and Thackeray sat side by side at a love feast, during the first recess." The company laughed heartily.

"No doubt you had an unusual case to thus merit your own mention of it," added Chatelaine, seriously.

Sir Hugh began: "It was like this: my opponent's client was unfortunate enough to be born February 29, 1846. Being the only heir to some

ninety thousands of dollars, he would be the sole recipient of this sum at his father's death. The conditions of the will were these: 'My son, John Goodenough, having attained his twenty-first birthday, lawfully and rightfully becomes my sole heir, and as such, receives ninety thousand dollars, hitherto specified in this codicil, at my death.' It seems that young Goodenough was a worthless sort of a chap, and a spendthrift. His relatives being people of good English stock, fearing lest he should degenerate with such a lump sum at his disposal, consulted me, to see if I couldn't prevent such a catastrophe. Well gentlemen, I no sooner examined the codicil when 'Feb. 29' struck me forcibly. In love, they say, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' but in law, abstraction makes the mind grow keener. I had been heedless before when Feb. 29 appeared on the calendar. I must have been absent-minded.' [Hon. George Goldsmith blushed.] 'Consequently when court convened, I apprised the body assembled that Mr. Goodenough, being born Feb. 29, 1846, and that the will specified he should receive his annuity at his twenty-first 'birthday,' was only five years old this present year. I reminded the court of his profligacy, and suggested that the money be left with a certain wealthy uncle of Goodenough's, to be spent with moderation on the youth. The case was decided in my favor; and you see how I won on a technicality. I remarked that that was 'Good enough' for me, however."

The gentlemen warmly congratulated him on his success; and the jolly coterie broke up with this oft-repeated toast,—

"Here's champagne to our true friends,
And true 'pagne' to our 'cham' friends."

E. E. T., '03.



TACKS VERSUS NAILS.

"IT just makes me provoked," said Grace Milne to her room-mate, "to think that the boys took such great pains to draw all those Gibson pictures for us, and now Dr. Mason says that he will not allow pictures to be nailed up in the girls' rooms of this boarding-school. I think it is just horrid! It would n't do one bit of harm, and I've half a mind to do it any way."

"Well, it wouldn't do much harm," answered Marion, "and I'm just aching to put some up. Let's ask the Doctor if we can't go down to the station to meet the next train. We will tell him that we are expecting some friends—that will be all right, because Alice did say that perhaps she would come down and see us today. Then if she comes we can get her to get us some of the very smallest tacks she can find, and we can tack up our pictures."

The girls received permission to go down to meet the half-past three train. They were at the station when it arrived, but Miss Alice did not appear. Of course the girls were very much disappointed, and Grace said, "O dear! Now we can't get the tacks."

A little boy overheard them, and stepping up, lifted his hat politely and asked, "Did you say that you could n't get any tacks? I have a pocket full, and a lot more of little bits of ones in a box in my coat. I'll give you some if you want them."

The young ladies hardly knew what to say, they were so surprised. They thought that no one had overheard what they said, but they found they were mistaken.

"I'll give you twenty-five cents for some of the 'little bits of ones,' " said Marion.

"You may have all you want, but I don't want you to pay for them."

"O, yes! I couldn't think of taking them if you won't let me pay for them. You can get some candy with the money, and if you will come down to the boarding-school tomorrow afternoon I'll give you a bow and arrow I have up in my room."

The little boy was delighted and gave the girls the tacks. Then he went away with a smiling face and happy thoughts of the bow and arrow he was to have the next day. As for the young ladies, they were just as well pleased that Miss Alice had n't come, for now they would have the room all "fixed" before she arrived.

Doctor Mason was out when they reached the school. They went to their room, looked over their pictures, and found they had nearly enough to cover the whole four walls. My! were n't they glad the doctor wasn't in!

They had so many pictures that it took some little time to decide just where each would look best. That settled, they started to tack. They had no hammer, so Grace said she would use her silver hair-brush. That would be just as good, and even if she did spoil it she did n't care, because her father would get her a new one if she asked for it. Any way, she was rather tired of that brush and it would be a good excuse to get another.

The girls worked with a will, and soon they had one side of the wall just covered with those "dear pictures."

"They do look lovely, don't they, Grace? I don't see how Dr. Mason can say anything, for they are such an improvement to the room."

"On this wall we'll put the pictures in panels for contrast. I want to have room for that dandy Harvard flag Ned sent me the other day," said Marion.

So it was decided, and they had just "fixed" the flag so that it looked "great," when unknown to them Dr. Mason entered the school. They, however, went right on with their tacking, and as the Doctor sat in his study he thought he heard some one pounding upstairs. He listened and listened, and then decided to go and look into the matter. When he passed Miss Milne's room, all was still, for the girls were sitting on the bed planning the pictures for the last wall. He passed all the rooms, but heard nothing. He looked out of a window and saw a man repairing the steps of a neighboring house, so, satisfied that he had learned the cause of the noise, he returned to his study.

"We have just enough pictures to finish that wall," said Grace. "Now we'll have to hurry so as to get it all finished before tea time." So they hurried.

Again Doctor Mason listened, and was sure some one was pounding upstairs. It made him rather provoked to think that he had been up there once and found nothing. However, he decided to wait a little while, and if he continued to hear it, he would make a more thorough investigation. At last he could endure it no longer, and went up stairs in a manner that boded ill for the offenders. He stopped at Miss Milne's door, and there he heard the pounding. He stayed there and listened a few minutes.

Finally the noise ceased, and a sweet voice said, "I pronounce that side of the wall done."

"It looks perfectly great!" said Marion. "Now we must hurry and dress for tea. I almost hate to leave the room, it looks so dear."

They little thought who was outside the door listening to all that was said. Doctor Mason was very angry. He gave a loud knock and walked in without waiting for an invitation.

"I should like to know what you young ladies mean by disobeying me. You are here to do as I tell you, and here you have nailed pictures all over the room, and it was only yesterday morning that I told the class that there were to be no pictures nailed up on these walls. I am thoroughly disgusted with you! I shall inform your parents of your behavior, and you will stay in from recess and the gymnasium for a month. Nailing pictures on these walls when you knew it was against my wishes! If you have injured the walls, you will have to pay for it."

"Excuse me, Dr. Mason," said Grace, "but you told us that you would not allow pictures to be *nailed* on the walls of this boarding-school. Now we have not nailed a single one, we have only tacked them."

F. T., '05.

* * *
HIS WAY.

"EDWARD!"
No reply.

"Edward!" slightly louder. "I want you to be in by half past nine."

"Yes, sir."

The door closed, and Edward passed out, muttering something about the old man's ideas. But the "old man" went back to his chair in the kitchen with determination in every step. "I shall sit up and wait," he thought, "and I shall see just how long he does stay out."

Hours passed, and still Edward did not return. The "old man" glanced uneasily at the clock, which was solemnly ticking away the minutes. It was ten minutes of eleven. He kept on reading.

Just one hour later Edward came trudging up the road. He stopped to peer into the kitchen. There sat the "old man" poring over the evening paper, with the lamp beside him flaring in his face. Some cats began a concert(?) in the back yard. With a frown the "old man" started up, folded the paper, and pounded up stairs with the lamp.

As he passed each door he always looked in to see that all was well. Edward's was the first, and by instinct or habit, he stepped in. If Edward wasn't in bed and asleep!

He set the lamp on the stand, placed his hands on his hips, and peered over his spectacles. "Now how in the world did he get by me?" He scowled and thought, and scowled again.

Finally he picked up the lamp and started out. The next morning he grumbled:—

"What time d' you get in last night?"

Edward looked innocent and replied:—

"Why—early."

But the "old man" never could see how Edward got by him.

* * * * *

Edward told me the other day that he made use of the front piazza post and the chamber window.

E. D. H., '05.

THE Oak, Lily and Ivy.

Published Monthly during the School Year.

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EDITORIALS.

On Tuesday evening, March 24, 1903, the second medal contest was held in the Assembly Hall, Principal Hull presiding. The following program was rendered:—

The Carven Name, Hayne

Marion Vaughan, '04.

A Traitor's Deathbed, Lippard

Hester M. Whitney, '05.

The Polish Boy,

Mary L. Callanan, '03.

Verres Denounced, Cicero

John J. McMahon, '03.

Vocal Solo—For All Eternity,

Masheroni

Sadie Marcus, '06.

In the Arena, Lytton

James E. Luby, '04.

Little Joe's Flowers, Proudfit

Lulu E. Egan, '06.

The Victor of Marengo,

John E. Hansbury, '04

Piano Duet—Postillon D'Amour,

Behr

Florence Aldrich and Helen Mead, '04.

Edinburgh after Flodden, Aytoun

Hannah E. Callanan, '05.

The Chariot Race, Wallace

Emerson F. Lyford, '03.

Constantius and the Lion, Croly

Elmer E. Thomas, '03.

Vocal Solo—The Swallows, Cowen

Sadie Marcus, '06.

The judges for the contest were Revs. F. A. Warfield, D. T. Magill, and J. P. Phelan, S. F. Blodgett, a former superintendent of schools in Milford, and George W. Billings of the Milford Gazette. After a consultation, the judges unanimously agreed upon Miss Whitney as the winner of the girls' medal, and Mr. Lyford, the present holder of the medal, as the first choice among the boys. The award of the medals was made by Mr. Billings with a few well-chosen words of congratulation. Although it was possible for only two to carry off the palms of victory, yet great credit is due to all the competitors for the excellent manner in which their selections were rendered, and the school certainly has good reason to be proud of the ability of its speakers, and should warmly support its contestants in the interscholastic contest to be held April 17. The medals will remain in possession of the winners till the next medal contest.

A freshman debate was held several weeks ago in the Assembly Hall. The question was "Resolved, that newspapers do more to mould public opinion than all other agencies combined." Miss Morton's room took the negative side, John Threlfall, John Doherty, Caroline Bragg and Benjamin Clancy being the debaters representing that room. Miss Teele's room took the affirmative, with Harry Camp, William Moore, Sherman and Droney as representatives of that division of the freshman class. The negative side tried to prove that libraries and the bar have more public influence than newspapers, also that many untruths are printed in the papers, and that if people read the Bible, the great essays, and used public libraries more, they would become better educated and acquire higher aims in life. One argued that

all should in some way use libraries, for if a man is single he has plenty of spare time, if he is married his wife can go, or if there are children, there are surely ways enough to be well informed on all topics. Both sides showed that much time and thought had been spent upon the subject, and it proved a great success. The negative debaters were adjudged winners by the principal, who was much pleased with the interest shown in debates, and pledges his aid and hearty coöperation to all those who wish to take part.



ATHLETICS.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held in Room 12 March 20, Mr. Thomas was elected manager of the baseball team.

At a meeting of the candidates for the baseball team, Messrs. Holland and Luby were elected to take charge of the teams while practising.

It is gratifying to notice the number of players that come around afternoons to practise. This is a good beginning, and assures a successful season.

The following have been granted the honor of wearing the letter M: Messrs. Brady, Clancy, Cooke, Daniel, Dillingham, Ewing, Holland, Kerr, McDermott, Thomas, Threlfall, Whittemore and White.

Under the new constitution, all members of the school, of both sexes, become members of the Athletic Association, and it was interesting to notice the number of girls that attended the meeting March 20. We hope that in the future they will take a special interest in athletics although they cannot participate in them, and do all they can to further the interests of the association.



"Don't you find literary work a great tax on your imagination?"

"Yes," answered the author. "I keep on imagining that every book I write is going to be a hit and make a fortune."—[Washington Star.

LOCALS.

Rob has the wheels.

Boys, don't say darn.

Lovely cake-walk, Leslie.

Vacation has come and gone.

"What are the parts of possum?"

Pupil.—"Head, legs, and tail."

The afternoon sessions are very informal.

If you can't behave there's plenty of room outside.

Did you have a good time Sunday evening, Eileen?

Miss H. had an invitation to "go over" to see Sammy.

The air about the stage was well churned at the contest.

F. says he never could make good connections. Why is it?

Miss O'Connor has "honorary" and "active" members in her Glee Club.

Miss H. has a mirror, which may be borrowed on application at her desk.

Parts of Macbeth are so amusing that the whole class must stop and laugh.

Miss C. has great difficulty in coming upstairs. She thinks the easiest way is to tumble up.

It is very nice to have some one walk with you instead of going all alone. Isn't it, M-a—?

It seems rather funny that some of the young ladies delight in helping Mr. Moran rake the lawn.

"There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone."

—[Exchange.

Strawberry blondes and peroxide blondes are in evidence, but the chemistry students have heard about a man with a green moustache; probably an olive blonde.



The tracks that great men leave behind
Upon the sands of time
Oft show they wobbled 'round a lot
Before they got sublime.

—[Boston Journal.

PERSONALS.

Lena Jackman '06 has returned to school after a week's illness.

We are very sorry to learn that Carroll White '06 has left school.

We are glad to see Miss Howe '03 back to school again after a two weeks' illness with the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Gamwell of Franklin, who was one of our former principals, welcomed a daughter last month.

The M. H. S. glee club rendered "Men of Harlech" very finely at the Fortnightly club one evening this last month.

Mr. Bert Albro '98, who has been a government teacher in the Philippines for the past two years, is expected home in June.

Miss Adeline C. Teele, teacher of French and German, has been ill at her home in West Somerville. Miss Parker of Boston substituted.

Attilio Cenedella '02, James Clancy '02, Stuart Godfrey ex-'03, and Stanley Wires ex-'04 have been at home from Exeter for two weeks' vacation.

The high school orchestra rendered some very fine selections at an informal tea given by the Quinshipaug Woman's club of this town, March 24.

Walter Ewing '04 was most pleasantly surprised by about twenty of his friends, Friday, March 20. Refreshments, games, and a good time were enjoyed by all.

Congratulations are extended to Miss Hester Whitney '05 and to Fletcher Lyford '03 as being the winners in the prize speaking contest held here last month.



GRAMMAR AND CONSCIENCE.

Would you say, "This is some one else's umbrella," or "This is some one's else umbrella?" Or would you just pretend that it was yours?—[Boston Globe.

EXCHANGES.

"That Cæsar," printed in the *Coburn Clarion*, is an amusing story.

"The Forgotten Wedding," printed in *The Racquet*, Portland, Me., is a story of some merit.

If you wish a humorous story, read "Uncle Hi in the City" in *The Chronicle*, Norwood, Mass.

"Æneas," in *The Hedding Graphic* gives one a good idea of Virgil's poem, "The Æneid." Read it!

The Dean Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., contains a cut of the basket-ball team which is very clear.

"People," in *The Latin and High School Review*, is very good, and shows careful observation on the part of the author.

The girls' number of *The Lake Breeze* is indeed worth reading. The cover of this number is especially well designed.

We welcome *The High School Pastime*, Dalton, Mass., among our exchanges. This is a new paper, and we wish the editors every success.

There is certainly talent for story writing among the publishers of *The School Bell Echoes*, Merrill, Wis., as is shown by the articles in this paper.

The exchange editor of *The Academy Monthly* is slightly mistaken in saying that our paper contains no exchange column. Every number which we have published this year, with the exception of one, has contained this column.



TO MILTON.

In honor of a noble poet we sing.
And thus commemorate his glorious name;
For he with Cromwell ventured to declaim
And fought to overthrow a wicked king,
Deception and all wrong abolishing,
And leading men to seek a writer's fame,—
These formed the freedom-loving Milton's aim,
Whose country's liberty was 'wakening.
And when the fates had dimmed the master's sight
He wrote about the loss of Paradise,
Whose hero's courage seemed the author's own.
While like a Royalist he was polite
Yet, like a Puritan, was free from vice.
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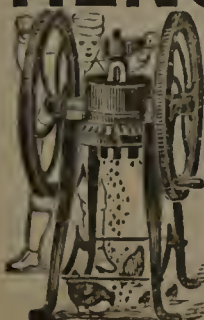
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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., MAY, 1903.

No. 8.

A MODERN SIR LAUNFAL.

HE lived in a beautiful mansion with his only daughter, a lovely young girl of seventeen. Bright, pleasant and unselfish, she was a strong contrast to her father, who was proud and selfish, and caused Elaine many an unhappy hour. Although he was always ready to supply her with money and clothing, and was, in a way, proud of her, still he was cold and forbidding and never cared to be troubled by her little confidences.

One morning when this unnatural father rose and went down to his breakfast he found on his plate a little note from his daughter, which said that she was unhappy in the cold, dark house, and had gone away by herself. She also said that she did not wish him to search for her, because she would be happier if left to herself. At this, the father flew into a passion, stalking up and down the room, and muttering to himself. Now if Elaine had not expressed this last wish the father might have allowed her to go in peace, but it had just the opposite effect. Consequently he decided to start out at once in search of this daughter, suddenly grown dear to his heart.

He said to himself that she would probably hide in one of the large cities. There he would go. Everything was made ready, and he soon found himself in the great city of B. Twice he was sure he had found her. Once, when a young man at a prominent club told him there was a girl answering that description on the stage at the Park Theatre. And again, in answer to an advertisement, an old lady came and said that such a girl was at her house, very ill and out of her head, the result of an accident. Neither of these, however, proved to be the much-desired Elaine.

A week passed, and the father was about to leave the city, when one day as he was leaving the hotel, an old, bent and haggard woman hobbled toward him, and asked for help. She also said that she might help him to accomplish the desire which was nearest his heart; but the proud man scorned her advice and started off with a haughty air. City after city was searched, but with the same results. Several people answered the description in each city, but still Elaine could not be found.

At last, tired and weary with the search, he decided to return to his home. With a subdued spirit, and more generous and unselfish at heart, he started on the journey. A delay of the train compelled him to stop at a little out-of-the-way village for several hours. He walked along through the woods and sat down on a rock by a clear running stream. He had been sitting only a few minutes, when again he saw before him the bent form of the old woman who had accosted him near the city hotel. This time he did not scorn to give her help, and even shared the food and drink he had for himself. She asked him if he had succeeded in his mission. Very carefully he went over the story of his own cruel selfishness and pride, of his weary search. At the end, he added that if she would only come back, he would be

a very different father to her. For now he realized how much he loved her.

Then the old woman straightened herself up, threw off the long cape and hood, the spectacles and false white hair, and revealed the face and form of Elaine. Her father was much astonished when he heard the story of how she had followed him, patiently waiting for the change which she was sure would come and soften his hard heart.

The change had come. Very gladly he welcomed her back to his heart and home. After that there was no more coldness between them. They lived happily in the great mansion, finding greatest pleasure in sharing their blessings with the less fortunate.

EUGENIE S. KIRBY, 05.



THE ORPHAN.

“N O, I won't.”

“You need n't, then, if you do n't want to. I will.”

“O, indeed, will you?”

“Yes, I will, Eva, as I said before, and I'm going to.”

“Girls, come up here a minute. I want to tell you something,” called Eva over the bannister.

“Yes, we'll be up there in a minute,” was the answer.

“Well, what are you going to tell them in such a rush?” asked Helen.

“O, you'll see.”

“Tell me now, please.”

“No, I won't; you can wait.”

“Very well, I will, then.”

“Here we are, Eva, and what do you want in all your haste?”

“Well, I wanted to tell you that we're going to have a new scholar, and you girls will get rid of my society if you like her.”

“But, why, Eva?” asked Lena Huntsman.

“Because she is an orphan, and as poor as Job's turkey, and she's not fit for our society.”

“Indeed, I won't.”

“Nor I, either.”

“Well, Eva Nelson, I should think you were foolish to ask such a question. Don't you know we won't associate with an orphan; I'm surprised that Mrs. Neal took her,” were the next remarks.

“I'll tell you why I asked that foolish question,” began Eva. “It's just this: Helen says she will associate with her.”

“Then I will; I guess I'm not one bit better than Helen is, and if she's going to, I am, so now,” said another girl, Nellie Wentworth.

“So will I; I guess we're not one bit better than any orphan in the United States,” said Bessie Black. “We three will be on her side if no one else will.”

“And I'll try to make her happy, while she's here,” said quiet Charlotte Johnson.

"So am I not right, girls?" asked Eva.

"Yes, you are," said Lena Huntsman.

Just then the dinner bell rang, so the conversation was interrupted.

Mrs. Neal kept a boarding school and had just fifteen scholars, all of whom were well-to-do if not rich, but at this time one girl had just left, and an orphan was coming to take her place. Of course you know that rich girls, that is, some of them, turn up their little noses at poor ones, but although they did n't know it, the orphan, Harriet Stowe, was richer than any one of them. In fact, Harriet herself did not know it, for when her father died, he left a large amount of money for his daughter, but she was not to know about it until she was twenty-one years old. Harriet lived with an aunt, who was very good to her, so she decided to send her to Mrs. Neal's boarding-school.

The girls at the school were very indignant, or rather, all but four or five, because they would have to associate with an orphan. "Hum, you need n't think Eva would do it, though, I guess not." Just because she was the richest girl in school, she thought that she could influence the other girls and criticise the orphan, but she did n't, all of them; the five she could n't influence were more popular than she; but Eva would n't have acknowledged it; perhaps she did n't know it.

"Mrs. Neal," Helen was saying, "When is our new friend coming?" but just then a sharp ring at the door-bell answered her question.

The girls were all eager to have a peep at the new comer, and as Mrs. Neal brought her in, a little thrill of excitement went around the table, but just why I can not tell you. Mrs. Neal introduced Harriet to the girls, and then they went on with their meal. But as for poor Harriet, she could not eat; she was so tired, and the place was new, and that took her attention. You may be sure she was glad when she could go to bed and get off by herself.

But no, she had to room with Eva, and this was another reason Eva did n't like her. Mrs. Neal took her up stairs and said to her, "This half of the room is yours, and here are the rules. Now good-night," and she went down stairs.

But just then Eva burst into the room, with all the girls whom she could influence. She had in her hand a box of candy, which she passed to every one except Harriet. In fact, all of them totally ignored her.

They talked of everything except what would interest Harriet. Eva even talked about the "new girl" in anything but a lady-like way. Harriet stood it as long as she could, until she had to go down stairs to the library, even though Mrs. Neal had said good-night to her.

When she reached the door she heard Mrs. Neal saying, "Now, girls, I hope you will be kind to our new friend and make her feel as much at home as you can."

"O, yes, we will, we're going to," answered the girls, just as Harriet opened the door.

She said, "I was rather lonesome upstairs, so I came down to see you." The girls did make her feel at home, but upstairs in her own room just then Eva was saying, "There, girls, that's just what I told you: you see she will

have to leave us every time ; we 'll soon have her out of the way. You just see if we do n't," she added confidently.

"O dear, I do hate to go so. I do n't believe I will ; no I won't; so there now," said Eva a few days later.

Every other week Mrs. Neal took five girls with her to the city to do their shopping, and as it happened this time Eva and Harriet were to go with the other girls, who were not Eva's friends, so that she decided that she would not go. At another time she would not go to a party, just because she did not look so well as Harriet.

Things went on so for a long time, and the poor, I mean the rich orphan, had a hard time at the school, for when ten girls turn up their noses at you and only four are good to you do n't you think you would be sad ? But one day all was changed, and all the girls who did n't like Harriet, called Eva a turncoat, but it was not long before they were turncoats too. This is how it happened.

One day, three girls, Eva, Harriet and Helen, were standing by the gate waiting for a car; when Eva saw it coming, she started across the street, but she did n't see a pair of runaway horses coming down the street. Harriet did see them, and she ran forward and caught Eva's arm, and threw her violently against a fence, but Harriet was knocked down by the horses, and the heavy wagon passed over her frail body.

After many hours of weary watching Mrs. Neal at last told Eva that Harriet would live, and that is the reason the girls called Eva a turncoat.



"GRIT."

THEY called him "Grit." We knew no other name. When he came to L. three years before, he was a lad of nine years. Not long after he had joined the regiment of newsboys, his companions nicknamed him "Grit," because of the grim determination with which he worked selling his papers. And indeed, grit was necessary in his case. Friendless, homeless, with no one to care whether or not he went supperless to bed, he struggled through the world as best he might, buffeted about, ill-treated, forsaken. A shrunk-en form, half clad, a pinched, careworn face with two dark eyes shrewdly searching for some customer, many a person had seen this little figure on the curbstone, but few had stopped to search his homely yet honest countenance. He was only a waif of the street.

All had been as usual in L. Newsboys ran to and fro selling their papers, cars and heavy wagons clattered along the pavement, when suddenly the whole air was set quaking by the clanging of the deep-voiced fire bell. "Fire ! Fire !" resounded on every side. It was the home of Wheeler, the miser. All was hustle, bustle and confusion, foaming horses, people hurrying, rushing, pushing hither and thither.

Above the tumult the quavering voice of the old miser arose in beseeching accent. As he frantically wrung his withered hands he cried :—

"O my money ! My bright, beautiful coins ! Will no one save my money ?"

The situation is difficult. Away up in the eaves where the fire is burning most brightly, the money is hidden. The blazing rafters are old and weak, and will break under any heavy weight. Who will risk it? The old man is quivering with rage and excitement. The ladders do not reach the roof.

The crowd is parted. A boy appears. "I'll go," he says.

"But your mother, what—"

"Oh!" with an impatient gesture, "I haint got any mother. I'm just Grit. Nobody 'll miss me."

With a bound he reaches a post nearby, and clambers up it, a half-defiant smile on his face. Cheer after cheer goes up, as he climbs higher and higher, ever drawing nearer to the seething flames. Another foot. He has reached the rafters. The smile leaves his face, now growing flushed with the heat. To reach the money, he must crawl along the flaming rafters. Can he reach it? The crowd becomes fearfully silent. All eyes are riveted on the boy. Fire scorches his body, his face blanches with suffering, his hands, blistered and bleeding, blindly feel the way.

"Jump, my lad! Jump and save yourself," some one cries.

He does not answer. He can't, for his throat is parched and scalding.

"No one will miss me," he thinks bitterly.

"My money, my money!" a frenzied voice exclaims.

Grit hears it. One last effort. He gains the goal; the money is in his hands; strength fails him; a jerk, a weakening of his grasp, and the money box crashes to the ground. A blanket is spread, and none too quickly. A weak cry of "Help!" and he sinks, a limp, bruised little body, into the blanket.

* * * * *

They picked him up tenderly, and carried him to the hospital, for even though "no one would miss him," he was not dead, and the first words he said, when, after long weeks he opened his eyes and remembered things, were "Grit won the day."



FRENCH PLAY.

SOMETIME in the near future the senior class will give a French play, "The Major Cravachon," under the direction of the French instructor, Miss A. C. Teele. The cast of characters will be as follows:—

Cravachon	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. Fletcher Lyford
Dervières	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Elmer E. Thomas
Olympe (daughter of Cravachon)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Gertrude Mann
Antonine (servant of Cravachon)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Florence Howe
Amélie (school friend of Olympe)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mary Ide
A Lawyer	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	John McMahon

The proceeds received from this entertainment will go toward purchasing a present for the school. Tickets at twenty-five cents each may be purchased from members of the senior class.

THE
Oak, Lily and Ivy.

Published Monthly during the School Year.

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EDITORIALS.

On Friday evening, April 17, the interscholastic speaking contest between the high schools of Medway, Holliston, Uxbridge and Milford was held in Music Hall before an audience of 700. Supt. Price of the Medway and Holliston schools acted as presiding officer. The program, which began at 8 o'clock, was as follows:—

Selection, Milford High School Orchestra
"Burning of Moscow," Headley

Miss Grace C. Johnson, '05, Uxbridge.

"Salathiel's Reply to Titus," Croly

Emerson F. Lyford, '03, Milford.

"The Soldier's Eulogy," Long

George E. Rawson, '03, Holliston.

Vocal Solo—"Good-by," Tosti

Miss Esther G. O'Connor.

"High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,

Ingelow

Miss Mary L. Callanan, '03, Milford.

"A Traitor's Deathbed," Lippard

Miss Hester M. Whitney, '05, Milford.

"How the White Company Disbanded,"

Doyle

Henry Powers, '05, Medway.

Vocal Solo—"When the Swallows Home-ward fly," White

Miss Esther G. O'Connor.

"The Republic Never Retreats," Beveridge

Charles F. Nichols, '05, Holliston.

"The Dukite Snake," O'Reilley

Miss May T. Gormley, '06, Medway.

"Molly," McClelland

Miss Ida M. Gardner, '05, Holliston.

Selections, Orchestra

During the last selection of the orchestra, the judges, Prof. Arthur W. Peirce of Dean Academy, George O. Draper of Hopedale, and John M. Merriam of South Framingham, were called out to decide on the winners. Mr. Draper, in a speech complimentary to those who took part, announced the decision of the judges. The first prize for the girls was awarded to Miss Lillian Callanan of Milford; the second, to Miss Ida M. Gardner of Holliston. Charles F. Nichols of Holliston received the first prize for boys, while the second went to Henry Powers of Medway. The prizes were \$10 and \$5 for the girls, and the same for the boys. Each decision of the judges was greeted with violent applause, as were all the speakers of the evening. We take this opportunity to congratulate Miss Callanan on her splendid victory, and to express our appreciation of Miss O'Connor's singing. Great credit also belongs to Miss Una Keany '03, Milford high school, for her neat and artistic cover design for the programs, and to all the contestants for the effective and graphic rendering of their selections. After all the expenses have been paid about \$60 will be netted to the school. The success of this contest should certainly be a great encouragement for a continuation of these competitions each year, and we hope that this may be carried out in years to come, with even greater success.



What killed Julius Cæsar?

Too many Roman punches!—[Ex.

Experiment in Physics—Apply a sharp needle or pin to a boy's trousers with the boy in them. Results. Explain cause. What escaped from the mouth of the subject? Can the subject be used again?—[Ex.

ATHLETICS.

Manager Thomas has resigned, and the vacancy has been filled by Walter Ewing.

At a meeting of the Athletic association held April 8, it was voted to assess each member twenty-five cents, and a committee was appointed to go among the business men for contributions.

The first game of the season was played with the Framingham Y. M. C. A. Juniors on Town Park April 20. Milford won by a score of 13 to 6. In the first and second innings it looked as though it was going to be a close game, but in the third inning Milford got down to business, and proved that Framingham was an "easy mark." In this inning eight runs were made, and Threlfall has the honor of having made the first run of the season. Holland did excellent work all through the game, and won a record by striking out 13 men. Milford made 16 hits; Brady, Cooke and Holland made three each; Moriarty, Brown and Luby two each. Milford made nine errors: Moriarty, Brady; Threlfall and Luby two each. Framingham made five hits and six errors.

Milfords.	Framinghams.
Holland p.	Bease p.
Cooke c.	O'Connor c.
Threlfall 1b.	Owen 1b.
Brady 2b.	Wright 2b.
Luby 3b.	Whittemore 3b.
Moriarty ss.	Gugson ss.
Hansbury c.f.	Nichols c.f.
Brown r.f.	Coil r.f.
O'Connor l.f.	Twite l.f.
Milford o 1 8 1 o o 3 o —13	
Framingham o o 1 1 o o 2 1 1—6	

This game was a great victory for Milford considering the circumstances. The team was not chosen until the morning of the game, and not one of the players had practised for any certain position. But the fellows were placed in well suited positions by Luby, who was temporary captain, and we think that, with one or two changes, they would make a good regular team.

The following schedule has been arranged by the league teams:—

Apr. 25. Medway at Franklin.
Holliston at Milford.

May 2. Franklin at Holliston.
May 9. Milford at Medway.
May 16. Medway at Holliston.
Milford at Franklin
May 25. Franklin at Medway.
Milford at Holliston
June 6. Medway at Milford.
Holliston at Franklin.
June 13 Holliston at Medway.
Franklin at Milford.



LOCALS.

Freshmen, keep off the grass.

Freshmen should be seen, not heard.

Do you enjoy your afternoons, Gertrude?"

"Have you any blocks left?" (Paper ones—I mean.)

H-s-b-ry—I should think you had lost your heart.

Just think of seniors playing with a hat pin for music.

Miss A. in English B was told to take what was over for her part to read. (Nothing.)

Master C. was told in geometry he could not see anything. A good remedy is a pair of glasses.

History A.—W.—"Cæsar had his head put on money."

Miss F.—"He had his head coined."

Pupil—"I do n't know."

Professor—"Please show more originality in answering questions."

"A wicked man was old Macbeth,

But wickeder was she

Who put it in her hubby's head

To murder Great King D—."

"What time does the two o'clock car leave?"

Freshman—"Five minutes of two, generally."

Miss M., Geometry—"What point did you take to draw B D with, Master Swan?"

Master Swan—"I drew a circle round it."

One of the seniors was surprised by his friends in the back yard and informally presented with a vigorous spanking. Thus was his eighteenth anniversary celebrated.

PERSONALS.

Miss Florence Howe has been ill again.

Elmer Thomas '03 lately spent a few days in Norwich, Conn.

Robert Bisbee '02 has returned to school in Middletown, Conn.

Ralph Woodward '01 of Worcester Tech. passed the holiday at his home.

Miss Mary DeLaskey '02 spent the holiday with relatives in Woonsocket.

Miss Lizzie McNamara '02 rendered two solos finely at the Framingham normal school in honor of Schubert's day.

Congratulations are offered Miss Lilla Callanan '03 for winning the girls' first prize in the speaking contest. '03 is proud of its representative.

Miss Una C. Keany '03 should be congratulated on her success of having won the cover design for the interscholastic prize speaking contest.

Miss Gertrude Welch entertained a number of her friends in honor of her birthday, Monday evening, April 20. Refreshments were served and all had a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Moore, the latter formerly Miss Alida Bates, a high school graduate, very pleasantly welcomed a baby boy April 3, 1903. Congratulations are cordially extended from all the school.

Miss Deborah Clancy '00 pleasantly entertained the K. G. Whist club at her home on Chapin street Thursday evening, April 16. Refreshments were served, and two prizes given, one of which Lilla Callanan '03 won.

Mr. Percy S. Walker entertained a few of his friends one evening this month in a very pleasant manner. Games and a dainty lunch were enjoyed. Miss Blanche Newhall of Brighton, who was the guest of Leslie C. Whittemore for a few days was present.



"Nero was the son of his wife."
—Heard in A History.

EXCHANGES.

The Racquet from Portland, although a small paper, is very neat.

The March number of *The Index* has not as interesting stories as usual.

The three pictures of the boys' company in *The Reville* are very clear.

Read "The Slough" in the *Hedding Graphic*. It is a very interesting story.

The Deane Megaphone, Franklin, Mass., contains two fine pictures of their new library.

"Uncle Hiram's experiences at a football game," in *The Academy Monthly*, is very amusing.

The editors of *The High School Herald* from Westfield, Mass., always seem to have a goodly store of witty sayings on hand.

The Reveille, edited by the Norwich University, contains a story worthy of notice, entitled "The haunted house."

"Comus" in *The Quill*, Sanford, Me., is a very good synopsis of Milton's "Comus." "Dorothy's monogram" in this same number, is also good.

The Scio Collegian, Scio, Ohio, appears among our exchanges for the first time this month. "The land of the sunset," published in this issue, gives one an excellent idea of the city, Los Angeles.



NAME ALL RIGHT.

"This is my new colt. After he's properly broke he'll be a flyer."

"Indeed? You should call him Bill, or better still Five-Dollar Bill."

"Nonsense! That's a ridiculous name for a horse."

"But it's appropriate. Did you ever see anything go faster after it's broke?—[Philadelphia Press.



Teacher—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer."

Student—"That's why we all flunked."—[Salem Advance.

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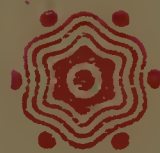
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The
Oak, Lily and Ivy



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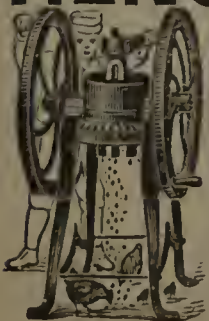
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CLASS OF 1903.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XIX.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE 25, 1903.

No. 10.

Graduation Exercises of the Class of 1903.

MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL,

✻ AT TOWN HALL, ✻

Thursday Evening, June 25, at Eight o'clock.

Motto—*Aspire to Perfection.*

Flower—*Carnation.*

Colors—*Red and Gray.*

PROGRAM.

Orchestra.

Salutatory—After School, What?

MARY CLARA IDE.

The Lost Chord, ... *Sullivan*

THE SCHOOL.

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J. E. BURKE, SUPT. OF SCHOOLS, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Madeleine, ... *Roeckel*

SEMI-CHORUS.

Presentation of Class Gift.	.	.	.	.	.
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Valedictory—Old Home Week, ...

LESLIE CLIFFORD WHITTEMORE.

The Legend of the Bells, ... *Planquette*

THE SCHOOL.

Presentation of Diplomas.

Singing of Ode, ...

THE CLASS.

Orchestra.

✠ ✠ ✠

GRADUATES.

Ellen Josephine Brosnahan, Mary Lillian Callanan, Jennie Victoria Hartwell,

Lizzie Veronica Hayes, Rachel Florence Howe, Clarence Loring Hussey,

Mary Clara Ide, Mary Dorothy Jackson, Winifred Catherine Keany,

Emerson Fletcher Lyford, Gertrude Louise Mann,

Ellen Gertrude McKenna, John Joseph McMahon, Martha Gordon Moore,

Elmer Ellsworth Thomas, Percy Lothrop Walker,

Leslie Clifford Whittmore.

THREE YEARS' COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Jennie Louise Clarke,

Beatrice Irene Smith.

Prophecy.

Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!

—Julius Caesar.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!

—Macbeth.

PROPHETS are like candidates for political honors; they enter the contest full of hopes, but invariably, in the long run, come out without a friend. *Ergo*, in our attempts to portray truth, seasoned with a good-natured satire, ten years from now, we surrender ourselves to the stinging criticism of our fellow-classmates.

* * * * *

The bees are buzzing earnestly about; the locusts' long, lazy chirp is audible, and the sun seems to embrace one in its sweltering grasp. It is a hot, sultry summer's day; and the Utopian Gazette is about to publish its issue for June 25, 1913.

The office boy has just turned a large batch of letters and papers on the desk, and we proceed to examine them.

"Ha! Here's a notice from the Empire Theatre. Will you take it on the typewriter, Miss Clark, and turn it over to the advertising editor?"

"Charles Frohman, Jr., presents E. Fletcher Lyford on his first season as a star, in Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond.'" Irving, Booth, the Salvini, and even Sothorn have long since passed into oblivion. Society gossip is now, "Have you seen Lyford, in his new rôle?" Ambition killed Cæsar; coupled with fried onions it conquered Napoleon, and I'll wager it will grasp Fletcher with its mighty hand.

"Will you read that clipping you have from the Boston Herald concerning one of our alumni?"

"'Miss Beatrice Smith astonishes this city by her speed on the typewriter, having written 21,300 words in the space of six hours. As was remembered the record reached in 1903 by a Philadelphia young lady was far below this new record. We are indeed proud to know that Boston is the home of the speediest typewriter in the world.'"

What's this!

"The Friday Club meet tomorrow afternoon in Hotel Choisir for their weekly consideration of the important scientific discoveries of the day. The club consists of Thomas Edison, Nicola Tesla, Garrett P. Serviss, Sig. Guglielmo Marconi and Clarence L. Hussey. Mr. Hussey will give a paper on 'Gold from Sea-water.' Working on the theory that sea-water contains every known element, he has discovered a metal, which, when thrust into the water, immediately attracts the gold therein. The symbol for his element is $W E A l T h (NO)_{1000}$." Clarence was about to publish a book, "Confessions of a High School Graduate," but he succumbed to the better judgment of his friends.

At a meeting of the school committee last evening, Miss Nellie Brosnahan was chosen instructor of modern languages and the classics, in the high

school; and Miss Nellie McKenna was elected principal of the intermediate grammar school. Both are graduates of Framingham normal school, '06, and have had varied experiences in teaching. We wish both of them genuine success in their new field.

GEOFFREY-MANN NUPTIALS.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin W. Mann was the scene of a pretty wedding last evening, when their eldest daughter, Miss Gertrude Louise, was married to Mr. Stillman Q. Geoffrey. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John McMahan of the Immaculate Conception. The bride was attired in an angelic creation of Duchesse satin and old lace. She wore a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom; and carried pure white carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey will be at home September 1, after an extended tour of Europe and the Holy Land.

Temper is a good thing in steel, but deliver me from the wrath of a woman.

Certainly if anyone deserved the title, "Monsieur Bienvenu," it is John McMahan. He is the exact prototype of Victor Hugo's literary M. Myriel. He is an ideal priest; big-hearted, generous, considerate and loving. He enjoys the unbounded confidence of all his parishioners; and the rectory is ever an asylum for the needy and unfortunate. I frequently call on John, and we rehearse together the birth of Christianity, and its steady growth, as we learned it between the covers of Mr. Myers' "Rome. Its Rise and Fall."

"What's that you have, Miss Clark; anything important?"

"O, yes! very much so."

"Miss Elizabeth Hayes has opened a promising business here. On small beginnings she has started a laundry which promises great inducements for the future. She caters to the finest trade in this section, which has long since felt the need of such a venture. One has only to visit her establishment and he will hear the 'Tale of the Shirt' merrily chanted by Lizzie and her assistants to the Wagner accompaniment of clanging belts and humming dynamos." "Cleanliness is next to godliness," but little Puck tells us that scented soap is a long way off from the odor of sanctity.

Glancing over the local reporter's stuff I find the following: "A large crowd of women and children gathered on the Mall yesterday afternoon to hear Miss Mary Ide decry the indifference of the female sex, and plead for woman's suffrage. Miss Ide, armed with a copy of Tennyson's Princess, mounted the stump, and with a savage screech, cried out, 'Down with the men!' Among other things, she advocated the suppression of marbles as the root of gambling among the innocent youth. She was immediately followed by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Marie Corelli, who spoke in a similar vein."

"A well known and prominent business man owes his rapid recovery from a serious illness to Miss Florence Howe, trained nurse, who has been attending him. Miss Howe has had a great deal of practice in this line, and is well fitted to do the work."

I notice in glancing over the current issue of the Ladies' Home Journal that one of our old classmates has taken up a new vocation. This is it: "Confidential Chats with the Ladies" by Percy Lothrop Walker. His writings display a "keensense of the ludicrous" with an occasional dash at the metaphy-

sical. I have an inkling where he accumulated the material for this particular article, for I saw him behind the grating of the "Information Window" in the south terminal station. Woman are sometimes blissfully ignorant with a good-looking man at stake.

"A recital was given in Town Hall last evening by Miss Lillian Callanan and her pupils. Miss Callanan is one of the most competent music teachers in this section. Being a woman of remarkable capabilities herself, she inculcates her pupils with that strenuosity of technique necessary to the successful performer. The programme contained numbers by Mendelssohn, Bach, Chopin and Gounod."

"Have you seen the cover of the Delineator, this month? It has an elegant design, the work of Miss May Jackson. For the past few years she has been cultivating a taste for the beautiful in the Gould Institute of Fine Arts. During the winter months she has been head saleslady in Caproni Art Ware-rooms, where she has had every opportunity to promulgate her æsthetic tendencies."

"At the concert given by the Beethoven Choral Society last evening Miss Jennie V. Hartwell delighted her audience by a superb rendition of Arditti's 'Il Bacio,' and a 'Folk Song' by Richard Strauss. She was in especially good voice, the higher notes being particularly liquid and crisp. Her rendition of C. Chaminade's wailing love chant, 'Rosemonde,' was perfectly melting."

"Well, Miss Clark, have you anything there concerning any of our classmates?"

"I heard this morning that Una Keany, an old friend and classmate of mine, is holding a responsible position in New York as a stenographer for a well known firm of that city."

In the Woman's Tourney on Craigenputtock Links yesterday afternoon, Miss Martha G. Moore won the Burns trophy, defeating the Countess di Tivoli (née Carolyn M. Field) 7 up, 2 to go. Her playing was dashing, and at times brilliant; yet she was exceedingly steady throughout the entire course. Harry Vardon said it was the prettiest woman's contest he ever witnessed.

"At last we have come to the end of this extensive lot of mail matter; but here's one more."

"The Associated Press wires us that President Marcus A. Hanna is anxious concerning the progress of the Nicaragua Canal, and has appointed Leslie C. Whittemore and Stuart C. Godfrey, M. H. S. ex-'03, special commissioners to hasten its completion." Both were honor men in the class of '07, M. I. T. Mr. Whittemore served a year's apprenticeship in the Cramp ship-yards at Philadelphia, where he helped design the monster battleship "Filipino" for the U. S. Navy. For the last few years he has been in the employ of the government, strengthening fortifications and sketching valuable maps of doubtful coastline. In his new venture he is the very embodiment of the great De Lesseps; and the completion of the canal will rest safely in his hands.

* * * * *

Presto! "Utopian" stock has fluctuated, and we are back where we start-

ed from. In this congenial little quiz we have developed a plot along musical comedy lines: that is—nothing, flavored with clever men and pretty women. As one class has sung, “We are leaving the old school behind us;” we’re sorry we can’t take it along for its many pleasant reminiscences. At any rate, we hope you will not treat our foregoing attempt seriously; and, concluding would say, that in life, as in everything else, we wish you always a

“Jolie conclusion.”

JENNIE L. CLARK, '03.

ELMER E. THOMAS, '03.



Class Ode, '03.

The golden link at length is rent,
That link of youth and peace,
But though our school days now are o'er
Let friendship never cease.
Through trials and through sorrows,
We've struggled not in vain,
We've won the victory of youth
And reaped a lasting gain.
Though paths diverge, our aims are one
What'er our lot may be,
With courage, hope and earnestness,
We face life's unknown sea.
As deeds reveal our inner thoughts,
Whate'er we may acquire,
Our motto ever be our guide,
“To perfection we aspire.”
The friendship in each heart today
Will through our lives remain,
Though scattered far in years to come
We roam o'er earth's domain.
And when we've played our part, though small
In these great halls of time,
Oh! may we meet, a happy band,
Within the realms sublime.

MATTIE G. MOORE, '03.



History.

“TIME and tide wait for no man.”

Thus runs the old proverb, and what member of the class of '03 can not already testify to its truth? Tonight, vivid recollections throng our

minds of a certain bright September morning in 1899, when we, a class of fifty-one members, began our struggle as "freshies" in the M. H. S. And, in glancing over the pages of our history, who will deny that we have fought the battle bravely?

Every one of us remembers how we loitered about the grounds on that first day until the old bell from its station in the belfry announced the time for entrance. We were then received in the main hall by the following teachers: Mr. Allison E. Tuttle, principal, Misses Deans, Teele and Latting, and Mr. Williams, assistants. How awed we felt in the presence of the dignified seniors, and when, after the opening exercises were over, the "freshmen" were sent down stairs, we felt very small indeed. We were assigned seats in Miss Deans' room, and then our work began in earnest. Seventeen of our number chose the commercial course, three the classical, and the remainder the normal scientific. Those of us who elected Latin were immediately launched into the mysteries of pronunciation, and how our mouths writhed and twisted in our struggles with the vowels, none but ourselves can tell. Our first high school day was over at last, and had we only realized it then as we do now, it was probably one of the happiest days of our lives.

But the class of '03 was destined to have an eventful career. We had been attending but one week, when Mr. Tuttle resigned to accept a position in Chicopee, Mass. The school was thrown into a state of confusion. Miss Deans took charge and conducted the recitations very creditably under the circumstances. Three weeks passed before the committee finally decided upon Mr. Irving Gamwell of Bristol, R. I., to fill Mr. Tuttle's place. During this respite from labor we freshmen got the idea that high school life was all play and no work, but we were very soon undeceived. In an exceedingly short time Mr. Gamwell had affairs regulated, and we were settled down to steady work. This does not necessarily mean that there was no recreation whatever. The battalions were open to all those who wished to join, and most of us took advantage of the opportunity, while not a few of the girls became members of the glee club.

But on March 15, 1900, our pleasant work in the old high school was interrupted, for at about midnight of that date the building was burned to the ground, and its useful life of fifty years was over. Were we sorry? I'm afraid we were not. Vacation loomed ahead of us, and the aspect of it proved enticing enough to completely blot out all other thoughts.

But after three weeks had elapsed the town purchased the old Universalist church on Pearl street for \$2800. We were soon comfortably settled in this building. The routine of school work was begun again, and almost before we realized it, our first year in the M. H. S. had come to an end.

Our work was further disturbed this year by the changing of teachers. The commercial course and the sciences suffered especially. In the former, we had as instructors during the year, Messrs. Williams, Bean and Reed, in the latter, Misses Latting, Crandon and Morton.

The next year, 1900, we entered the old Universalist church as sophomores. Our dignity was greatly increased by our promotion to cushioned seats and foot-stools. This year our teachers were Mr. Ivory F. Frisbie, Ph. D., of Lewiston, Me., who succeeded Mr. Gamwell, Miss Carolyn M.

Field of Milford, the Misses Morton and Teele, and Messrs. Reed and Sipprelle. Dr. Frisbie at once abolished the "special course" system, which had been common in our school up to this time, and instituted many other needed reforms. The drills were also discontinued this year.

But our evil spirit still pursued us, for on February, 4, 1901, the old Universalist church was destroyed by fire, the cause being an overheated furnace. Two weeks passed, during which we enjoyed a second enforced vacation, and then the G. A. R. kindly gave us the use of their rooms in Memorial Hall. These were extremely pleasant, but rather close quarters, and the consequence was that we spent our study periods for the remainder of the year at home, a privilege which we greatly enjoyed.

The third year we entered the new granite structure on School street, with our numbers greatly reduced. This year we welcomed back all of our former teachers, but at the close of the fall term, however, Mr. Sipprelle, the commercial instructor, resigned and was succeeded by Mrs. Nelle M. Harmon of Boston.

September 10, 1902, we returned to school for the last time and were addressed by the mighty word, Seniors. This year, we were greeted by a new principal, Mr. John C. Hull of Adams, Mass. The committee also felt the necessity of appointing a sub-master, and the position has been ably filled by Mr. Thomas J. Murphy of Milford.

Many changes were made this year in the courses of study—changes which proved both beneficial and advantageous. Rhetoricals were introduced, a feature which had been considerably neglected heretofore. The members of all classes except the freshman were required to contribute their parts, and on December 17 the first prize speaking contest was held in the school hall. Miss M. Lillian Callanan and Mr. E. Fletcher Lyford were the fortunate contestants, each winning a gold medal. At the close of the second term, a second contest was held, in which Miss Hester Whitney and Mr. Lyford received the prizes. A third and last contest was held April 17, 1903, in which the Uxbridge, Medway, Holliston and Milford schools participated. Miss Callanan upheld the reputation of Milford by winning the first lady's prize, \$10, Miss Gardner of Holliston captured the second lady's prize, Mr. Nichols of Holliston, first gentleman's prize, Mr. Powers of Medway, second gentleman's.

The class of 1903 have given two receptions this year, both of which were well attended and greatly enjoyed.

On June 5, the class displayed its ability in the French language by presenting the play "Le Major Cravachon." Every member of the caste entered into the spirit of the play, and did Miss Teele, our French teacher, the greatest credit.

To say that the class has not greatly enjoyed its high school course would be to do it the greatest injustice, and so I shall close my account of our life in the M. H. S. by thanking all the teachers for their hearty co-operation and assistance. And may we, the members of this class of '03, ever live up to our motto, "Aspire to perfection."

NELLIE J. BROSNAHAN, '03.

Class Statistics.

Class of 1903.
Oldest, 19 yrs. 2 mos. 5 days.
Youngest, 17 yrs. 4 mos. 29 days.
Average, 18 yrs. 5 mos. 14 days.
Tallest, 6 ft. 2 3-4 in.
Shortest, 4 ft. 10 in.
Average, 5 ft. 5 1-2 in.
Heaviest, 170 lbs.
Lightest, 91 lbs.
Average, 121 lbs.

Class of 1902.
20 yrs. 3 mos 16 days.
16 yrs. 4 mos.
18 yrs. 1 mo.
5 ft. 11 1-4 in.
5 ft. 1 in.
5 ft. 6 in.
165 lbs.
95 lbs.
127 lbs.

P. LOTHROP WALKER,
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EDITORIALS.

On Friday evening, June 19, the high school gave a reception to the teams of the baseball league. Members from Medway and Holliston attended. The reception lasted from eight till nine, the receiving committee being Principal Hull, Misses Morton, Field and Harwood, Captain Holland of the ball team, and Manager Ewing, together with Principal Frost, the Misses Kenty and Woodbury and Capt. C. F. Nichols of Holliston. After the reception, dancing was enjoyed until eleven, the music being furnished by the kindness of the Walter J. Bates Piano Company of Boston, the Simplex piano player being used. During the evening a dainty collation of ice cream, cake, and punch was served. The hall was prettily decorated with flags and plants, and a good time was reported by all who attended.



ATHLETICS.

The last league game of the year was played Saturday, June 13, on the Town Park. Up to this time both Milford and Franklin had won four fifths of the games played, thus causing much interest in this, the final game, in which the Milford boys showed their superiority over Franklin. At the end of the game the score

stood Milford 17, Franklin 10. The winning of this game gave Milford the trophy, which was to have been awarded at the reception to the members of the baseball league on Friday, June 19. On Thursday, June 18, however, Franklin filed a protest, claiming a victory in the game played with Milford on the thirteenth. The grounds for protest are as yet unknown to Milford, who, relying on the fairness of those who consider the protest, still expect the banner.



PERSONALS.

Mr. Daniel Tully '92 was ordained to the priesthood this last month at Rome. The school wishes him well.

The marriage of Miss Ethel L. Mann ex-'98 to Mr. Clifford C. Smith took place this month at the home of the bride.

The marriage of Miss Cora M. Whitney '93 to Mr. R. M. Davis of Worcester was celebrated June 10 at the former's home.

On June 17, Miss Maude E. Taft '96 was married to Mr. Orlo Fiske of Temple, N. H., at the Taft home-stead on Prospect street.

Leroy Tucker '98 will be one of the graduates at Boston University this June. He will receive his degree from the College of Liberal Arts.

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INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS, 1903.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XX.

MILFORD, OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 1.

= OAK, LILY AND IVY. =

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR.

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SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, Benjamin J. Clancy, 1906.

EXCHANGE EDITOR, Evelena Jackman, 1906. ATHLETIC EDITOR, Willard F. Swan, 1904.

LOCAL EDITOR, Annie M. Tracey, 1905. PERSONAL EDITOR, Hannah E. Callanan, 1905.

ASSISTANTS, Alfred B. Cenedella, 1907, Howard F. Tompkins, 1907.

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EDITORIALS.

AT the beginning of the school year we were pleased to welcome our former corps of teachers, with the exception of Miss Harwood. Miss Jackson now superintends the commercial branches, and to her also we extend a hearty welcome.



There have been several changes made in the Oak, Lily and Ivy this year, which we hope will meet with the approval of the subscribers. Since it is known as a school paper, it has been thought fitting that it should be edited by the school, and not by the senior class, as has been the custom up to this time. With this end in view the pupils have selected two representatives from each class to compose the editorial staff. We hope that under this new arrangement more enthusiasm will be aroused in the lower classes for the success of our paper. Each one should now feel a personal interest in the Oak, Lily and Ivy, and endeavor to make its columns as interesting as possible.



The class of '78 has presented a picture to the high school to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation. The picture is a colored photogravure by an English artist, Alma-Tadema, entitled "A reading from Homer." We have also received a picture from the class of '99, a water-color painting of St. Mark's Cathedral.



We wish to return sincere thanks for these gifts. We are deeply grateful for the interest that the past graduates manifest in beautifying our surroundings. Besides adding to the general appearance of the building, the pictures and busts which have been so generously donated certainly increase our interest in the studies with which they are connected.



We have deemed it best to replace the Oak, Lily and Ivy symbol on the

cover, as without it the name seems to have lost its significance. The picture of the high school has been transferred to the back cover. We hope that these changes will be agreeable to everyone.



PERSONALS.

MR. William Brady '04 entertained about thirty-five of his friends Monday evening, October 5, at his home on Central street. The affair was in the nature of a surprise, and a most enjoyable time was passed. An excellent collation was served.

Mr. Clyde Johnston is taking a special course.

Mr. Claude Simpson has joined the class of 1905.

Mr. Leslie C. Whittemore '03 has entered Boston Tech.

Miss May Jackson '03 is taking German with the seniors.

Mr. Percy L. Walker attends Worcester Academy this year.

Mr. Fletcher Lyford '03 goes to Dean academy in Franklin.

Miss Evelyn Libbey ex-'03 has returned to school as a special student.

Mr. Clarence L. Hussey '03 successfully passed the examinations for Boston Tech.

Miss Lillian Callanan '03 is taking music lessons from Professor John O'Shea of Boston.

Mr. Robert Kinney ex-'04 is attending Bryant & Stratton's business college in Boston.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Gladys Jackson '07 has been obliged to leave school on account of ill health.

Miss Gertrude L. Mann '03 is now a student in the Sacred Heart Academy at Elmhurst, near Providence, R. I.

Miss Helen E. Martin, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Marion Gilmore '07, has returned to her home in Amherst.

Miss Margaret A. Wires ex '05 was married at the Baptist parsonage on August 5, 1903, to William Hewitt. The class of 1905 sends congratulations.

Miss Eliza Coulahan, formerly of the class of 1904, has returned to the Woonsocket high school, of which she was a member before coming to Milford in 1902.

Hon. Frank A. Hill, secretary of the state board of education, who died at his son's home in Brookline, in September, was a former principal of the Milford high school.

This year, as usual, we have a new commercial teacher. Miss Maria Jackson of South Milford, a graduate of Baypath institute, was the choice of the committee this year.

Miss Nellie Brosnahan '03 who is now living in Boston, has successfully passed the entrance examinations for the Boston normal school. There were

only twenty-five out of a class of more than fifty pupils who attained the required per cent, and the M. H. S. is proud of its representative.

Miss Mae Rockwood '97 was married at the home of her parents on Chapin street, Tuesday, September 8, to Fred K. Brown of Mendon. They are now in North Carolina.

Another September bride was Miss Inez E. Clark, '99. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Lizzie Clark, Jefferson street. Miss Clark, who is now Mrs. James Furse, will reside in Quincy.

The entire school deeply sympathizes with Miss Jackson, the commercial teacher, in her recent sad bereavement. The loss of a loving father, when she had just taken up new work, must necessarily make it hard for her.



LOCALS.

ON September 28 a meeting of the senior class was called to select officers for the ensuing year. The following were chosen to fill the various positions: Mr. Charles Moriarty, president; Mr. James Luby, vice-president; Miss Marion Vaughan, secretary; Miss Florence Aldrich, treasurer.

Witenagemct, "meeting of the witty."

We must study physics to walk. How funny!

What is the matter with the faucet in Room 37?

French translation—"Depuis la mort du feu roi."

"After the death of the few king."

Teacher in Latin—"Where is the accent in Latin words?"

Pupil—"In words of one syllable on the first."

Teacher in Latin—"What English word is equivalent to dux?"

Pupil—"Ducks."

Teacher (In algebra class.)—"How much is two times one?"

Bright scholar—"Three."

Teacher in History—"To what people do the yellow race belong?"

Pupil—"To the negro race."

Information wanted.—Will some one kindly inform Miss D-w-r-e if Sally Oates is an animal or a human being?

One junior young lady writes some very fine essays. Her last paper, as the teacher said, was excellent to illustrate mistakes.

One young lady in the stenography class asked the teacher if the pupils could use rulers in making the strokes. What an idea!

It is evident that the freshmen do not like to have three spare periods one after the other. They do not understand the high school yet.

Teacher—"Miss O. C., if you do n't stop whispering I'll send you into your own room."

Miss O. C. "There is n't any room in there."

Miss D. said that some one had taken Silas Marner from her desk. She

would be much obliged if the person who took him would kindly return him after reading this notice.

One of our brilliant seniors evidently thinks that the early inhabitants of America lived on Indians. O, behold the evils of inattention !



ATHLETICS.

THE annual meeting and election of officers of the Athletic Association was held in the school building, Friday afternoon, September 11. The following officers were elected: President, Fred Holland; vice-president, Walter V. Ewing; secretary, Joseph O'Connor; executive committee, Charles Moriarty, Benjamin Clancy, and James Luby. It was voted to organize first and second football elevens.

Football weather.

Again football is the center of interest. The candidates have come out and regular practice is now held.

There has been hung in the school library the pennant which the baseball team won last spring. It is red and gold, and is suitably lettered. May it be the first in a series of such trophies.

October 2 the team lined up against Framingham High at Framingham, the score being 28-0 in favor of Framingham. The result was mainly due to the coaching received by Framingham and the snappier play.

If present plans are successful, an interscholastic football league will be formed in this section. The teams representing Marlboro, South Framingham, Natick, Milford, and Woonsocket high schools have been invited to join, and three, Marlboro, Natick, and Milford, have accepted.

Another meeting of the Athletic Association was held Sept. 25, Principal Hull presiding. Mr. Hull asked for more candidates for both elevens, and promised that if enough candidates and regular practice could be guaranteed, he would see to it that a competent coach and money for his payment were provided. It was voted to accept the invitation mentioned above, and enter the second team in a league to be formed among the smaller towns in this region.

The first eleven opened the season on the Charles River Park, Sept. 30, by defeating the Framingham Business College. In the first half Framingham kicked to Milford, and by steady and sure playing the ball was carried down the field, but not without opposition. A touchdown seemed certain, when, by an unlucky fumble the ball was lost two yards from the goal. F. B. C. attempted to punt, but a block by Clancy sent the ball behind the goal. Dillingham missed the goal. In the remainder of the half Framingham attempted to duplicate Milford's score, but with less success, the ball being near the center of the field at the end of the half. In the second half F. B. C. received the ball and carried it beyond the center-line, where it was gained by Milford and carried back over the line. The time stopped further play. Score: M. H. S.--5. F. B. C.—0. Time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

On October the seventh the home team lined against the Grafton High at Grafton, and won, the score being 17-0. Grafton had a much lighter team, the average being fully ten pounds less. The first touchdown was scored after about ten minutes of play. Grafton held the ball, but could not gain the distance required and punted. Captain Ewing received the ball on the 25-yard line, and by a magnificent run gained a touchdown.

In the second half of the game, by line bucking and especially by end runs, two more touchdowns were secured, Holland crossing the line both times. Holland was hurt in this half but continued playing.

The Milford backs worked unitedly and with speed, while Tompkins played a good game at the end. Harlowe was the only Grafton man who was effective against Milford's line.

The lineup was as follows:—

Milford—17 0—Grafton	
Johnson le	re Leland
Simpson lt	rt Hastings
Camp lg	rg Chamberlin
Dillingham c	c Reid
Phillips rg	lg Knowlton
Foley, Cenedella rt	lt Elliott
Tompkins re	le Fay
Cooke qb	qb Desmerais
Clancy lhb	rhb Wing
Holland rhb	lhb Harlowe captain
Ewing fb captain	fb Linblad

Touchdowns, Ewing, Holland 2; goals, Dillingham 2; goals missed, Dillingham; referee, P. W. Jones; umpire, J. Murphy; linesmen, C. Willey and Walter Macker; timers, R. A. Pierce, C. L. Bragdon; time, two 15-minute halves; attendance, 150.



MILFORD HIGH WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Milford high school ball team won the championship of the Inter-scholastic baseball league by defeating the strong Franklin high school nine on the town park, June 13, by a score of 17 to 10.

The race for first place honors was very keen throughout, and not until the Milford-Franklin game was it known which team would win the pennant, as Milford and Franklin were tied for first place when they came together for the second time to settle the supremacy.

Milford high defeated Franklin wholly by superior ball playing. From a Milford standpoint it was the best game the team played during the season. The team batted like fiends, making 21 hits with a total of 25, and, at the same time giving Stevens, the crack Franklin pitcher, the worst pounding he ever received. Milford's error column was the smallest of the season, six being credited to them. Nearly 800 enthusiasts turned out to see the game.

By defeating Franklin the Milford high school team won every series but that with Medway, and it was tied in that series.

Too much praise cannot be accorded Messrs. Hull and Murphy for their unceasing efforts in helping to round out a championship team, and their work was finally crowned with success.



EXCHANGES.

WE have received no high school papers as yet for our exchange column, but we hope to have some before the next issue. We should be pleased to see the following last year exchanges: Agnetian Monthly; Argus; Ægis; Arms Student; Beacon; Bowdoin Orient; English H. S. Recorder; Cherry and White; Crimson; Chronicle; Index; Capitoline; Distaff; Gates Index; Megaphone; Graylock Echo; Latin School Register; Oracle; High School Voice; Hedding Graphic; Tripod; Lake Breeze; High School Gazette; Lasell Leaves; Phoenix; Protectionist; Racquet; Sentiment; School Bell Echo; Leavitt Angelus.

Any new exchanges will also be gratefully received, as we wish to make this column as complete and interesting as it has been previous to this time.



A DINNER OF FASHION IN ADDISON'S TIME.

LORD Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Alwit came to breakfast with Lady Smart at eleven. Lord Smart was absent at the levee, but came home at three to dine and receive his guests. A country baronet joined them as they sat down. 'Twas a jolly crowd of fashionable people who began with a sirloin of beef, carved by the hostess, fish served by Lady Answerall, tongue and a shoulder of veal which the gallant colonel cut. All ate heartily of the sirloin, except Sir John, who had eaten a beefsteak and drunk two mugs of ale and a tankard of March beer, as soon as he was up. They drank claret, for the host said it should always be drunk after fish. My Lord Sparkish made some brilliant remarks about a certain kind of cider, recommended by Lord Smart. Then wine was called for.

After the first course came almond pudding and fritters, which the colonel served with his hands. Lady Smart, finding a skewer in a dish, put it on her plate and sent it to the cook, with orders to have it dressed for the cook's own dinner. During this course wine and small beer were drunk, and the gentlefolk joked with the servants. Lady Sparkish sent her footman on an errand, telling him to follow his nose, and if he tell by the way not to stop to get up again. When he arrived at his destination and asked if the mistress was in, the porter replied, "She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet."

The chief dish of the third course was a hot venison pasty, which was set down in front of Lord Smart. Besides this there was a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, a goose, and a ham. The gentlemen drank freely, pledging somebody with each glass. The baronet, observing the lively conversation of Tom Neverout and Miss Notable, thought she must be his sweet-

heart, whereupon that young lady said that she loved Tom, "like pie." Each gentleman had a dram of brandy after goose, and having eaten a good dinner, Lord Smart bade the butler fetch the great tankard full of October to Sir John. This was passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth. Dinner over, the host said, "Hang saving, bring us up a ha'porth of cheese." The cloth was taken away, and a bottle of Burgundy set down, and the ladies were invited to have some before they went to their tea. When they withdrew, the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour. More bottles were brought, the "dead men," or empty ones, were removed, and Lord Smart ordered clean glasses. The colonel wished to keep his, and said that wine was the best liquor to wash them in. After an hour they joined the ladies, and played quadrille until three o'clock in the morning.

This was a fashionable dinner in Addison's time.

EVELYN C. LIBBEY.



ADVANTAGE OF HATS.

YOU say it is the style to go without a hat, and the question naturally arises whether this is a good thing or not. I think it is good to a certain degree, but the temperature must be neither too high nor too low when one indulges in this fashion. It is by no means safe to walk very long distances under the hot midsummer sun. The rays of the sun penetrate the skull and affect the brain, causing sunstroke. The head of the white man is not fashioned like that of the negro, thick and hard, so some sort of protection is necessary. Then again, in the cold winter months does n't it send a shiver through you when you step out of doors without a hat? If you stay out very long does n't a cold in the head almost inevitably result?

Perhaps you will answer, "If hats were not made for style alone, why would not any simple covering for the head suffice? So it would, but do you not know that a love of the beautiful is always growing, and that the tendency is to make all wearing apparel as pretty as our means will permit?"

To prove that this feeling is increasing I refer you to some of the pictures of people who lived centuries ago. Do not their hats seem hideous to us? How different they are from ours! Yet of course the people who wore them considered them beautiful, and perhaps would shrink in horror from wearing one of our 1903 hats. Our opinions differ from theirs, so we change the shape, style, and material, and beautify according to our own ideas.

It has been urged against them that they are nuisances to children. The truth of this is acknowledged, for certainly a child cannot run far without having to return to find that aggravating hat which has somehow slipped off. But to my mind this little annoyance is offset completely by the inestimable benefit it is to the child, in affording protection from the elements.

Then again, you say, many follow fashion blindly, without reference to what is becoming, thereby making themselves ridiculous. Are not such people in such a minority as to be almost unworthy of mention? If they could not follow fashion in hats, would they not do so in other things?

Then from a pecuniary standpoint, it has been remarked that a much

better use could be found for the large sums of money expended yearly for headgear. Of course this is true, but would this money be expended for a better purpose, or would it be reserved for an object even more unworthy than that of trying to beautify one's personal appearance?

Although we naturally desire something pretty, still I think we watch for the useful, for most of us wear the broad brimmed hat in summer for protection from the sun, and all agree that felt wards off cold in winter.

C. ETTA M. RICHARDSON, '04.



SCHOOL ROOM HUMORS.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

THE humors, conscious and unconscious, of an examination are most enjoyed by those who correct the hundreds of papers which result. One such examiner in an eastern state has preserved in a note-book the amusing blunders made by children ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years. All of these were seriously set down in the course of examinations in English literature. They tended to relieve the monotony of correcting, day after day, papers on the same set of questions.

The bits of wisdom that follow were from many sources. It is hard to believe some of them unintentional. "Shylock didn't want Lorenzo to marry Jessica because he was n't a Catholic." Emerson "died as innocent as a newborn child. His principal attributes to our literature are a great many essays which might be read backwards or in any other manner and you could not find the least reference to the subject." "In Emerson's style we find a crystal transparency and exquisite sense of beauty, which render his work dangerous."

This in answer to a question about an English dynasty: "The Plantagenets were a sort of play in which different muses were represented." A comment upon Anne Bradstreet's "The tenth muse lately sprung up in America" was, Anne Bradstreet wrote about the 'Tenth News.' "

It is difficult to believe this unconscious: "Thoreau was of very moderate circumstance, but his mind was still more so." This boy had been reading some grandiloquent writer: "Longfellow was not a Milton, nor a Shakespeare; nor was he grand like Bryant; or melancholy like Poe; he knew every stop in the great organ, and touched all its keys at once. His kind sympathies have dried the tears of millions."

In these scientific days Franklin's "Autobiography" is often given as "Autobiograph." Burns' poem is thus summarized: "Mr. Cotter comes home on Saturday night." Chaucer's priest "received his check on the first of every month."

"Whittier's style is clear and simple. He wrote short feet, using few meters to the foot." One boy had read somewhere that a volume of Burns' poems fell into Whittier's hands when a lad and gave him an irresistible impulse towards verse-making. The pupil's deduction from this authentic incident was, "Burns and Whittier became great chums in later life."

WHEN WE CAMPED OUT.

ONE summer when Ada, Helen and I were visiting at grandma's farm, we thought we would like to camp out for a while. Now grandma is the dearest old lady in the world, and lets us do almost anything we choose; but when we teased her to let us camp out for a few days all alone, just to show we were not afraid, she firmly refused.

When she saw how disappointed we were she endeavored to compromise by saying that if we would take Uncle John with us, we could go to a grove early in the morning and not come back until it was dark. This we indignantly refused to do, for Uncle John was always teasing us about being afraid.

After much persuasion and with many misgivings she consented to our going alone after repeated promises to be very careful and to return before it grew dark.

So we began our preparations joyfully, Ada taking a pail of water, Helen a little spider, while I took the provisions in a large basket which grandma provided.

We proceeded in procession toward the grove, which was at a little distance from the farm. On our way we passed the poultry yard, and thought that eggs would prove a valuable addition to our provisions. Then the question arose as to who should go for the eggs. Helen refused to go, and Ada confessed that she was afraid, so there was no other way but for me to go.

I reached the loft without any mishap, and saw a nest with just three eggs in it. I hastened to put them in our basket and turned to descend the ladder, when an angry-looking hen stepped in front of me and almost caused me to drop my basket, for you see I was just the least bit timid myself.

I cried "Shoo!" but all to no purpose. That hen just glared at me. When I had about made up my mind that I should have to stay there all day, that provoking hen stalked majestically away, and I hastened to leave as quickly as possible. The girls were just coming to search for me when they saw me emerge from the barn.

We then proceeded, and soon arrived at the grove. We played near the brook and picked wild flowers until about eleven o'clock. Then we commenced preparing dinner. We wrapped our eggs in paper and then after many futile attempts succeeded in lighting a fire from the dry twigs. We then wet the paper and placed the eggs in the hot ashes just as Uncle John had told he used to do when they went fishing. We then cut up some cold potatoes which grandma had thoughtfully put in the basket and fried them in the little spider.

It had taken us so long to light the fire that it was about one o'clock before we had dinner ready, and then, I assure you, we were very hungry in deed. We declared that we would rather be our own cooks than eat our mother's food, but I have lately suspected that that statement was due to our appetites.

When it began to grow dark, we made our preparations for going home,

and though you must never, never tell it, I was n't sorry that grandma did n't let us sleep in camp.

MARION GILMORE, '07.



A SKATING EPISODE.

THE greatest event of the season in the town of R— was the carnival held by the Winter Pleasure Club. It was five years since the club first formed, and each anniversary the weather could not have been more propitious for their sports. This night was no exception to the general rule, the full moon shed a cold silvery light on the glistening ice, and made the snow glitter like myriads of jewels. Under such favorable auspices few could resist the temptation to join the revelers, so, when the club members were seen clad in their blue suits with flaming red scarfs, many followed their example and trooped to the lake, singing merrily.

It was interesting to watch the skaters in the various stages of proficiency in this art. There was the beginner, rather timid, but made more determined to succeed by the good-natured raillery which greeted each mishap; then, those who had had sufficient experience to be able to take a few strokes were watching with envious eyes those who with easy graceful motions could perform almost any antic.

The shore was lined with people who were attracted thither to watch the race from one bridge to another, back, and down again. At first several entered the competition, which was to be for the championship of the town, but finally the contestants dwindled down to two, one a member of the club.

Then was the time of the greatest excitement. The two were to race from the stand to the bridge, back, and at a given signal go down for the last time, the one who won twice to be declared champion. In going down the non-member won, but on the return the member outstripped him by about a yard. After a few minutes' rest they started on the final trip. The two were well matched, and victory was never more uncertain. Now the member was ahead, now he was outstripped. As they neared the goal the non member seemed to be slowly gaining.

Spurred on by the cheers of his club the member put forth a final effort, passed his competitor, passed the judges' stand, and forgetting the ice was being cut below the bridge, he skated directly into the ice hole. It was the work of a moment, and every one seemed stupefied. No, not every one. The other contestant, noting the situation, skated carefully toward the hole, calling for help. He found him clinging to the edge of ice, still conscious, but fast losing the power to cling with his frozen fingers. Lying down on the ice he managed to hold him until help came and both were rescued.

The pleasure of the evening was somewhat marred by the accident, but as it did not have any serious results the party soon regained their spirits. The club were naturally very proud that the championship had been retained among their members, but the opponent was praised very much for his valor in coming to the rescue so quickly.

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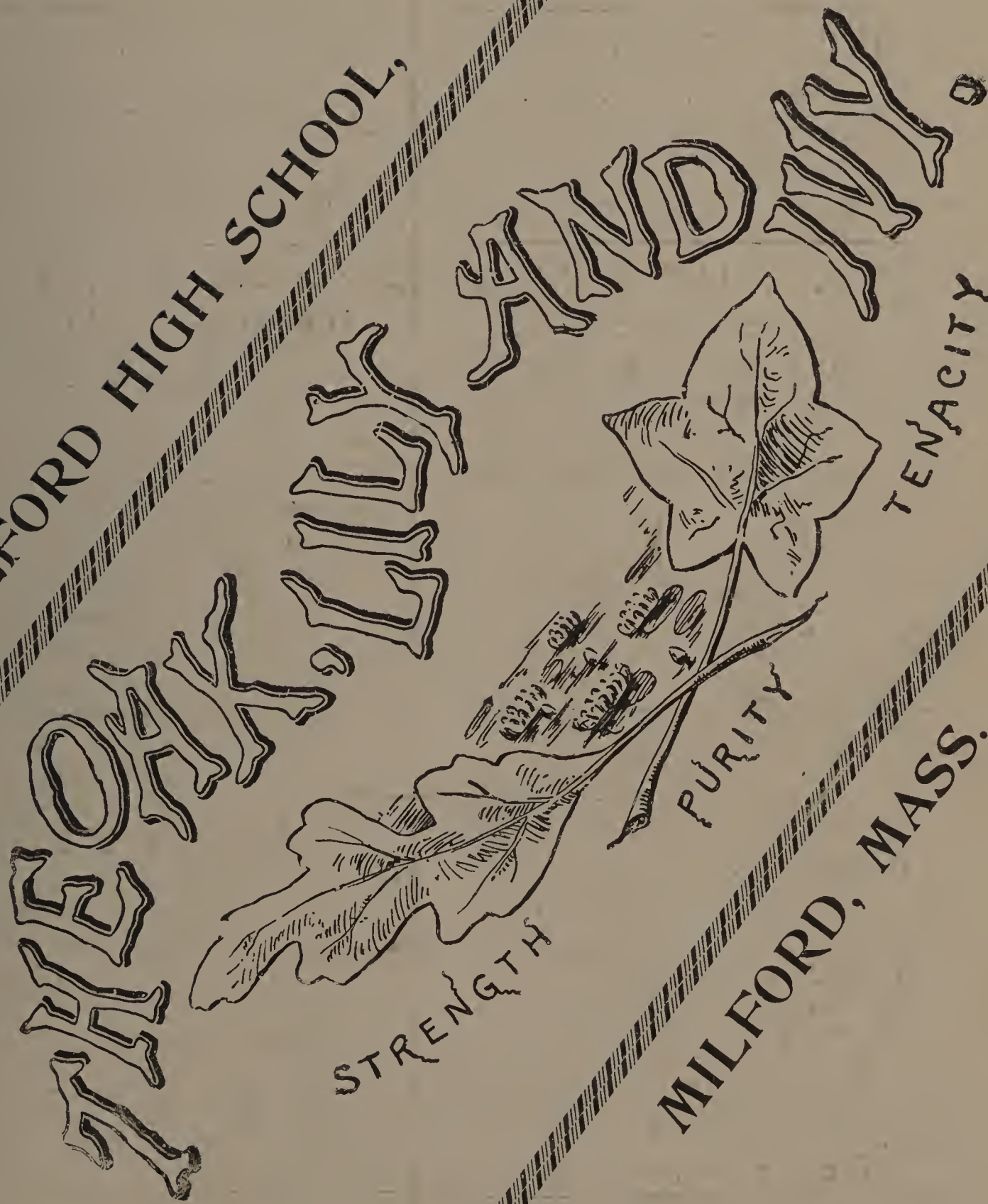
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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XX.

MILFORD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 2.

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HIGH SCHOOL.



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SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, Benjamin J. Clancy, 1906.

EXCHANGE EDITOR, Evelena Jackman, 1906. ATHLETIC EDITOR, Willard F. Swan, 1904.

LOCAL EDITOR, Annie M. Tracey, 1905. PERSONAL EDITOR, Hannah E. Callanan, 1905.

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EDITORIALS.

WE wonder how long ago the boys were reproaching the girls for lack of enthusiasm for their athletics? Just as the girls began to interest themselves in the boys' sports by a larger attendance at the games, the football team disbanded. Can this lack of enthusiasm have been transferred to the boys? It certainly appears to be a case in which the old proverb concerning people who live in glass houses would be applicable. It seems strange that among more than fifty boys a good football eleven cannot be mustered.



Do the members of the class of 1904 realize that already *eight* weeks of their last year in the high school have passed? We must realize that now is the time to think of the record we are leaving. There is yet an opportunity to improve our time in making up studies in which we have perhaps been negligent, and also to efface any impressions which our instructors may have concerning our lack of ambition, or at least to make such impressions but vague memories. Our time is fleeting, but let us make the most of it and endeavor to make the class of 1904 a beacon light which our successors would do well to follow.



It is evident from the attention given to the bulletin that the list for Rhetoricals has been posted. It seems strange that no matter in which division one's name is found, that person invariably has a different choice. He who is last would prefer to be first, and vice versa. If a condition of chaos

were desired we would certainly recommend each one to choose his own position. As yet only the seniors and juniors have been provided for on the list, but let the sophomores and freshmen take courage, for their time is coming.



A question now under consideration is the advisability of having a lunch counter instituted in the school. It is inconvenient at times to prepare a lunch before coming to school, as some of our tardy pupils will testify, and if we could procure eatables at school this trouble would be avoided. If sufficient interest is manifested to insure the success of the plan, we have been promised that the matter will receive serious attention.



It is a source of constant wonder to every one why the appearance of such a stately edifice as our high school should be marred by an old-fashioned, unsightly fence. Almost the first question a stranger asks on viewing the premises is concerning this defacing fence. What possible use is it? We certainly have no cause to wish to conceal our well-kept lawns which reflect much credit upon our janitor. Its ugliness precludes all possibility of its being left there for ornamental purposes; so, as it can be catalogued neither among useful nor ornamental articles, the purpose of its being allowed to remain there is still shrouded in mystery. Our aim is to have our surroundings as beautiful as possible, so we are naturally annoyed at having an object so conspicuously at variance with our desires, always before us.

Although we are unable to advance any reasons why the fence should repose in its accustomed place, we know of several arguments which might be forwarded in favor of its being removed. It has long since performed the service for which it was intended, so why should it be made to do double duty? If any one is loth to part with this relic of the old school days, then we will present him with a piece of the wood when the destruction, which we ardently hope for, has taken place. Think what excellent firewood it would make! We think it would be a good plan to issue invitations to a bonfire at which this bone of contention would disappear forever. We feel sure that very few of these invitations would be declined, and doubt if even one member of the school would be missing. If those who are at all times desirous of furthering our interests would grant us this desire we can assure them of the heartfelt gratitude of the pupils of the Milford high school.



Has the school lost all interest in debating? There were several debates held last year which were very successful beginnings, and we would wish that the matter be continued this year. There are many interesting subjects connected with our studies which might be debated, the study of history especially affording material for debate. When we have become proficient in this art we might engage in contests with other schools and mingle it with our rhetorical exercises.



With the advent of cold weather let us throw off all languor and become really enthusiastic in our work. If we do this, we will undoubtedly surprise ourselves with the knowledge of what we can do if we but try.

THE MAGIC OAK.

THE sun shone brightly o'er the vales one beautiful spring morning as a boy named Theodore, clad in a velvet suit, came out of the mansion in which he lived. Until now he had never been allowed to go out unattended, but this being his fifth birthday, he determined to go out alone.

A short distance down the path he came to a tree which he admired most on the premises. It was surrounded by a tall iron fence, with a gate at one side. He had often been told that he must not go near it, as it was a magic oak, and that a witch would take him away if he touched it.

Thinking no harm could come to him on his birthday, he went inside the fence and sat upon a bench under the tree. He soon fell asleep, and thought he saw a witch come out and take him through a small door in the tree, banging it after them. The noise awoke him, and to his surprise what he thought a dream was a reality, for he was in darkness; but as he became accustomed to this he could see a hand beckoning to him.

He cried out in fear, but a gentle voice reassured him, saying, "Follow me, Theodore; I shall not harm you." The mysterious hand led down a short flight of steps, always keeping a certain distance away from him. On coming opposite a dim light, the child fell, and, as if by magic, a splendid mansion was revealed to him.

A slight rustling sound caused him to turn, and behind him stood a charming lady dressed in satin, with diamonds sparkling at her throat. Taking him by the hand she kissed him and said:—

"Dear Theodore, I am your sister; I live underground. The tree near which you sat contains the only door to the palace. A flight of stairs leads from the hall down into the ground, then, as one approaches the dim light he must step on a secret spring which causes a panel to drop, thus conveying one into this apartment. By a certain power of which I will tell you, my hand alone is visible until this room is reached.

"When very young I was married to a handsome man whom I afterwards found to be a wizard. We came here to live, and I have never since then associated with my former friends. I have a daughter almost your size, but who has never seen another child.

"You were but a babe in your mother's arms when I left home, so when you sat on the bench I forced you to go to sleep in order that I might bring you to see me. Your mother has been here several times, but would not allow you to come for fear I should be tempted to keep you always. After your fifth birthday, our power is n't sufficient to keep you here more than a short time, unless your mother gives permission. That is the reason you were forbidden to come inside the fence which surrounds the oak. Now let us go to find my daughter."

They passed from the house into a garden, in which the little one was playing among the flowers. After being told who Theodore was, she told him that she was Madeleine Attila, and invited him to play with her. Her father was also in this garden, and running up to him she said: "Here is my little uncle, Theodore Raymond, who lives above ground. May he come and play with me?"

"Yes, darling, he may come every day, but now his mother is looking for him, so he must go," the father replied.

Mrs. Attila led Theodore back to the bench again, and as he heard his mother calling him he hastened to tell her that he had had a very pleasant time and that he was to go there every day.

Mr. and Mrs. Attila wearied of their lonely life, and finally decided to relinquish their power of magic and mingle with their kinsfolk once more.

When Mrs. Raymond came to the tree soon after, and was admitted, her daughter told her how Theodore had been to see her, and also of their resolve to re-enter the world.

Then Mrs. Attila made plans to give a grand ball in their underground palace. After this event had taken place the mansion was abandoned, and with it perished all the magic power they possessed. The only vestige of their former home was the grand tree, which still is called "The Magic Oak."

ELIZABETH HASKELL, '04.



THE STORY OF A PUMPKIN.

THERE was once a great big pumpkin vine. It spread over the ground and covered all the little plants that grew beside it. And the pumpkins that it bore! You never saw such pumpkins!

One day some little children found this vine, and in the biggest pumpkin of all they dug a cave for a playhouse. The pumpkin kept on growing, and the children said, "Let's bring our beds out and sleep in it tonight!" And so they did.

Very early the next morning, while the children were sleeping soundly, the farmer came out to look at his vegetables. He was delighted with the pumpkins, and he thought how generous 't would be to send one to the king for his Thanksgiving pies. So he had his large farm-wagon brought, and with pulling and hauling they managed to get the big pumpkin safely in. Then they drove it to the palace, and the farmer walked along beside, feeling proud and happy. But in spite of the jolting of the wagon the children slept as quietly as birds in a nest.

When they reached the king's palace the king was very much astonished. He rubbed his royal eyes and said, "Well! Well!" Then the big specimen was carried to the kitchen, and the cook cried in dismay, "If I should make it into pies, 't would take me twenty years!"

The king was in the parlor, waiting patiently for his pie, and when they told him what the cook had said he was very angry. He hurried to the kitchen and thundered out: "Quick! make those pies or you shall be cast into a dungeon!"

And the cook was all of a tremble, and put on his largest kettle, and built up a roaring fire to make his oven hot. Then he seized his knife and climbed upon the monstrous pumpkin, and there he stood.

Now just at that moment the children inside awoke from their long sleep, and out they came. The cook threw off his cap and apron and ran to

tell the king. But the children were not at all frightened, although the king and queen and all the court were there, curious to hear their story.

The children told how it all came about, and as they talked they ate the royal bread-and-milk and royal marmalade. Then they grew tired, and begged the king to send them home. A carpenter was summoned, and he made four massive wheels, on which they nailed the pumpkin. They hitched the king's own horses to it, and piled the children in, and home they went, well content.

FLORENCE ALDRICH, '04.



A STORY.

“SO you've come to the village on a hunting trip, and you'd like to hire the hut on the hill-side? Well, now it's hard telling whether or not you can have it. You see we like the place because of its last occupant. Of course you didn't know him?”

The speaker pushed back the hair from his forehead, rubbed his hands softly together, and settled himself in an easy chair. I, who knew “mine host” of old, came a little nearer to the group at the table, and waited for the story. The one who seemed to be the head of the party, a pleasant-faced man, seeing the inn-keeper's mood, exclaimed heartily:—

“Yes, tell us the story, my good man; little enough excitement we've had today.” Thus encouraged, the narrator began:—

“For the last few days of December in 1871, it had rained steadily. Crops in all the country around had been destroyed, and then to cap it all came the wreck of the train on New Year's eve. Oh! it was terrible! I seem to see them now as I saw them then. There were the dead and the dying, and there they found him, a man not yet old, but whose hair was snowy white. They picked him up tenderly and brought him here to the inn, where his diamond rings and jeweled watch excited much comment among the villagers.

“All night long they lingered by his bedside, where he tossed and moaned, crying out from time to time that he was innocent; that he had not meant to do wrong. Those around him listened in wonder to his words. Just as we were beginning to despair of his recovery, and just when New Year's day was dawning, the sufferer opened his eyes and gazed about him. He showed no surprise on seeing strangers around him; he lived only in the present, and the past with its secret, for it seemed to us there was a secret, had fallen away from him like a dream. His new life began with the New Year. When he got well and strong, he would wander for hours through the country. One day when he returned, he asked if he might go to live in the little hut he had found on the hill-side. The hut had been vacant for a long time, so I assented to his proposal.

“So he went to live there, much to the astonishment of the village people, to whom he seemed a person of great importance. He appeared to be of a different mold from them. His handsome, intelligent face, lighted by two lustrous dark eyes and framed by his snowy locks as if by a halo, soon won great friends for him among the boys in the village. He became their confi-

dant, mended their kites, made boats for the smaller children, and even came to be of help to the mothers of W. Though he knew nothing of the past, his mind was clear and intellectual in regard to the affairs of the present. He had a rich, full voice, and many a child feverishly tossing about was soothed by its melody. The children called him Rupert, for he had told them that he fancied he had heard that name somewhere.

"One night the sky was red with fire, and hastening to the hut we found Rupert the Samaritan, as we were wont to call him, lying on his bed, his calm face lighted up by the glow of the fire, sweet and contented,—dead. So we buried him in the village churchyard, and every year we cover his grave with flowers. In his watch we found two pictures—one of a fair young girl, the other a picture of Rupert himself. Across the picture of the girl was written the name 'Esther.' Why, here it is now."

He held out the watch. The man at the head of the table uttered a cry. "Rupert, my brother Rupert. Take me quickly to his grave. Yes, yes! It is Rupert of Cliveden."

We went to the little churchyard, and there by his brother's grave the duke, for such he was, told us the story of the past, a story full of discontent, vain longings and regret. Earl Rupert was hot-tempered, and in a moment of frenzy he had struck one of his companions who had taunted him. He thought he had killed him, and when he saw the terrible sight he could no longer stay in that country. Consequent worry and fright had turned his dark brown hair to snowy white. Though the victim afterwards recovered, Rupert could not be found anywhere. Such was the story of Earl Rupert of Cliveden, and Rupert the Samaritan of W.

* * * * *

I wandered through that same churchyard not long ago, and found a grave surmounted by a granite monument, over which a miniature fountain played, keeping the flowers fresh. A carriage stopped, and a stately old man and sweet-faced woman stepped out. There was another person with them, still beautiful, but sad and dreamy. It was Esther, and yet he never knew she cared.

Society has long ago forgotten Rupert of Cliveden, but the villagers of W. keep the memory of Rupert the Samaritan as fresh in their hearts as the flowers that cover his grave.

HANNAH CALLANAN, '05.



LATONA.

LATONA was a goddess, and, like her sister goddesses, was in the habit of wandering about the earth and mingling with mortals. One day she was wandering by a stream with her two children in her arms. She was very weary and thirsty, so she asked the boys who were near to give her water to drink; but they refused, and jeered at her even when she held out her children imploring their pity. Then they ran into the midst of the pool and stirred up the water until it was very muddy, and unfit to drink. Latona became very angry at this, and implored Jupiter to con-

demn them to live forever in the water. The king of the gods granted he request, so now the place is inhabited by peculiar little animals with green backs, white stomachs, no necks, and the funniest heads with eyes almost on the top. They spend all their time hopping from the bank into the stream and back again, and incessantly croaking dismally from their wide, ugly-looking mouths. Boys almost always take pleasure in throwing stones and sticks at frogs to torment them, as they did Latona.

CHARLES A. MORIARTY, '04.



LOCALS.

IT seems rather strange what wonderful changes some people's voices undergo;—how loud they are at recess and between bells, and so soft and gentle during recitations.

“What does ‘pourquoi’ mean?”

“Why.”

“Because I want to know.”

Selecting pieces for rhetorical is as exciting now as it ever was.

Teacher—“What have you got in your mouth?”

Pupil—“My tongue.”

French translation—“He spread himself.”

Teacher (in Stenog)—“We will now turn to the chapter on vowels.”

Pupil (sotto voce)—“Did she say trowels?” [He had to dig some plants that afternoon.]

No more football games.

Teacher—“You may tell me what is the name of the tropical belt.”

Pupil—“Can’t, sir.” (Cancer.)

Teacher—“Correct.”

If Miss K. doesn’t look out she will find her coat in the waste basket again.

Miss G. thinks that as long as the Red King was dead it didn’t make any difference any way who killed him. It certainly wouldn’t make much difference to him.

Teacher—“I will now look at the work you did for today. That is very good, Miss X.”

Miss X. (to companion)—“I have been working on that page every day for a month, so it ought to look well.”

German A.—He is a much washed man.

A desk cover will sometimes take the place of a nut cracker in a case of emergency.

Teacher—“You didn’t stand, Miss Cal. What do you think about it, or don’t you think at all?”

Miss Cal.—“I didn’t have time to stand.”

On Nov. 9, a meeting of the pupils of the school was called in Room I. It was suggested to hold a Halloween party in the Assembly Hall for the bene-

fit of the High School Athletic Association. The following committee of eight were appointed to arrange a program for the evening's entertainment: Miss Cenedella, Miss Cooke, Miss Ettinger, Miss McConnachie, Mr. Luby, Mr. Brady, Mr. Holland and Mr. Moriarty.

Doubtless Miss K. thinks that Robinson Crusoe inhabited Sherwood Forest.



PERSONALS.

IT was with great regret that we learned of the death of Harry H. O'Connor, which occurred at his home on Pleasant street Saturday, October 10. He was a graduate of the Milford high school in the class of 1892, and was well liked by schoolmates and employers, and in fact by all who knew him.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burbank are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, born September 21. Mr. Burbank was a graduate in the class of 1901, and Mrs. Burbank, née Alice Moulton, was graduated in 1902. Congratulations.

Miss Ella E. Clark '05 has left school.

Miss Gertrude L. Mann of Elmhurst academy, Providence, spent a few days here the latter part of October as the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Mann, Grove street.

Miss Louise Swasey '02, formerly bookkeeper at the Bee Hive grocery, has accepted a position in the index department at the court house in Worcester.

Miss Beatrice Bourne '01 is now a teacher of physical culture and expression. We wish her success in her chosen work.

Miss Alice Freeman '06 has left school. Miss Freeman intends to attend the Woonsocket business college next year.

Mr. William Keith '06 has been absent from school a couple of weeks on account of illness.

Miss Blanche Whitcomb ex-'06 was married in Boston, Monday, October 19th, to William Mathewson, formerly of Milford.

Mr. John A. Gorman '94 was married in Dorchester last September to Miss Edith Lovejoy of that town.



ATHLETICS.

OCTOBER 10, Milford High was defeated by Leominster High on Charles River Park, Milford, 28-0. The visitors had a heavy team, and made their gains by end runs, assisted by superior interference. In nearly every case, however, when the ball was in Milford's possession a gain was made through the opposing line.

The lineup:—

Leominster—28	0—Milford
Geary re.	le. C. Johnson
Johnston rt.	lt. Foley
Short rg.	lg. Smith

Morse c.	c. Dillingham
Hackett lg.	rg. Phillips
Foster lt.	rt. Tompkins
Connors le.	re. Edwards
H. V. Parker qb.	qb. Cooke
Driscoll lhb.	rhb. Clancy
Wheeler rhb.	lhb. Holland
H. Parker fb.	fb. Ewing

Touchdowns, Geary 2, Driscoll 3. Goals kicked, H. Parker, H. V. Parker 3. Goals missed, H. Parker 2. Umpire, Pratt. Referee, Bentley. Linesmen, Jones and McComiskey. Timers, John C. Hull, J. P. McQueeney. Time, 15-minute halves.

Wednesday, October 14, the team went to South Framingham to line up against Framingham Business College. It again suffered defeat, the score at the close standing 11-0 in favor of F. B. C. Milford kicked to Framingham in the first half. On the second play Peckham received the ball, and, going around the end, he placed the ball behind Milford's goal by a 45-yard run. Baron failed to kick the goal. In the latter part of this half a goal for Milford seemed certain, but F. B. C. held Milford for three downs and Ewing's punt was blocked. Framingham now tried to repeat its former success, but was penalized by Umpire Clancy on account of an offside play. After much discussion the decision was accepted and play resumed, but the half was too near its close for either side to score.

In the second half both teams put forth their greatest efforts. The Framingham backs, nevertheless, taking advantage of the weak spots in Milford's line, advanced the ball toward the goal till Thomas was pushed over for another touchdown. Baron kicked the goal. This finished the scoring. In this half F. B. C. twice received penalties for holding and offside play. The lineup :—

F. B. C.—11	0—M. H. S.
Leland le.	re. Edwards
Pigeon lt.	rt. Tompkins
Nichols lg.	rg. Smith
Auringer c.	c. Dillingham
Avery rg.	lg. Camp
Ackley rt.	lt. Simpson
Perkins re.	le. C. Johnson
Shine qb.	qb. Cenedella
Peckham lhb.	lhb. Holland
Thomas rhb.	lhb. Phillips
Baron fb.	fb. Ewing

Touchdowns, Peckham, Thomas. Goal, Baron. Goals missed, Baron. Umpire, Clancy. Referee, Kimball. Linesmen, Nichols and Smith. Time, 15-minute halves.

On account of the inability of some of the team's members to play longer, and the refusal of others, it has been deemed best to disband the team. All A. A. property has been handed in also.

EXCHANGES.

WE are glad to see The Greylock Echo again this year. The October number is certainly to be complimented upon its neat appearance. It contains several excellent graduation essays. "An Ideal Legacy," "Nature Pictures" and "Broken Promises" are well worth reading.

The Lake Breeze contains an amusing poem entitled "The Observed of all Observers," but it is in need of stories.

The commencement exercises described in The Phoenix must have been very interesting. We have received two numbers of this paper, but can see no exchange column.

The Index, of the Haverford grammar school, is a paper of high order. The illustrations are especially fine.

"Macaulay's Milton," which appears in the Academy Monthly, is a good article.

Cherry and White contains two very interesting stories, "The Little Japanese" and "The Bravest of All." Read them.

We are pleased to see the Latin School Register. It contains several enjoyable stories, and the arrangement is good.

The High School Herald is a most entertaining and neatly arranged paper. "The Queen's Messenger" is a well written story and worthy of mention.

"The Stability of Our Country" in The College Signal shows considerable thought and patriotism on the part of the writer.

From Portland, Me., comes the High School Breccia. It would be hard to find a more interesting and instructive school paper. "The Surface Features of Maine" and "Legends of the White Mountains" are especially interesting and well-written articles.

Sophomores, have you read "If it Were Only a Dream" in The Tripod?

The Tripod has several bright stories in its June number. It contains "A Street Car Catastrophe," a very humorous story.

We acknowledge with thanks the following: The Business Educator, Columbus, O.; The Student, Columbus, Kan.; Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

The Agnetian Monthly is a well written paper. Especially interesting are the articles entitled, "James Russell Lowell and the Vision of Sir Launfal," and "Autobiography of a Violin."

We are glad to welcome the Gates Index from Neligh, Nebraska. The article entitled "Flattery" is worthy of mention.

The High School Breeze, Hopkinton, Mass., is a neat and interesting paper. We accept the congratulations for the championship with much thanks.

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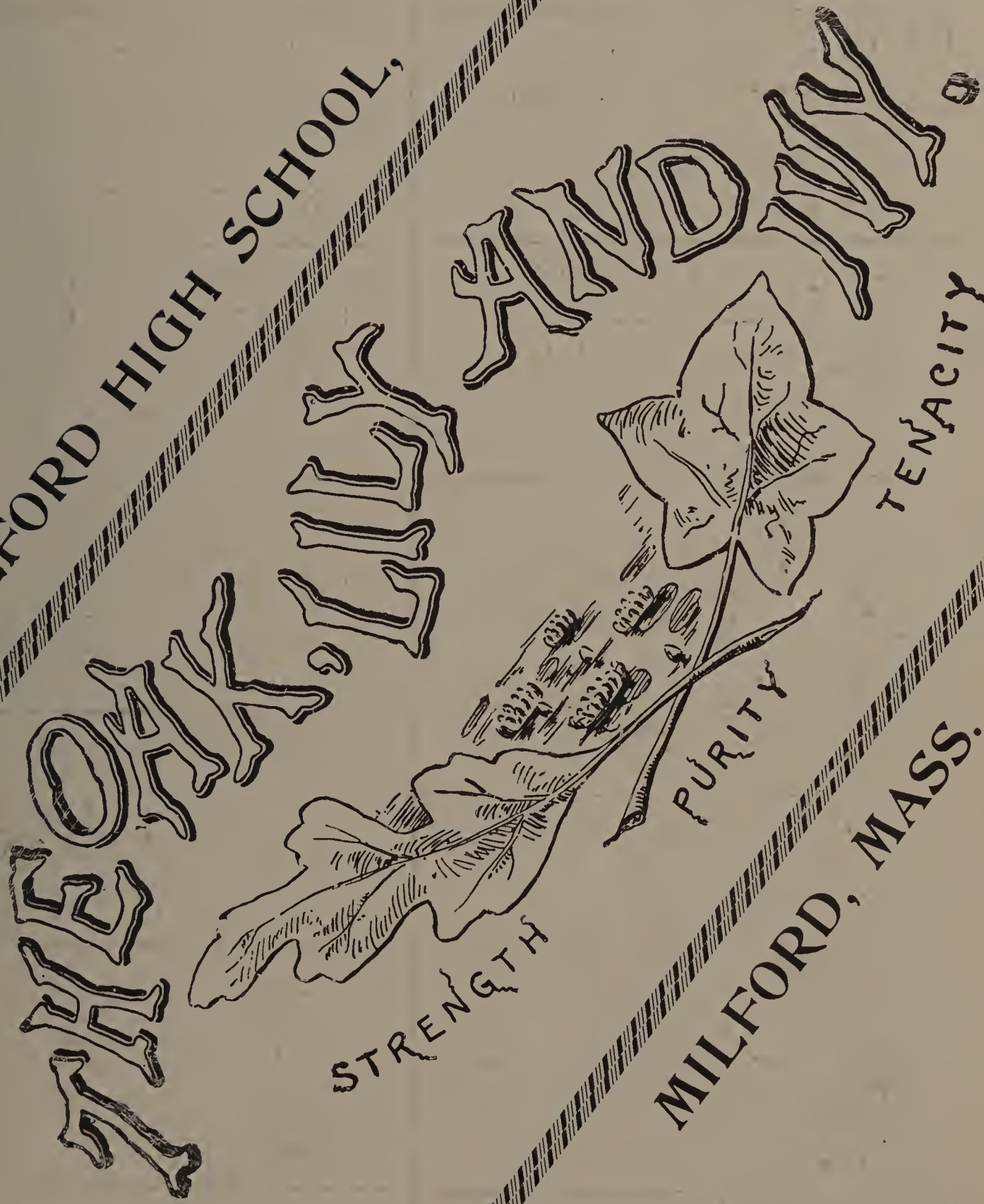
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Principal of the Milford High School, 1865-1870.
Died September 12, 1903.

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MILFORD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 3.

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EDITORIALS.

AS the weeks and months elapse, we realize more and more how extremely limited our school library is. We deeply regret the loss of many valuable books lost in our school fires, and feel that it will be some time before they can be replaced. However, we must be patient and do as well as possible with the resources at our command, and hope that the future classes may have the inestimable advantage of a well appointed library.



It would seem that the senior class had decided that the programme for this year is to be "all work and no play," for as yet there has been no mention of an entertainment of any sort. Of course we do not wish our pleasure to interfere in the least with the good work for which our teachers are earnestly laboring, but we think that by a judicious mingling of work and play, an added zest would be given for study. The winter season especially offers many opportunities for diversion, especially since sleighing parties will soon be in order. Then are we not going to entertain other senior classes this year; or are we waiting for some of our neighboring schools to establish a precedent? We hope that some action will be taken concerning this matter, and that we may be gladdened by the anticipation of some social event before the Christmas holidays.



In going through the various rooms of our high school building we cannot help thinking that many articles of furniture have suffered needless damage at the hands of careless students. There seems to be an utter disregard of the fact that these things are, so to speak, simply loaned to us for a time,

and we should endeavor to leave our surroundings in as good condition as we found them. It seems incredible that, when so much is being done for us, we show so little consideration for the appearance of our school. Chairs have been broken carelessly, the floor stained with ink, and other little things which serve to mar the general air of neatness in our rooms. If the present incumbents do not care for the tidiness of their quarters, would it not be well for them to give a little thought to their successors? With a little aid from every one we feel that these little defects may be remedied, and hope that this article may serve as a gentle reminder of our duty.



The class of 1904 have acquired the reputation of being impolite, immature, and careless. With such a list of faults as this, it appears that this class ought to see wherein it might improve; surely it does not wish to leave this remembrance when it is graduated. While we feel that this reputation has been gained as the result of unintentional and thoughtless deeds, still the time for such levity is certainly not in the senior year, however it may be excused in the preceding classes. We feel sure that the senior class will endeavor to maintain a higher standard when they see what the current feeling is about them.



It is unaccountable how difficult it is to get any material for this paper, especially from the lower classes. They simply refuse to write for it, and then they denounce the paper as uninteresting. Well, how can it be made worth reading? The only answer is by contributing suitable matter. Certainly the work of writing should not be left entirely to the editors; if they do their part, the rest of the school ought to be willing to write the stories.



Why are we having so much difficulty in securing pupils to render the musical part of our rhetorical exercises? Can it be that there is a lack of talent in our school? We hardly think that this is the case, and yet we dislike to attribute it to the fact that those who can contribute to the program, refuse to do so. In a high school of this size, sufficient material should be found to form an orchestra. If heretofore you have been hiding your accomplishments, come forth now and display them, and you will receive the gratitude of the entire school.



We would be pleased to have our parents and friends visit our school and inspect our work. As yet very few have availed themselves of this opportunity to show their interest in our progress, and also to evince their appreciation of the earnest efforts which our instructors are making for our advancement. We feel that these visits would be a profitable way to spend a few hours, in consideration of the benefits derived from them by both teachers and students. A hearty co-operation of both parents and teachers is necessary to be productive of the best results. When the pupils see that their parents are deeply interested in their education, they will try to repay them for their interest. We hope that we will have such visitors more frequently in the future.

A TROLLEY TRIP.

(A SUMMER EXPERIENCE.)

FOR several days the weather had been very foggy and rainy, and so when one morning the sun came forth from its hiding place, my friend Katherine proposed a trolley trip. After a discussion as to which direction we should take, we decided upon a ride to the city of Dover, about twelve miles distant. Katherine, her small niece Jeanette, Mrs. C. and I made up the party.

The ferry-boat was chosen for our meeting-place. When I arrived I found the others anxiously awaiting me, for I was late and had barely time to walk the length of the boat, when that dreadful whistle warned us we were leaving the New Hampshire shore. In about five minutes we reached the Portsmouth, Kittery and York landing in Maine, and hurried to the waiting electric. Much to our joy that much-coveted seat with the motorman was empty, and we hastily clambered in.

Then off sped the car, over a long bridge, and through the quaint town of Kittery. The road turned and we rode beside the lovely Piscataqua, with its swift current, high cliffs and wooded banks. In the distance we could see the mountains and hills bathed in sunlight. The sky wore its bluest tints, fleecy clouds were flitting across it. In truth, all nature contributed to this perfect picture of a summer day.

Over bridges, past summer homes, through the small town of Eliot we went, with ever-changing scenes. At Rosemary Junction we changed cars, and as the car which would take us on our way was late, we were obliged to tarry for about half an hour. We had provided ourselves with confectionery, and in consequence we just longed for a drink of cool water. The motorman kindly directed us to a spring in a nearby pasture, and there we found the water. But indeed, the drinking mug was unique, to say the least. It had three small compartments, and really was an insulator used on electric light poles. I made the first attempt to drink, and succeeded in spilling most of the cool water down my neck and up my sleeves. The others profited by my experience and put the water where it belonged.

Our car was crowded and we had difficulty in securing seats, but at last we were on our way. For a long distance the road was through green fields, and the Cocheco river, a tributary of the Piscataqua, could be seen in the distance. Finally the city of Dover came in sight, and once more crossing a bridge, we were in New Hampshire. Dover was the first place settled in New Hampshire, Englishmen going there as early as 1623. As it was late we decided to return on the same car, and thus did not see much of the city. But from our glimpse we were favorably impressed with the broad shady streets and pleasant homes.

On our return trip, while passing over a high trestle-bridge, the trolley-pole came off the wire, and great was the excitement. Men climbed to the roof of the car amid shouting and laughter, and hindered as much as possible the repairing of the accident.

The sun was setting and the river swept along its course in broad curves

like some great serpent of the sea ; the water seethed about "Boiling Rock" and we caught glimpses of the "Pulpit" and "Devil's Den."

The ferry-boat was reached ; it left the Maine shore behind and glided across the river. Steamers, tug-boats and many small pleasure boats were in sight. Several musicians on our boat played familiar airs. The river was as calm as a placid lake. But all too soon we reached the place from which we had started.

The memory of the trolley trip on that lovely summer day is indeed a pleasant one, and one I shall not soon forget.

MARION VAUGHAN, '04.



A TRIP TO THE CITY.

ALICE Crayson had settled one thing in her mind. When her brother Alfred went to the city again she was going with him. That was a sure fact, and she talked about it all during dinner. To her surprise no one said anything against it ; instead, Alfred said:—

"All right, my little sister, you can go with me if you will be good, and I'll buy you some soda and we will have a good time in the city."

Alice's father kept a little store at the corner of the street on which they lived, and each month Alfred had to go to the city to buy new things for his father's store. Alice had been wishing she might go for some time. As her father rose from the table, he gave her some money to spend while in the city.

Alfred was to go in about three days, and each day Alice talked of nothing but this anticipated trip. She kept counting her money every few minutes, so as to see that she had not lost any, for if she did she would not have enough to spend, as she had so many things to buy for herself and others. She began telling what she was going to buy. She was going to have her picture taken and give one to each of the girls at school, and one to Lizzie and Cousin Lena. At last the day arrived, and Alice was up before the sun, waiting to take the early train for the city, so as to have a good long day. She looked very pretty in her new blue dress which her mother had just finished the day before.

Soon the time came for her to say goodbye and start, as they had about twenty minutes before train time. When they reached the station Alice got into the car, while her brother bought the tickets. After he had bought the tickets he went into the car where his sister was and there she was settled back into her seat to enjoy the two hours' ride, as her brother had told her it would take that time to go. At last the train started, and after a few hours' ride they arrived at their destination without accident, but as Alice was leaving the car some one stepped on her new dress and tore it. Of course this made Alice feel very badly, but tears could not mend the dress. Notwithstanding a torn gown she started out with her brother.

As she came out on the street she saw a place where it said "Lunch served here." Nothing would do but she must have something to eat. After they had their dinner they started out for the stores, as Alfred had to buy

things for the store. This pleased Alice, as she was very fond of looking at pretty things, but when it came to going to a grocery store, this she did not like, as she said she could see a grocery store at home without going into one in the city. At last Alfred's errands were done, and Alice felt that she would have had a very nice time had it not been for her dress which she had torn that morning.

As she drew near a large store she saw some pictures, and that reminded her of having hers taken, so they both went in to have them taken. After that they went and had some soda which her brother had promised her. This made her feel somewhat better. After they had the soda her brother told her it was now time for them to start for home, as the next train would go within ten minutes, but this made Alice very angry, as she had not bought anything at all except her pictures. Just as they reached the depot the train was leaving the station, and now they had got to wait one hour before the next train would go. How slowly that hour went! But at last the train arrived on time and Alice was even more pleased to see it than she had been in the morning.

When the train reached the station Mr. Crayson was there waiting to drive them home again. She was very tired, and to add to her weariness it was now raining dismally. As they were riding along the dark road Alice thought of a song she had once heard: "Many a bright and sunny morning ends in a dark and dismal day," which she thought had been her case.

FLORENCE ROCKWOOD, 1906.



ELIZABETH'S THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING was coming. One did not need to look at the calendar to know that. Nor was it necessary to visit the markets and see the busy housewives fingering the plump turkeys to be sure of getting the fattest and tenderest. The railway stations told the tale, but if you had never seen one you could tell, for every breath you drew in assured you of it.

Elizabeth had torn the whole month out of her calendar so as not to look at the red-letter day. But in the big boarding-school filled with music pupils she could not help but be reminded of it. Nearly all the girls were packing their trunks to spend Thanksgiving at home or with some friend.

The picture of her home staid in her mind all the time, and she could not help thinking of it. The old farmhouse looked so homelike. In it father and mother were thinking of her that very night, and wishing that she might join them in their feast. In the rear of the house was the field, with shocks of corn, and pumpkins lying on the ground around them. But it was no use. It was too far to go, and besides, think of the expense! She was, O, so homesick.

In the morning she went to the train with some of the girls who were going to go to their many homes. The baggage truck creaked under its load. At last the train came thundering in. The girls bade her goodbye and waved their handkerchiefs until the train was a mere speck in the distance.

Out in front of the station was an electric car. Elizabeth hailed it and

stepped aboard. Finding, however, that she had boarded the wrong car, she asked the conductor for a transfer, and soon was speeding to another section of the city. She was going to try on a pink waist, for which she should have called at the dressmaker's the day before.

It was Miss Becton who opened the door for Elizabeth. "Come in," she said. "Mother and I were afraid you were ill, since you did n't come for your waist. I guess it is all right, but you might slip it on if you do n't mind.

Elizabeth stood, straight and silent, before the long mirror, while the little dressmaker helped her into the waist. "I think it is a pretty good fit. I shall ask mother about it," said the girl. "She worked on it late last night. She thought you might be going home for Thanksgiving."

It was an unlucky speech, and when the other woman came in, the big tears that rolled down Elizabeth's cheeks were in danger of spoiling the waist before it had been worn.

Between her sobs she managed to tell her story. Mrs. Becton had been young once upon a time herself. She understood just how Elizabeth felt and tried to comfort her. "Won't you take dinner with us tomorrow, dear?" she said. "We have n't anything very elaborate, but it will seem more home-like than the boarding-school."

"O! will you let me come? How good you are! Now is there something I can do to help you? I suppose these things all have to be done by tomorrow?"

"Why, of course we will be glad of your help," said the dressmaker. So Elizabeth staid and pulled bastings and overcast seams for several hours, and when she went back to the boarding-school she felt quite cheerful with thinking of the anticipated pleasures of the morrow, and she felt no more like crying than a lark.

"I hope she won't expect a very grand dinner tomorrow," said Miss Becton, "because, even if it is Thanksgiving day, we are not able to afford a very great supply of good things."

"It is not the dinner she cares about, but the home-feeling," answered her mother. "Although we are poor, we have a happy home to share with others. This is something we should be very thankful for."

They were not the only persons who were thankful for this home. Elizabeth felt more joy than she could express.

LAURA E. JOHNSTON.



LOCALS.

MISS Mc.—"Just see the scratches on my desk. They look as if an inkful of pen had been drawn across the desk."

"What makes it so cold?"

"Absence of heat."

"Where is Morocco?"

"Down in Sunny Africa."

Extract from type written paper.—"I know a man. His wife is a tall, stout woman, with short features and a narrow complexion."

Miss D.—“Can you give me a definition of a plot?”

“No 'm.”

“That 's very good.”

The stage was arranged on tears.

“What are the spots on the moon?”

“Sun spots.”

So he gave back the letter and the ring. How sad!

Freshman—“It 's him!”

The Halloween party didn't take place, after all.

The private conversations carried on in Room 16 are from all appearances very interesting. O sophomores!

She carries her keys in her inside pocket.

I wonder if Mr. K. can tell us who pulls down the curtains in Room 15.

From history note-book—“Behold the Traitor's Gait” (Gate).

“And their names should be written in brass.”

Never mind, Vi, you are all right.

It 's rather funny, but Mr. B. seems to be very busy lately.

Senior Latin—“How old was Perseus at this time?”

Miss R-h-s-n.—“He was young.”

Mr. D-ll-g-m.—“Did Milton copy from Bryant?”

Miss F.—“I don't know; I was never informed.”

On Thanksgiving eve last, a dance was held in Washington Hall by the Tonawanda club. This club is composed of members of the high school.

No doubt, as Mr. H-n-b-y said, the wind could not blow the town away.

One of our junior young ladies is seen walking daily toward the south end. Wonder what 's the attraction down that way! O Gert!

Cheer up, James. It might not be so bad.

Some of the sophomores are using molasses?

B. English—Shakespeare purchased two hundred and seven acres of land at a stretch. (Lots of rubber in the stretch.)

What was the matter with the first sopranos?

It 's strange why so many of the young ladies all rush for the back seats on Wednesday mornings.

What made rice so high Thanksgiving week?



PERSONALS.

MISS Helen Mead '04 very pleasantly entertained a number of friends at her home on Chapin street, Halloween.

Miss Nellie Clancy ex-'05 has left school because of ill health.

Miss Bertha Nugent ex-'06 attends the Woonsocket business college.

Miss Jennie Clark '03 recently spent a couple of weeks in Springfield.

We are glad to see Mr. William Keith '06 back at school, after his long absence.

Mr. Perry Pond ex-'07 is taking private lessons at Dean Academy in Franklin.

Miss Josephine Larkin ex-'05 has concluded her school life in the Milford high school.

Mr. Benjamin Clancy '02 is now attending Bryant & Stratton's business college in Boston.

Miss Mary C. Ide, salutatorian of the class of 1903, is now a student at the Framingham business college.

Mr. Charles Hilton '00 of Pawtucket spent the Thanksgiving holidays in town as the guest of his parents on Grant street.

Miss Florence Threlfall ex-'05 of Newton Highlands was a recent visitor at school during a short stay with friends in Hopedale.

Mr. Henry D. Carbary '92 and Miss Sarah Toomey '89 were married at St. Mary's church, Milford, Thanksgiving morning at 7 o'clock.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Steere, Wednesday, November 11, 1903, in Chepachet, Rhode Island. Mrs. Steere was formerly Miss Etta Donahoe, M. H. S. '00.

Mr. Stuart C. Godfrey ex-'03 of Phillips Exeter and Mr. Percy L. Walker '03 of Worcester Academy spent Thanksgiving at their homes here, and attended the private dance in Washington Hall given by the Tonawanda Tennis club, Thanksgiving eve.

Mr. Thomas J. Murphy, our genial sub master, a graduate of the class of M. H. S. 1889 and of Holy Cross College, Worcester, became a benedict on Wednesday, November 25, at St. Mary's church, Milford. His bride was Miss Alice Quigley, daughter of ex-Representative James Quigley of Mendon. Among the many gifts received were a beautiful mahogany library table presented by the scholars, and a chair presented by the teachers of the M. H. S.



ATHLETICS.

SINCE the disbanding of the football team athletics have been in a quiet state with the exception of pole-jumping, which was practised for a few recesses before the ground became hard.

According to the daily papers, the young ladies of the Upton and Medway high schools are now practising basket-ball, with the purpose of forming teams. If this can be done by small high schools like Medway and Upton, why not in Milford, if a suitable hall can be secured? Surely there is material enough, and the Athletic Association is not bankrupt. Cannot the boys of the school also be persuaded to take a like interest in the sport? Here again is plenty of material, and some of those who could be candidates are quite familiar with the game. If the matter is taken up and a hall is found and hired, we are confident that teams will be produced that will be worthy of the hearty support of the whole school. At least let this proposition be considered.

FRANK ALPINE HILL.

FRANK ALPINE HILL, a former efficient and highly esteemed principal of this school, died at the home of his son in Brookline, September 12, 1903, after a long illness, due primarily to overwork in the faithful and conscientious discharge of his duties as secretary of the state board of education, which responsible position he had held for several years.

Mr. Hill was a graduate of Bowdoin college, and his services in the Milford high school, dating from 1865 to 1870, were among his earliest experiences in teaching. During his five years' connection with the school, he endeared himself to all his pupils, and commanded the universal respect and esteem of the community, so that, when called to the principalship of the high school in Chelsea, it was with sincere regret that he was permitted to leave for the larger field of usefulness. Later Cambridge was fortunate in securing his services, and his work there in the English high school, and more especially in connection with the establishment of the Rindge manual training school, won him deserved honors. When Boston began to look about for a head for her new Mechanic Arts high school, the choice fell upon Mr. Hill, and he held that position with credit alike to himself and to the city, until he was called to the secretaryship of the state board of education.

During all these years Mr. Hill advanced in prominence in educational circles, and his ability won for him a reputation not confined to this state or to New England, but which was recognized throughout the country. A few years ago Bowdoin college honored itself in conferring upon her distinguished son the well-deserved degree of Litt. D.

Mr. Hill always retained a warm affection for Milford and his former associates in the high school, and his occasional visits here in recent years, when the duties of his office would permit, afforded rare pleasure both to him and to such of his former pupils and friends as were privileged to meet him. To those who knew him, it is not strange that the respect and love which had its origin in the old schoolroom, now no more, should grow in strength with the passing years, or that his untimely death, while yet many years of usefulness should have been his, was the occasion of sincere and widespread sorrow.

Mr. Hill left a widow, whom he brought to Milford as his bride, and three sons, all Harvard graduates, his "investments," as he once called them to the writer; to them has gone out the sympathy of a host of friends, not the least of whom are the members of the Milford high school from 1865 to 1870.

G. M. B., '69

EXCHANGES.

THE Hedding Graphic, Abingdon, Ill., shows a great deal of ability, both literary and artistic. The Exchange column is excellent.

"Almost a tragedy," in the Racquet from Portland, Me., is an amusing sketch.

The Capitoline of Springfield, Ill., contains a pretty story entitled "The gift of the magic slippers."

"The progress of life," in The Reveille, Northfield, Vt., is an excellent article. Take time to read it.

The Thanksgiving number of The Echoes from Council Bluffs had a very appropriate cover design for that season of the year.

Lasell Leaves from Auburndale, Mass., is an attractive and interesting paper. "Fra Angelico" in the November number is a fine article.

The October number of The Distaff, Boston, contains several well-written sketches. "The Marseillaise," and "An old house," are especially good.

The Argus, which comes to us from Shelton, Conn., is certainly an attractive paper, the literary department being very good. We hope to see it again.

The Bostonia, from Boston University, is full of instructive articles. We wish that all our readers might have the pleasure of reading the October number.

We are glad to welcome The Kodak from Eau Claire, Wis., a new paper among our exchanges. The stories are very interesting and the paper is one of high order.

The High School Argus, Harrisburg, Pa., is to be complimented upon its fine appearance. The headings of the different departments are very attractive and artistic.

We are pleased to see The School Bell Echoes, from Merrill, Wis., again. It is well arranged in every way except the Exchange column, which might be lengthened.

The Classical High School Gazette, Lynn, Mass., presents an attractive appearance. The September number contains a very thrilling story entitled "Themistocles Smith."

"The thrilling experience of the Hobbsees," in The High School Sentiment, Parsons, Kan., is a humorous sketch. The Exchange column might be improved upon in this paper.

We are very glad to number the Herald of Westfield, Mass., with our exchanges. The continued story, "All's well that ends well," is well written and interesting. We hope to see the rest of it.

Acknowledgements : The Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.; The Tripod, Saco, Me.; Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.; The Index, Haverford, Pa.; The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.; The Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass.; College Signal, Amherst, Mass.; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me.; The Journal, Worcester, Mass.; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.

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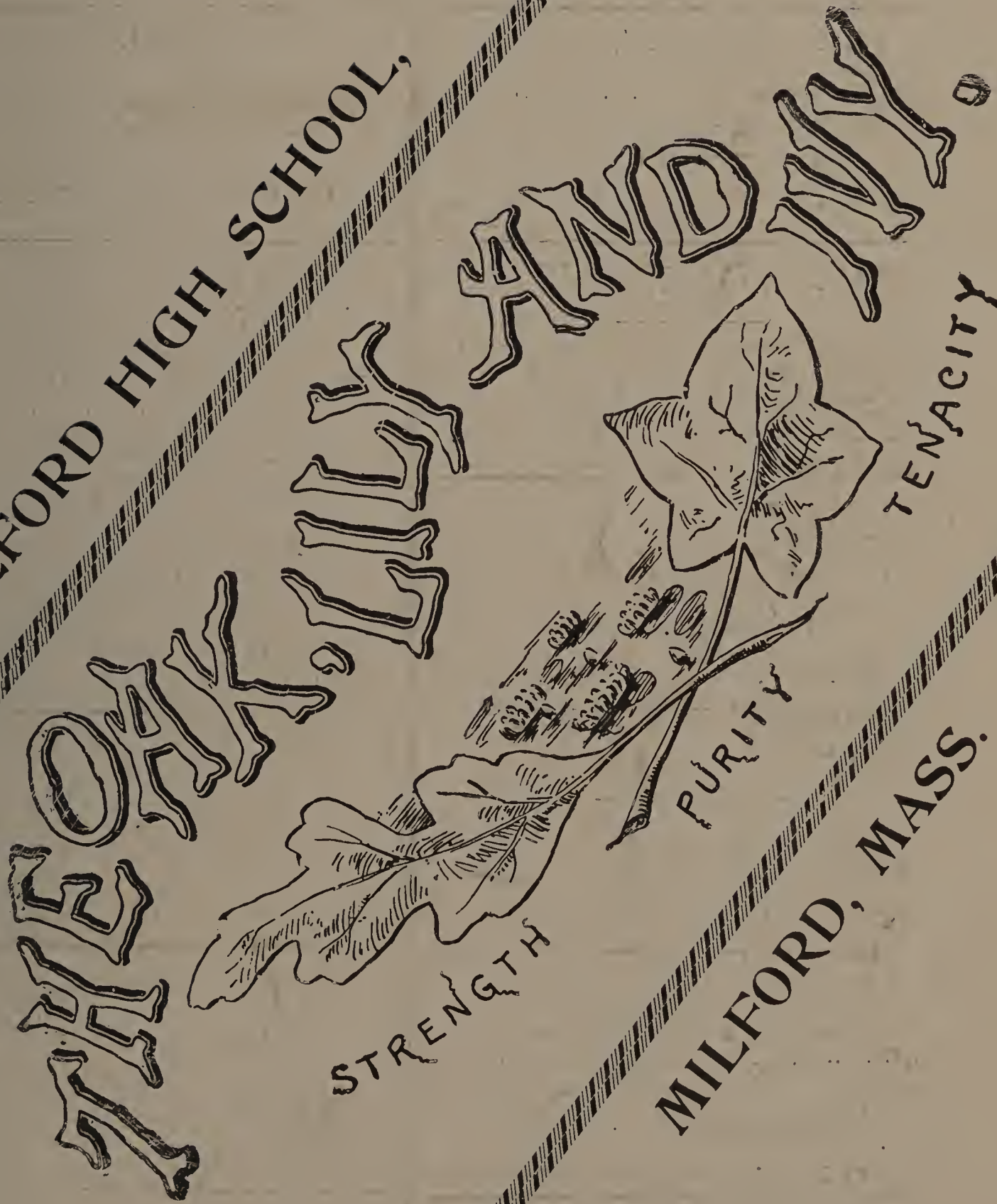
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VOL. XX.

MILFORD, MASS., JANUARY, 1904.

No. 4.

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SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, Benjamin J. Clancy, 1906.

EXCHANGE EDITOR, Evelena Jackman, 1906. ATHLETIC EDITOR, Willard F. Swan, 1904.

LOCAL EDITOR, Annie M. Tracey, 1905. PERSONAL EDITOR, Hannah E. Callanan, 1905.

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THE students who have charge of the library would be greatly obliged if every one would return the books to their proper places. It will help them very much, for each book which is left on the table has to be returned to its place by the attendant. If each one would see to it that each book which he has used was put back into the case, he would be giving material assistance to the one in charge. Very many books are used during a period, and very few put into place, so one will readily understand that it takes the attendant some time to return all the books to the case. This is very inconvenient, especially when the attendant has a recitation for the next period. We hope that the scholars will be more considerate in the future, and will assist the attendants as much as possible.



The question as to whether the day school or the night school has the most right to the boards is agitating the members of the school at present.

If there is material reserved on the board over night, when the day school opens there is no trace of it, and the work has to be replaced. Of course this occasions a little trouble, but the boards are just as necessary, if not more so, to the night school as to the day school. We think that the night scholars should have every advantage possible, for their desire for improvement is certainly commendable, and it is certainly more difficult for them to acquire knowledge than for the day pupils. It has been complained that the pupils at night do some little damage to the furniture, but we think they have done very little in comparison with the day pupils. It is suggested that the night scholars might receive their education in some other building, but is there any other building which offers such facilities for lighting and heating as our new high school building? We hope that some plan will be made so that it will not be necessary to reserve the boards on the night when night school is in session, and then this trouble would be avoided.



We were very much pleased at the large number of people present at our recent contest in rhetorical, thus showing their appreciation of our earnest efforts in this branch of study. We feel encouraged by the sincere praise from the judges, and will try to maintain a standard such as to be always deserving of such commendation.



Since we have not yet succeeded in introducing any winter athletics in our school, the athletic column must be omitted this month. As our proposals for hockey have had no practical result, we would like to have the proposition of forming a basket-ball team considered. We would hardly care to omit this column from our paper throughout the year, as certainly the boys would miss it, and perhaps the girls also. We advise the boys to hasten, for if they do not the girls might get ahead of them.



Headings have been designed by pupils of the school for the different columns in our paper. There are two in this issue, drawn by Miss Vera O'Connor '06, and Miss Evelina Jackman '06. We hope to receive more designs so that we may have cuts for the other columns.



Our paper has been enlarged by the addition of four pages this year, so the pupils should remember that much more material must be had. The students should not have to be asked to contribute material. Each one should feel that he has the privilege of writing for this paper. Very few have availed themselves of this privilege, and indeed excessive modesty or some such emotion makes them diffident about having their efforts published.



Now as we are about to enter upon a new year let us make a few good resolutions and keep them, rather than a great many and forget them.

A TRIP DOWN THE RIVER.

IN order to avoid the inevitable noise of our modern Fourth of July, a small party of six decided to spend the day on the quiet Charles river. So on Friday morning, the Fourth, promptly at six o'clock, all were up and busily at work about their respective duties. These were soon completed.

Then came the important question of luncheon. Before the question was fully decided almost everything which they could find was put into their baskets. These gay young people said: "We will take everything there is in the house; mother will cook more for supper." In their thoughtless way, they forgot to include this tireless helper in the day's pleasures. The next preparations were for their comfort. Of course it was all right for them to use mother's sofa pillows; she would not care; and although mother objected to their doing so, they borrowed from their friends. With pillows and robes they started out, paying no heed to those from whom they had borrowed, nor thinking that they, too, might like to go along for a boat-ride. Promptly at nine o'clock all six were in the boat with lunch baskets packed safely under the seats.

Such a time as they had with the pillows! If he had to row, John must have two for his feet and one on which to sit. It was finally decided that two should row, but that their feet must be content to rest on the bottom of the boat. The girls informed the boys that the pillows must not be soiled, and so, as selfish girls will do, they kept them all for themselves. Without a doubt they were exceedingly comfortable.

The boat had gone only a short distance when one of the girls spied a flock of sheep, and wished to stop and see it; for in that part of the state, such a flock is quite an unusual sight. As several sheep were near the bank they were glad to row to the shore and observe them. The boys laughed at the bravery of the girls, and wondered what they would do if left on the bank alone with the sheep. Can you guess? Well, there are times when girls are brave, but it does not seem to be when they are alone. On they went, and all agreed that the row was delightful. When they were about three-quarters of the way up the river, they lost a row-lock, and John had to roll up his sleeves and search for it in the river. Luckily for him, he lost it in shallow water. The girls saw a chance for fun,—not for poor John, but for the rest of the party,—and ducked his head under the water. Being a good-natured fellow he let it go as a joke and said nothing. It was queer, though, how often the oars slipped after that, and the water splashed up onto the girls! Certainly John did n't mean to have it slip, he would n't want to wet the—er—sofa pillows.

They soon reached a cove-like place with shallow water, where the branches of an overhanging tree shaded a place large enough for them to eat their luncheon in comfort. The boat was fastened to the bank, the sofa pillows were shaken up and placed in comfortable positions, for the girls knew where they belonged; and the lunch baskets were opened.

Silence reigned supreme, so intent were they on devouring the dainties from the lunch baskets, when to their surprise a boat-full of their friends appeared around a bend in the river. On being sufficiently urged, the new-

comers accepted their invitation to stop and share their lunch. With forces joined, they spent an hour that proved the truth of the old saying, "The more the merrier!"

The lateness of the afternoon soon turned their thoughts to the far-off home, which they wished to reach before dark. After the friends had rowed away in the opposite direction they gathered up the empty baskets. When this was done the silly girls wanted a piece of the tree for a souvenir. The boys soon had out their jack-knives and were hard at work making little souvenirs for the girls.

It was then time for the boys to ask a favor of the girls, so they politely requested them to row home, as they were very tired after such strenuous whittling. Just previous to this request, the boys had taken all the sofa-pillows, and located them for their own comfort. Notwithstanding they kept the pillows and the girls decided to row.

They told the boys that they would row them home if it took all night. When they were about half way home, the boys discovered that they had forgotten a basket. The girls turned the boat, by putting an oar into the river and pushing the boat around. On returning to the large tree, after a few minutes' search, they found the basket hanging on a limb of the tree. Now, the girls wondered if this was really an accident, or if the boys had arranged it so that the girls might row the longer.

May be each one was n't glad when he came in sight of home! The girls were tired from rowing, but the boys were more tired of being bumped up against the banks. Once when the girls rowed them on top of a rock, were n't they frightened! As the clock struck seven the tired party were at home and asking for supper, just as mother had expected.

C. ETTA M. RICHARDSON, '04.



THE MEDIAEVAL CASTLE.

THE lawless and violent character of the times during which feudalism prevailed in Europe is well shown by the nature of the residences of the nobles. They were strong stone fortresses, usually perched upon some rocky eminence, and defended by moats and towers. In one of the towers and sometimes in the wall, near a tower, was the postern gate, at a considerable distance from the ground; this gate was used for the egress of messengers during a siege. The principal entrance or main gate of the castle was of great strength, and was usually flanked with strong towers having embattled parapets. These are low walls, or elevations of earth for covering soldiers from an enemy's fire, and are located on the edge of a platform, roof or bridge.

There was an inner wall which had offices for the servants, granaries, and storehouses. Within all these was the keep, built sometimes on an artificial mound. This keep was the principal tower or building of the castle, and that to which the garrison retired as a last resort when the outer ramparts had fallen.

In the basement were the storehouses and dungeons for prisoners. On the first floor were soldiers' apartments and guard-rooms; on the second

floor was the baronial hall, where the governor and barons dined; on the third floor were the chapels and private apartments of the baron and his family.

As civilization advanced, the country enjoyed peace and security; the castles were erected with greater regard to comfort and elegance, although the moat and drawbridge were always retained.

In very early times windows were filled with oiled linen strained to frames. During the thirteenth century, innumerable windows began to admit light, and these windows had glass for panes; yet there were grumblers who found fault with this innovation; Francis Bacon, the wisest man of his age, said, "You shall have sometime your houses so full of glass that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold."

Carpets took the place of filthy rushes on the floors; no longer was it necessary to burn herbs and spices to cover the odor. Cloth of gold and richly-embroidered silks hung upon the walls, carved chairs and cabinets stood about the rooms; napkins and costly dishes came to be used at the tables. Table knives were to be had, but forks were not, until the time of Queen Elizabeth, and these were not in common use till the sixteenth century.

It was not until the thirteenth century that houses were built of wood and plaster and thatched with straw; but so many fires ensued that it was decided to build them of tile or slate. Oftentimes the fires resulted from lack of chimneys, for down to the end of the fourteenth century, the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. In these olden times the only way by which fires could be extinguished was with pails of water. The first fire brigade was established at Frankfort in Germany in 1439, and the first fire-engine used at Augsburg in 1518.

Castles of recent date are merely imitations of these ancient ones, with some of their features preserved for ornament. France, Germany, Italy and Scotland fairly bristle with these fortified residences of the nobility; some of the most striking and picturesque feature of the scenery of many districts of Europe, at the present time, are the ivy-mantled towers and walls of the feudal castles, now falling into ruins.

From such strongholds as these the robber lord sallied forth with his retainers on expeditions of plunder and revenge. Thus he kept the country about him in constant dread and alarm. These castles were built not for quiet, peaceful citizens, but as fortified palaces for robber barons.

MAY G. SENNOTT, '06.



WHY MRS. GOLDEN DID N'T SPEND CHRISTMAS IN THE WORK-HOUSE.

MANY years ago when Mrs. Golden and her family all lived together they were very well off. As years passed some of her children died and some married. Now she lived alone in poverty in a small house.

It was Christmas week, and on Christmas eve she was to be carried to the work-house, a thought which she dreaded. It was hard for her to think of being brought to the work-house to spend the remaining part of her days,

but the thought of passing her old home, where so many happy hours had been spent, was breaking her heart.

Mrs. Ranger now owned and occupied Mrs. Golden's former residence. One day while she and Dora, her daughter, were in the kitchen, a neighbor, Mrs. Burr, came in to visit them. Hardly was Mrs. Burr seated when she began:—

"Have you heard of Mrs. Golden? Is n't it too bad? She was such a good old person."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ranger, "I heard it about an hour ago. Yes, it is too bad."

"I was talking the other day to her," said Mrs. Burr; "she said she dreaded the thoughts of passing this house."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Ranger.

"Why, this was her old home," responded Mrs. Burr.

"No! was it?" said Mrs. Ranger.

"Why, yes. Did n't you know that before? She planted the grape vines, the carnations, and all those vines which look so pretty in summer time," said Mrs. Burr.

"Has she no children?" asked Mrs. Ranger.

"Yes," was the response, "she has a son and daughter married, but neither of them wants her."

After a while Mrs. Ranger and Mrs. Burr parted.

For a long time, Mrs. Ranger thought about poor Mrs. Golden. When evening came and the family gathered around the fireplace, this subject was spoken of.

The Rangers had for a long time saved money enough to buy Dora a piano and horse and carriage of her own. Now, Dora was willing that the money should be used to furnish one of their vacant rooms for Mrs. Golden, so that she might live with them.

The whole family agreed to this, and on Christmas eve, instead of Mrs. Golden's going to the work-house, she was brought to her former residence to live with the Rangers.

That night as Mrs. Ranger was nearing Mrs. Golden's door, for she was going in to bid her goodnight, she heard her repeating these words, "Bless these kind people, O Lord, bless them."

K. C. BURK, '07.



TOMMY TURNER'S CHRISTMAS.

TOMMY TURNER was a young city boot-black. He had a mother and a baby sister. They lived in an attic, and his mother took in washing. It was Tommy's secret grief that he was too small to quite support the family, but he earned a lot of pennies every day, and this helped.

It was the day before Christmas. Tommy planned to do a great deal of "shining" that day, then he could buy for baby one of those Japanese dolls that will stand up, no matter if you kick it over. For his mother he hoped to get a new calico dress; about seventy-five cents extra would get both.

It takes quick legs to run across Broadway at any time, but on the day

before Christmas it is as much as your life is worth. As for Tommy Turner, he fell down in his hurry to catch a gentleman with muddy boots, and then the driver of a big express wagon couldn't pull up his horses quickly enough, and Tommy's foot was caught under the heavy wheel.

"Lucky," the expressman said, "that 't was only a foot." Tommy had fainted and did n't feel the pain for awhile.

Next he knew he was undressed and in bed in the children's ward in the city hospital. The doctor bound up the crushed foot, putting splints and winding cloths about it in the oddest way. It hurt, indeed it did.

"Cheer up, my little fellow; only some small bones are broken, and we'll have you out in less than a month."

"A month!" said poor Tommy to himself.

The nurse bathed his face and brought him some beef tea. Then the ward settled into its night quiet, and the children in the beds dropped off to sleep. It was the "getting well" part of the hospital, and Tommy was put there because he was n't hurt so very badly and there was an empty cot. He could n't sleep; must n't move his foot, the doctor said, but how could a boy be quite still. He could trust himself a little, and lift his head on his hand. That was better than nothing.

"What will mother think? And there wan n't any Christmas for them," he said half aloud. Then of course Tommy cried.

Next morning the sun streamed in bright and warm on the row of little pale faces. Tommy wondered if he could get word to his mother, and send her the money, which was safe in the breast-pocket of his jacket.

Suddenly, "She's coming!" said the child who lay nearest the door, and Tommy saw a lady stopping at the beds. Wasn't she the sweetest lady he ever saw! She kissed every child and laid a package at every bed. When she came to his, she said: "Here is a new friend. Well, I wish him a Merry Christmas." At that Tommy cried outright.

"Tell me about it," said the sweet lady. Then Tommy told her all. What did that sweet lady do? She said, "I will go to them at once and tell them, and take your money and buy those things."

She went, but not without leaving Tommy one of the packages. It held an orange, some nuts, and candy, and a beautiful book with the story of the Christ child.

It did n't turn out such a bad Christmas, for the sweet lady took a liking to Tommy because he was anxious for his mother and the baby, and said nothing at all about his hurt. She took the family under her wing, as one might say, and Tommy's accident proved to be what is called "a blessing in disguise."

MAUDE CLARKE, '07.



Ragged Rube—"I do n't ask no alms, leddy. No, I merely seeks de aid of yer handy needle. Kin I rely on yer assistance?"

The Lady—"Certainly, my poor man. What can I do for you with my needle?"

Ragged Rube—"I has here a button, mum, and I hopes ye will be kind enough to sew a shirt on it for me."—[Exchange.

LOCALS.

THE senior class pins have come. They are very neat and pretty. The colors, gold and white, are charmingly blended.

We have one great beauty spot in Room 12 Ask Eugenie about it.

Tuesdays and Thursdays are fine days for walking. Do n't you think so, Willie?

Teacher in English—"We will describe the outside and inside of the cottage."

"But we can't see the inside."

Student—"Get in the window."

"There is no law for whispering now."

Will some one kindly inform the members of B History "How old Ann is'?"

How many pounds in a ton? The answer to this will be very gratefully received by a certain member of the physics class.

There are three positions in stenography: first, second, and third—Elevated, surface, and subway.

Teacher—"Miss C-u-s n, were you whispering just then?"

Miss C-u s n—"Well, I would n't exactly call it whispering."

Extract from B Latin—"And we were born without sense."

Examinations are again the order of the day. Woe be to him who has neglected his studies.

Teacher in History—"Will we read or recite?"

Back of the room—"Read."

B English—The clumsy roof of thatch resembled dark frosting over a white cake which was made of bricks. What delicious cake that would be!

Teacher in Algebra—"Mr. Ew-n-g, what is the result of that equation?"

Mr. Ew-n-g—"Minus x."

Teacher—"Then you must be a minus quantity."

The school library furnishes a sort of a lovers' lane for some people at recess.

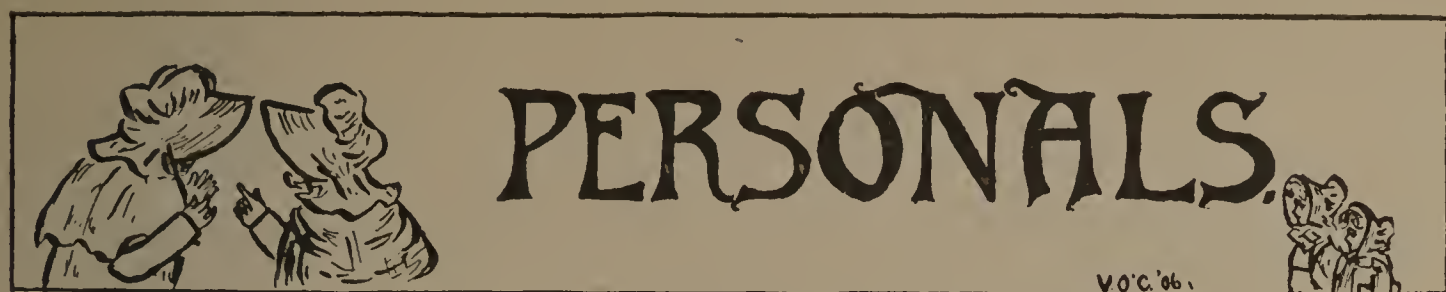
At the final elocution contest held in the school hall December 18, the winners of the gold medals were Miss Hester Whitney, for the girls, and Mr. James Luby, for the boys.

Heard in A History--Miss H-s-k-l, I have a *face-smile* (fac-simile) of Paul Jones' Commission in my note book.

Just then a resounding "smile" was heard in the room.

We think it would be admirable for a room to be appointed for "couples." They distract the rest of the school. O yes! just jealous!

We think it is extremely shabby of our history teacher to give us the impression that he was going to call for our note books before the Christmas recess, and then, after we had worked half the night on them, never even to mention them. We are thinking seriously of sending him a bill for the gas consumed.



M. H. S. has reason to be proud of her representatives at Phillips-Exeter this year. Mr. James Clancy was awarded two scholarships valued at two hundred dollars, and Mr. Stuart C. Godfrey ex-'03 was awarded two hundred and forty dollars. Mr. Godfrey is the leader of the senior class, and has won many honors at Exeter.

Miss Lulu Bailey '06 has left school.

Miss Gertrude L. Mann '03 is with us again.

Mr. William Brady '04 spent Wednesday in Boston.

Miss Vera A. O'Connor '06 visited in Somerville during vacation.

Attilio H. Cenedella '02 is spending his vacation at his home here.

Miss Maria E. Cenedella '05 spent the week of vacation in Roxbury.

Miss Lillian Callanan '03 was storm-bound in West Quincy during the cold spell.

A son was born to Principal and Mrs. John C. Hull, Wednesday, December 30, 1903.

Miss Vera O'Connor '06 recently went to Concord, N. H., to attend the funeral of a relative.

Miss Maude Snare 1901 of Portland, Maine, spent Christmas with her mother and sister here.

Miss Lillian Callanan '03 entertained her friend, Miss Frances Elcock of West Quincy, during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Hazel Mead '06 visited in Blackstone New Year's week, and because of the storm was obliged to prolong her visit.

Miss Evelyn Curran '06 and Miss Mary Ranahan '06 enjoyed their week's vacation as visitors in Roxbury and vicinity.

Mr. Edward Dempsey '02 of Holy Cross college, Worcester, has received many testimonials for excellency in scholarship.

Miss Grace F. Brown '02 was married on Christmas eve at the Universalist parsonage to Mr. Frank Nelson, an electrical engineer.

Miss Viola Ettinger '06 entertained a number of friends at a pit party on New Year's eve, at her home on Forest street. An evening of fun was greatly enjoyed, and 1904 was here before the party broke up.

We are very much pleased to learn of the appointment of Frederick E. Libby '97 as master of one of the common schools of San Juan, Porto Rico, for which place he left the first of the month. After graduation from the Milford high school Mr. Libby entered Boston university, from which he was graduated in 1902, being honor man of his class. The best wishes of all are with him in his new field of labor.

EXCHANGES.

AMONG the many very attractive papers received during the last month is *The Red and Black*. From cover to cover it is full of interesting reading. The cover design is especially fine, as are also the headings of the different departments.

The Scribbler, Morrisville, Vt., has two very pretty landscape cuts in its December number.

"The evils of newspaper reading," in the *High School Breeze*, is an article well worth reading.

The Voice, from Concord, Mass., has a very appropriate cover design. The reading matter is also excellent.

The Herald from Holyoke, Mass., has an abundance of excellent short stories in both its November and December issues.

The Coburn Clarion, from Waterville, Me., is also a new-comer. The literary department is of special interest in this paper.

The exchange column in *The Corona*, Bridgton, Me., is worthy of mention. The paper is neat and well arranged throughout.

The Dean Megaphone, from Franklin, Mass., is an attractive and well-written paper. We are pleased to number it among our exchanges.

In the *Roaring Branch*, from Bennington, Vt., is an excellent article entitled "The Scientific American." The exchange column is worthy of mention.

"Macbeth and Lady Macbeth" in the *Observer*, Central Falls, R. I., is a well written and thoughtful article. We also notice that the school contains a poet.

The Spectator, from Louisville, Ky., made its first visit to us this month. It is an exceedingly neat and well arranged paper. We hope to see it often.

Climax, Beloit, Wis.—Your paper might be improved by putting the name of the state from which you come somewhere near the front of the paper. The literary department is excellent.

The H. S. Monthly, Bay City, Mich., could be improved by putting the advertisements together, instead of scattering them throughout the paper. The two stories in the November number are interesting.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy wishes to acknowledge the following, with thanks: *The Racquet*, Portland, Me.; *Gates Index*, Neligh, Nebraska; *Index*, Haverford, Pa.; *School Bell Echoes*, Merrill, Wis.; *Lasell Leaves*, Auburndale, Mass.; *Lake Breeze*, Sheboygan, Wis.; *Capitoline*, Springfield, Ill.; *Argus*, Harrisburg, Pa.; *Classical High School Gazette*, Lynn, Mass.; *Academy Monthly*, Germantown, Pa.; *The Phoenix*, Montpelier, Vt.; *The Signal*, Amherst, Mass.; *Bowdoin Orient*, Brunswick, Me.; *The Reveille*, Northfield, Vt.; *The Hedding Graphic*, Abingdon, Ill.; *The Dalhousie Gazette*, Halifax, N. S.; *The Protectionist*, Boston, Mass.; *The Distaff*, Boston, Mass.; *Cherry and White*, Williamsport, Pa.; *The Student*, Columbus, Kan.; *The Hermes*, Petoskey, Mich.; *High School Sentiment*, Parsons, Kan.

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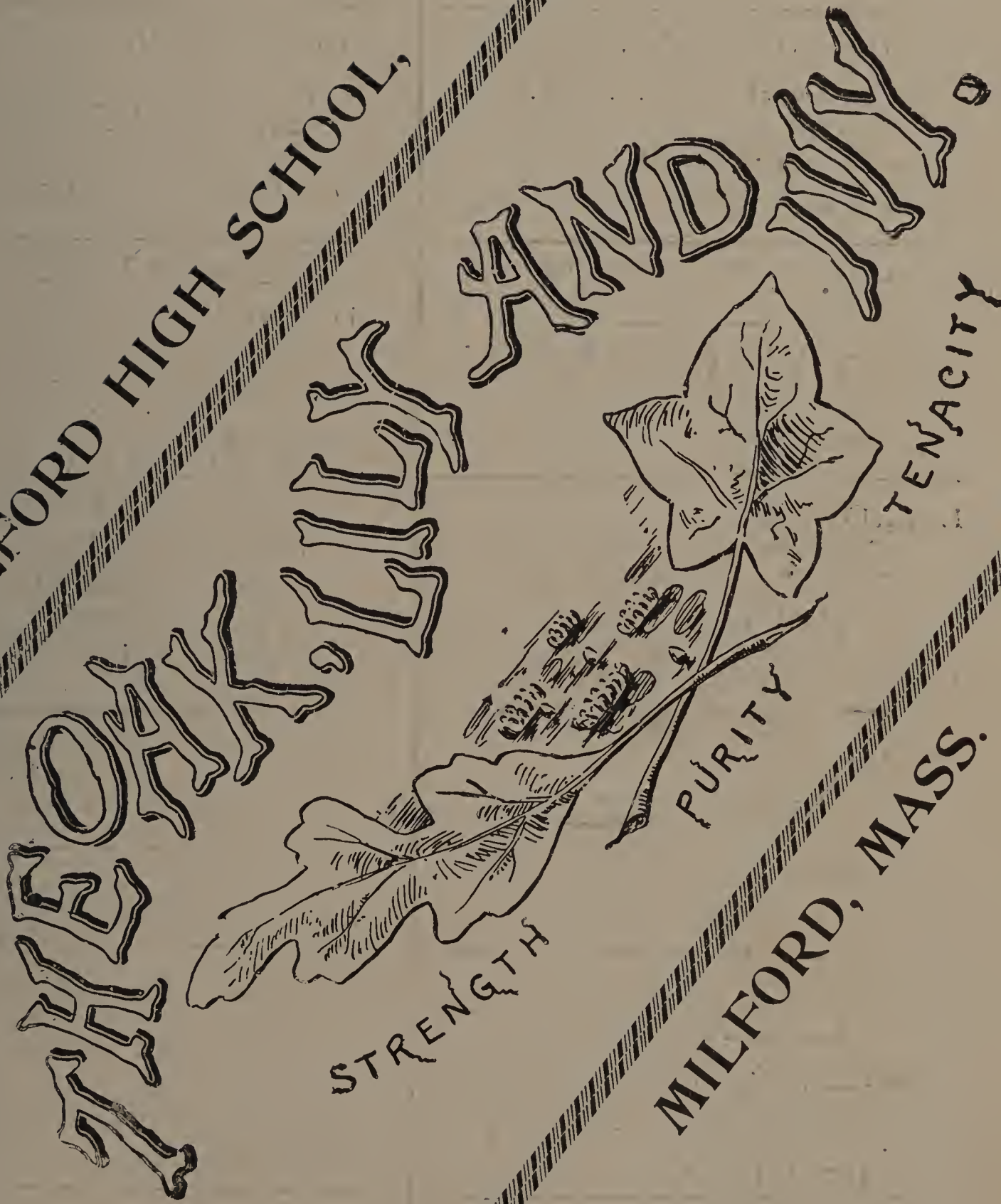
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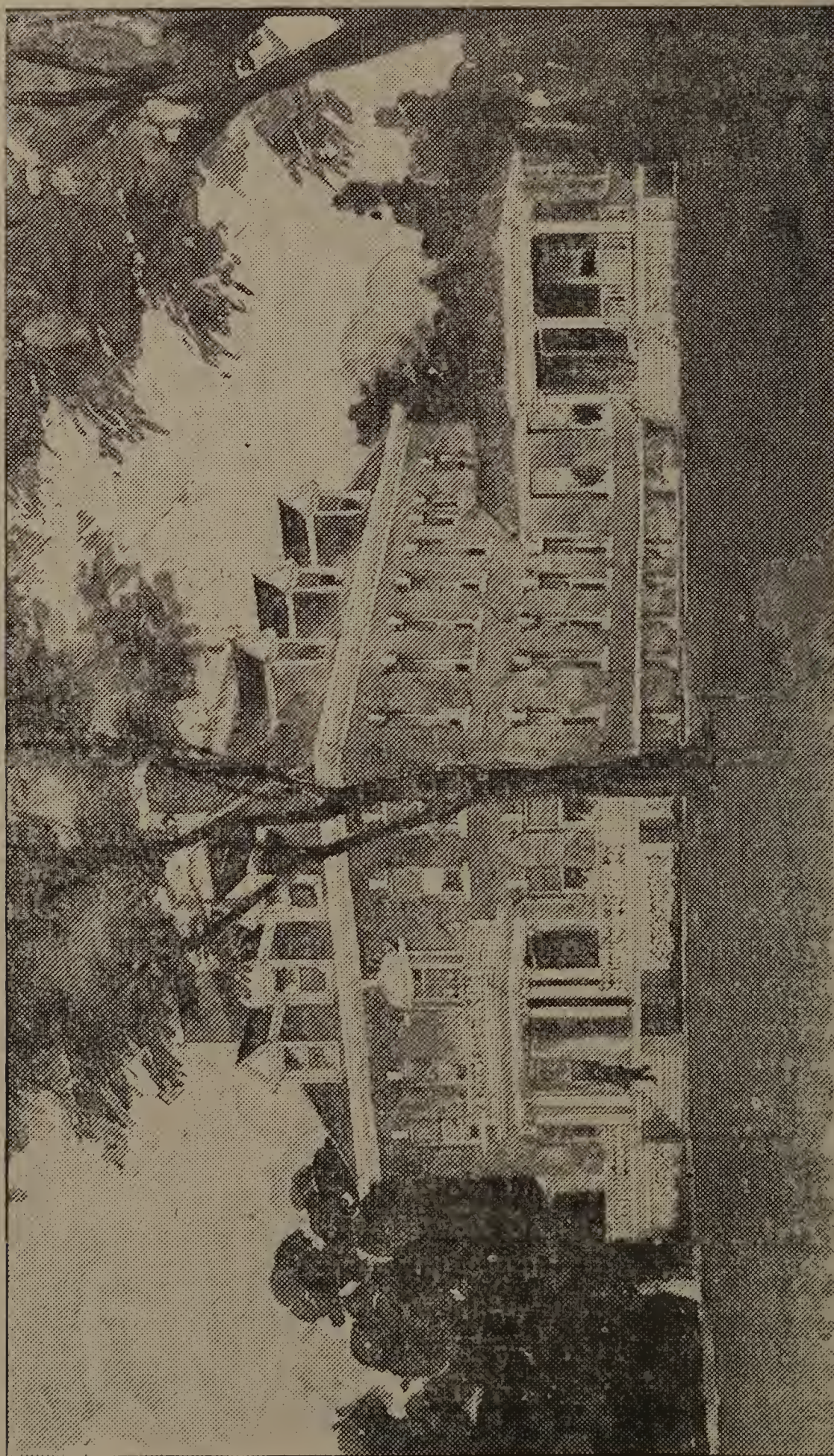
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VOL. XX.

MILFORD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 5.

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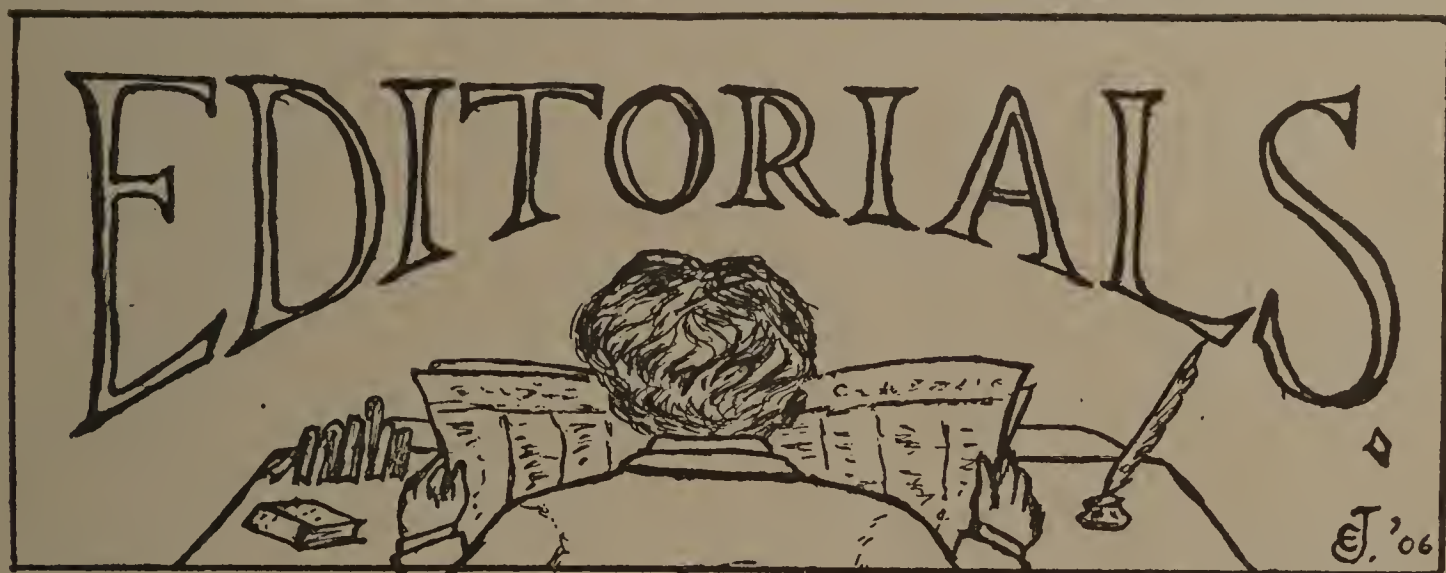
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THE senior class have at last selected their motto. Although they have been some time in making a choice from so many good ones, they have now settled upon one which seems to give general satisfaction. In troubles and difficulties in life after graduation they may perhaps gain strength and hope in the recollection of their motto, "Perseverance wins."



We would like to call attention to the fact that the board walk which was built simply as a temporary arrangement, is still in evidence. Besides being anything but an object of beauty, there is a certain element of danger connected with it. A light fall of snow makes it very slippery, as not a few who have found out this to their sorrow will testify.



We are pleased to hear of the rumor that there is to be a social at our school in the near future. We hope that this will be one of a series of such events, and that every one who attends will have an enjoyable time.



It is singular that one essential feature is lacking in the equipment of the girls' dressing rooms, namely, a mirror. We do not know why this accessory

was omitted unless it was because they were afraid that all the time would be spent before the glass. If this is so, we can assure them that the glass in the doors, while not at all satisfactory, can be made to do duty as a looking-glass. But seriously, we are sure that the receipt of a mirror would be welcomed with gratitude.



As yet the boys have selected no athletic sport to engage our interest before the baseball season. We are unable to account for this lack of interest, and would be pleased to learn the cause. Never mind, boys, if you wait long enough the baseball season will come to you, and then your problem will be solved, for you certainly cannot have lost concern for the sport in which you excelled. The trophy of last year should be an incentive to new victories.



The sophomores are now having a chance to show their ability in the forensic art. They should realize that this is a very good opportunity for them to try to overcome their diffidence and endeavor to gain as much fluency as possible. We hope that they will do credit to themselves and the school, also that they may enhance the reputation which has been justly earned by the upper classes for excellence in this art.



It must be evident to every one that one person cannot get all the items of interest concerning the past graduates of the school, so we would be extremely grateful if each one would tell the Personals editor anything which should be placed in this department. With the co-operation of the entire school this column could be made much more interesting.



The month of February recalls to our mind memories of Washington, the father of our country. Would n't it be appropriate to commemorate his birthday by having a "Washington day"? There is so much to be said about him that many papers could be read which would be very interesting, for although much has been said about him still we never weary of hearing about so noble a character. It would be interesting also to have a paper read stating the objections urged against him by Gates's partisans when they were trying to make Gates the leader of the army instead of Washington.



SCHOOL AGE LIMIT.

It is pleasing to note the different laws passed by the legislatures of the states as regards the age when a person may leave school. We who live in Massachusetts perhaps do not fully realize the condition of affairs in other states. In many states the age limit is only twelve years; thus young children are forced to work before they have received the necessary educational instruction, and before they really have had a chance to grow. The result of this is that many persons grow up short in stature and sickly in health. This is especially the case in the coal districts and in the crowded cities. Let us hope that the age limit in other states will soon be raised on a par with that in Massachusetts.

EDWARD HANSBURY.

NOT QUITE.

“WHAT am I ever going to do,” sighed Mrs. Temple, as she leaned over the fence one morning, for a chat with the neighborly old lady next door. “The minister’s wife has asked me no less than four times to call on her; she spoke of it again the other day, but I do n’t dare to, for fear the baby will act like fury, or say some unheard-of thing.”

“Why, I guess she would be good; would n’t you, dear?” replied the neighbor patting the small daughter on the head and smiling knowingly at Mrs. Temple.

The small scamp bobbed her head, and, very much embarrassed, began to climb up the fence very, very hard.

“Well, I am going to try it, anyway; but,” shaking her forefinger at Tot, “Do n’t you dare to say a single swear word all the while we’re there, Do you hear? Just as sure as you do you will be sorry when we get home.”

She called slang swearing in order to impress the evil of it upon her the more strongly.

She turned just in time to see the baby tumble in at the hen-coop door; and when Tot discovered that her fall had been observed, she howled vigorously.

So she resignedly prepared for the uncertain issues of the call. It was some time before they arrived at the minister’s residence; Tot, bedecked in a fluffy, ruffled creation of white muslin, and on her hair a big pink bow which she managed to pull off eleven times during the call. But with that exception everything went smoothly until they started home.

Mrs. Temple had placed the baby in her carriage, and turned to say, with a satisfied air: “Yes, thank you, I will; and do come to see me soon,” when to her horror the baby innocently announced: “Dare, now, I did n’t swear, did I? my did n’t say ‘darn’ once.”

E. HUSSEY, '05.



THE DYNAMO AND THE MOTOR.

IN 1832, the principle of the dynamo was discovered by Faraday, who noticed that if a wire, forming a closed circuit, was moved through a magnetic field, cutting lines of force therein, an electric current would be generated in the wire. The first dynamo was a very simple and crude affair, using permanent magnets for producing the magnetic field, in which a few coils of wire revolved. Later, however, the dynamo assumed a more perfect form, having electro-magnets in place of the permanent-magnets. Two other early investigators, prominently connected with the growth of the dynamo, were M. Gramme and Siemens.

The fact that the armature of a dynamo would rotate when an electric current was passed through the windings of the dynamo, but in the opposite direction from when the machine possessed the function of a dynamo, was first discovered by M. Gramme. This was the beginning of the electric motor, and stimulated others to further investigation, the first practical result of which was the machine brought forth by Dr. Antonio Pacinotti in 1864.

The first public demonstration of the reversibility of the dynamo was

given at the Vienna Universal Exposition, where a Gramme machine was used as a motor to work a pump, and was energized by the current produced by a similar machine actuated by a gas engine.

The dynamo and the motor, in general, are very similar in construction, there being practically no difference between the most general types; each possesses a means of producing a magnetic and a revolving part, called the armature.

Generally the armature of a dynamo is rotated by some separate power, such as the steam engine, steam turbine, water wheel, gas-engine, gasoline engine or electric motor; but sometimes a motor is combined with the dynamo in one machine. By the rotary motion of the armature electricity is generated, and can be utilized for light, power and heat. Thus, the function of the dynamo is to convert mechanical into electrical energy.

In the case of the motor, however, the conditions are just the opposite, the motor converting electrical into mechanical energy, as will be explained later. The electric current, supplying power for the motor, flows through its windings and magnetizes the cores. The mutual action of the field magnets and the armature on each other imparts a rotary motion to the armature.

The two main classes of dynamos are the "alternating current" and the "direct current" dynamos; the first so called because the current generated flows first in one direction and then in the other, the number of alternations in a given time depending on the construction and speed of the machine. The second class is called "direct" because the current generated always flows in the same direction; a device, called a commutator, changing the alternating current received from the armature to a direct current. The dynamos of the alternating class are usually high voltage, and are the more economical. Usually, dynamos of this class require a separate direct current machine, called an "exciter" to magnetize the field magnets, but sometimes the dynamo is so constructed as to make it possible for the dynamo to excite its own field magnets, thus rendering a separate exciter unnecessary. The polyphase-dynamo also belongs to the class of alternating current dynamos. The two-phase and three-phase machines,—forms of polyphase dynamos,—have two and three windings, respectively, in the armature. In the revolving field dynamo, the armature is stationary and the field revolves outside of the armature. The direct-current machines are self-exciting. The principal methods of winding the fields in these machines are the "shunt methods," where only a part of the current generated is used for exciting the fields; the "series method" where all of the current generated passes through the field coils; the "compound method," where there are two separate windings, through one of which passes all the current generated. In the class of the compound dynamos, belong the "long shunt" and the "short shunt" machines. In the long-shunt, the current exciting the shunt winding passes through the series winding, and in the short-shunt, the current exciting the shunt winding is taken directly from the brushes and does not pass through the series winding.

The principal types of armatures in both the alternating and direct current machines are the drum armature, the ring armature, and the pole armature. The drum armature core is an iron cylinder and is wound around and

around lengthwise. The ring armature core is an iron ring, supported on the shaft by a framework called a spider, and is wound through and through. The pole armature core consists of an iron hub having radiating iron poles or cylinders around which the wire is wound. The ring-armature was invented by M. Gramme and the pole-armature by Siemens.

The principal classes of motors are shunt, series and compound, and the types of armatures are drum, ring, and pole. The definitions given above apply to these terms if the word "supplied" is used instead of "generated." The most common type of alternating-current motor is the induction motor. In this motor the armature has no electrical connection with the supply-wires; but the alternating current, passing through the field-coils, induces an alternating current in the closed armature circuit. This induced current magnetizes the armature and the mutual action between the armature and the field magnets produces rotation. The maximum power in this type is secured only when the maximum speed is reached. Some styles of these motors are self-starting and some are not. The induction-motor is commonly seen in the alternating-current electric fans. Another form of the alternating-current-motor is the "synchronous." This motor resembles the direct-current motors in that it has a commutator. An objection to this type is that it has to be rotated at a certain speed, or synchronized, before the current is turned on, or the motor will not run.

ALLEN E. DUDLEY, 1904.



A DARING VENTURE.

"GIRLS, what if Madame Scott should find us out! She would certainly expel us."

"Bother Madame Scott, May; how will she find us out? We did n't tell any of the other girls that the boys were coming after us, and you know I'm hall monitor and I went to Madame a few minutes ago and told her that all the girls had retired, so how is she going to know anything about it?"

"Well, I think we have a perfect right to go if we want to. What harm can it be to go to a little hop in the next town with one's brother? And I do n't see why Madame Scott should refuse to let us enjoy ourselves, and I'm going to, anyway, so there!" And Agnes Flemmings stamped her little foot resolutely on the floor.

At this moment a shower of pebbles fall on the window pane, and the three girls jump up and run to it.

"Hello, girls! I say, are you ready?" calls out a voice in a clear, loud tone.

"Yes, yes! Do speak lower, Will, or Madame will hear you. How are we going to get out, any way?"

"O, that's all right. I have a ladder here. Hurry up! The other fellows are waiting. There now, we will leave the ladder here under this tree till we get back. Come on!"

And the four set off, and on reaching the gate find Will's two companions standing beside a great roomy sleigh drawn by a span. It takes only a minute for the six young people to get comfortably seated, and away they fly.

It is a bright moonlight night, and the snow lays over everything like a

white mantle. Is it any wonder, then, that the girls in their excitement and in anticipating the pleasure before them, forget all about Madame Scott and her displeasure?

Amid much talking and laughter they reach the end of their journey, when the girls suddenly become stricken with fear. What if some one should recognize them and report to Madame! But the boys know no such fears, and boldly usher the girls into the hall, where a lively time is going on.

And what a time they have! Never did they have such a good time before. They have scarcely time to speak to one another. But their pleasure is suddenly cut short by an unforeseen event.

"May," whispered Jennie in a scared voice toward the end of the evening, "do look at Prof. Hall standing at the door. What are we going to do? He must have seen us." May looks, and sure enough, there he stands gazing sternly around on the crowd. "Well, we will have to find the others and leave quickly."

By the time the others are found and the matter explained, Prof. Hall has disappeared, and the party leave the hall in fear lest they should meet him outside; but they do not, and at once start for the college. There is not much talking done now. They are all wondering what brought the professor to the hall, and if he saw them.

They soon reach the college gate and start quickly for the tree where the ladder had been concealed, but the ladder is gone. They stand staring at each other. What will they do? They will have to stay out all night. Suddenly May thinks of a plan. They will climb up the fire-escape and enter through Dora's room; they can easily bind her to secrecy.

After considerable knocking and calling they succeed in arousing Dora, and after saying good-night to their companions they go quickly to their own room.

They fail to see the two stern faces watching them from an upper window, neither do they know of the punishment which awaits them on the morrow.

EUGENIE S. KIRBY, '05.



MY FIRST GAME OF PIT.

WHILE visiting in the city of B—— I received an invitation to a pit party. Now I had heard of almost all sorts of parties, but this was the first time this kind of an affair had come to my notice. However, I had found out that it was just as easy to find out some things by listening as by asking questions, and often much less embarrassing, so I held my peace.

All the girls whom I met had received invitations to this party, and all declared that pit was a very exciting and delightful game. Thus I learned that pit was a game. Perhaps it was something like whist; at any rate I knew what the word signified. As the conversation progressed, I heard a remark about "a corner on wheat;" and some one else thought "barley was easier to corner" for each one tried to corner the commodity which brought the largest number of points, and thus no one succeeded.

All this "cornering" and "points" were unintelligible to me, but they seemed to recall dimly some anecdotes that I had read about the stock ex-

change. Then a fear seized me; suppose it should be about stocks and bonds, and we should have to calculate percentage and interest and all those little puzzling details! And mathematics was my weakest point! Then I reflected that Cousin Nell had n't received so good a mark as I had in this study, yet she was one of the most enthusiastic in praise of the game.

Just then, Nell said her mother said it was too noisy a game for a private home, while her eccentric old uncle said that the man who invented the game was crazy, and those who played it more crazy. When I played whist I gave my entire attention to the cards and any noise disturbed me; so I just knew I should have a wretched headache. if this game produced such shouting

Now, if I had n't been almost morbidly sensitive to ridicule, I should have told Nell that I knew nothing about the game and borne her raillery in good part. But, as I had experienced more than one twinge on account of Nell's rather thoughtless jokes, I decided to await further developments. However, I learned nothing more of the wonderful game that day. During the succeeding days my time was so fully occupied that pit did not trouble me much, but when the eventful day arrived my misgivings returned. Aunt Alice said that Nell and I would better stay at home that evening and rest, as I seemed indisposed, but Nell said that unless I was really ill, she wanted to go very much. Cousin Jack said I was lonesome, and teased me until I was indeed wretched.

Nell insisted on my resting all the afternoon until it was time to dress, so that I would be perfectly well. I knew that sleep was out of the question, so I repaired to the library in search of a book to divert my thoughts. I went over to the table and the first thing that met my view was a red box with the magic word Pit standing in the bold relief of gilt lettering. I removed the cover, and a slip of paper labeled "Directions" was exposed. Well, in a short time I think I could have said those rules backward.

When I went down to tea they all remarked how much good my rest had done me. No one was more anxious now for the time to come than I was. Nell remarked that she did n't know I could be so enthusiastic over anything, and said pit must be my favorite amusement. To this I replied that it certainly was. My good spirits lasted until we started to play, and the dealer declared that the pit was open, before I knew what cards I had. Then I forgot whether the cards must be alike or not, and the screams of "Two-two-two-two" and "Four-four-four" disturbed me so that I could not even think. Just as I had collected my scattered wits sufficiently to take part in the general uproar, there was a terrible commotion, and Cousin Jack stood up and fairly screamed "Corner." I thought something serious had happened to him, when suddenly he disappeared under the table, attended by a noise much like a wild west show.

It seemed that Jack was so fond of ease that he had taken a reclining chair, and in his excitement he had kicked the spring and suddenly deposited himself on the floor. By the time the game was renewed I was ready to make as much noise as the rest, with such good results that I won the prize, while poor Jack received the consolation prize, which was an enormous beet.

They accused me of being an expert in the game, while they declared that it was comparatively new to them. I simply smiled and thought of my dread of this evening.

MARY F. RANAHAN, 1904.

LOCALS.

THE junior history class are making preparations for an English history entertainment to be held in the school hall.

"Sail on, sail on!"

Oh! that worried look! Yes, it is time for the reports again.

The readings from lambs' tails (Lamb's Tales) were very interesting.

Pupil—"This clipping is n't just right for the lesson."

Teacher—"I am glad."

The second term of rhetorical is about to begin.

From English history—"And Mary was crowned king."

What is the matter with the ceiling, Vi?

"And my locks stood on ends."

The senior class will hold a mock town meeting Friday, Feb. 12. The following officers have been elected: Constable, H. Dillingham; selectmen, Marion Vaughan, Charles Moriarty, Allan Cooke; assessors, Helen Mead, Willard Swan, May Ranahan; town clerk, James Luby. The warrant has been posted and contains many interesting articles.

Some of the juniors were led to believe that Henry VIII. married his father's widow. In that case he would have married his own mother.

Teacher—"If I asked you how large your waist is, would you tell me how tall you are?"

"Miss H-lt-n, will you please bring me the spirit levelers from the other laboratory?"

Miss H-lt-n calmly walks in with two small white dishes. Evidently her spirit did not need leveling.

Mr. D-ll m has found his natural philosophy. He was worried very much over the loss of it.

An English history entertainment by the junior class took place in the school hall Monday, Feb. 1. Although it was a private affair, only members of the class being present, it was successful. The dialogues especially were the most interesting of the parts on the program.

Teacher—"Miss De-r-e, you will come to my room and see me about this."

Miss De-r-e—"Does it make any difference when I come?"

Teacher in history—"What is the meaning of the word turnspit?"

Miss Cal—"One who makes griddle-cakes."

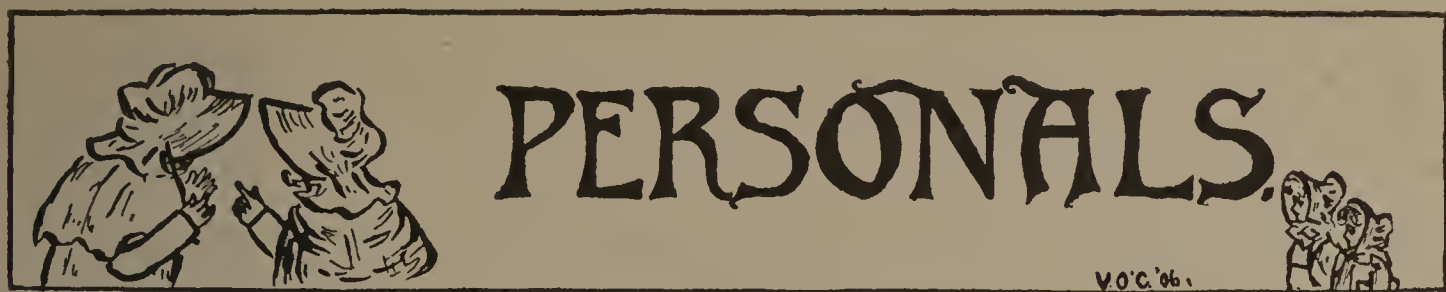
Without doubt Miss G-ll-s possesses a weak constitution, because she finds it necessary to leave the stenography class every day.

The joy in quarreling is all in the reconciliation, is n't it, James?

What effect does HNO_3 have on the finger nail? Ask the members of the chemistry class, or, rather, just look at their hands.

Now, Etta, that is 't right, and poor Jimmie working hard!

Wasn't it strange that D-ll-g-m's election as constable of the seniors' town meeting was unanimous? Well, he is equal to it.



MISS Evelyn C. Curran '06 very pleasantly entertained a small party of high school friends at her home on High street, Wednesday evening, January 20, 1904. The popular game of pit was played and refreshments served.

Miss Burnetta Robinson '06 has left school.

Mr. Stuart C. Godfrey ex-'03 of Exeter academy, Exeter, N. H., recently spent a few days at his home here.

Miss Myrtle R. Grant '06, who has been absent from school a couple of weeks on account of illness, has returned.

After an absence of two weeks, caused by illness, William Clancy '06 has returned to school.

Mr. James Clancy '02 of Exeter academy, Exeter, N. H., recently spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents on Chapin street.

Miss Mattie Moore '03 was a recent visitor at school.

Messrs. Fletcher Lyford '03 and Percy Walker '03 were visitors January 4, before returning to their studies at Dean Academy, Franklin, and Worcester Academy, respectively.

Miss Adeline C. Teele, our teacher of languages, who has been indisposed for a few days, necessitating her absence from school, has recovered.

Miss Louise Cozzens '06 is back at school, after an absence on account of illness.

We deeply sympathize with Miss May O'Connor '03 and Mr. Joseph O'Connor '04 in their recent bereavement, the loss of their mother.

Messrs. Leslie Whittemore '03 and Stanley Wires ex '04, of Boston "Tech" were visitors at school February 5, during their vacation of a week.

Miss Beatrice Smith '03 has been critically ill at her home on Jefferson street the past month. At this writing very little improvement is apparent.

Mr. Henry Elliot, ex-'05, of Canton, has been visiting his parents on Purchase street.

Miss Eva Cadman '02, who has been acting as public stenographer in the Collins building, has given up her office.

Miss Ethel H. Aldrich '01 of Lynn spent Sunday here as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Aldrich, Claflin Hill.

Percy L. Walker '03 entertained some members of the Tonawanda Tennis club at his home January 30th. On the same evening, Miss Helen Mead '04 entertained the other members.

EXCHANGES.

THE Latin School Register, Boston, Mass., seems to have something new in the way of a cover design every month. The design for the November issue is certainly original.

The Cherry and White for December is as usual full of good stories.

The Egypti, Cairo, Ill., presents a very attractive appearance both inside and out.

The December number of the Index, Haverford, Pa., is up to its usual high standard.

We see by the cut in the Ægis, that Houston, Texas, possesses a fine high school building.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me., is an exceedingly bright paper, but is in need of an exchange column.

Dictum Est, from Red Bluff, Cal., contains the most interesting exchange column yet received.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me., has crowded out the exchange column, but the literary department is excellent.

To the Criterion, Macomb, Ill., we would say "Too many clippings and too few criticisms in the exchange column."

We are pleased to welcome the Boston University Beacon. It contains "The path of the years," a thoughtful and well-written poem.

We are pleased to see the Philomath, from Framingham, Mass. The various departments are excellent, but do n't forget the exchange column.

In the Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass., we do n't have to read the article entitled, "The girls of the G. H. S." twice to see that the author is a "boy."

The Flickertail, from Lisbon, N. D., says that "The Oak, Lily and Ivy is especially good in editorials and exchanges." We can certainly say the same of the Flickertail.

The Gates Index says: "If it is considered necessary to print all the jokes that have been in existence since the time of Adam, why not have a department for this alone, and not dignify such reading matter with the name of Exchange." We heartily agree with the statement.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following exchanges: The Argus, Shelton, Conn.; The Reveille, Northfield, Vt.; The College Signal, Amherst, Mass.; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me.; Herald, Westfield, Mass.; The Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.; Agnetian Monthly, Mt. Washington, Md.; The Echoes, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Capitoline, Springfield, Ill.; The Criterion, Macomb, Ill.; The Comet, Reno, Nev.; School Bell Echoes, Merrill, Wis.; Kodak, Eau Claire, Wis.; The Classical H. S. Gazette, Lynn, Mass.; Leavitt Angelus, Turner Centre, Me.; The Distaff, Boston, Mass.; Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.; The Voice, Concord, Mass.; The Cauldron, Warren, O.; The High School Beacon, Chelsea, Mass.

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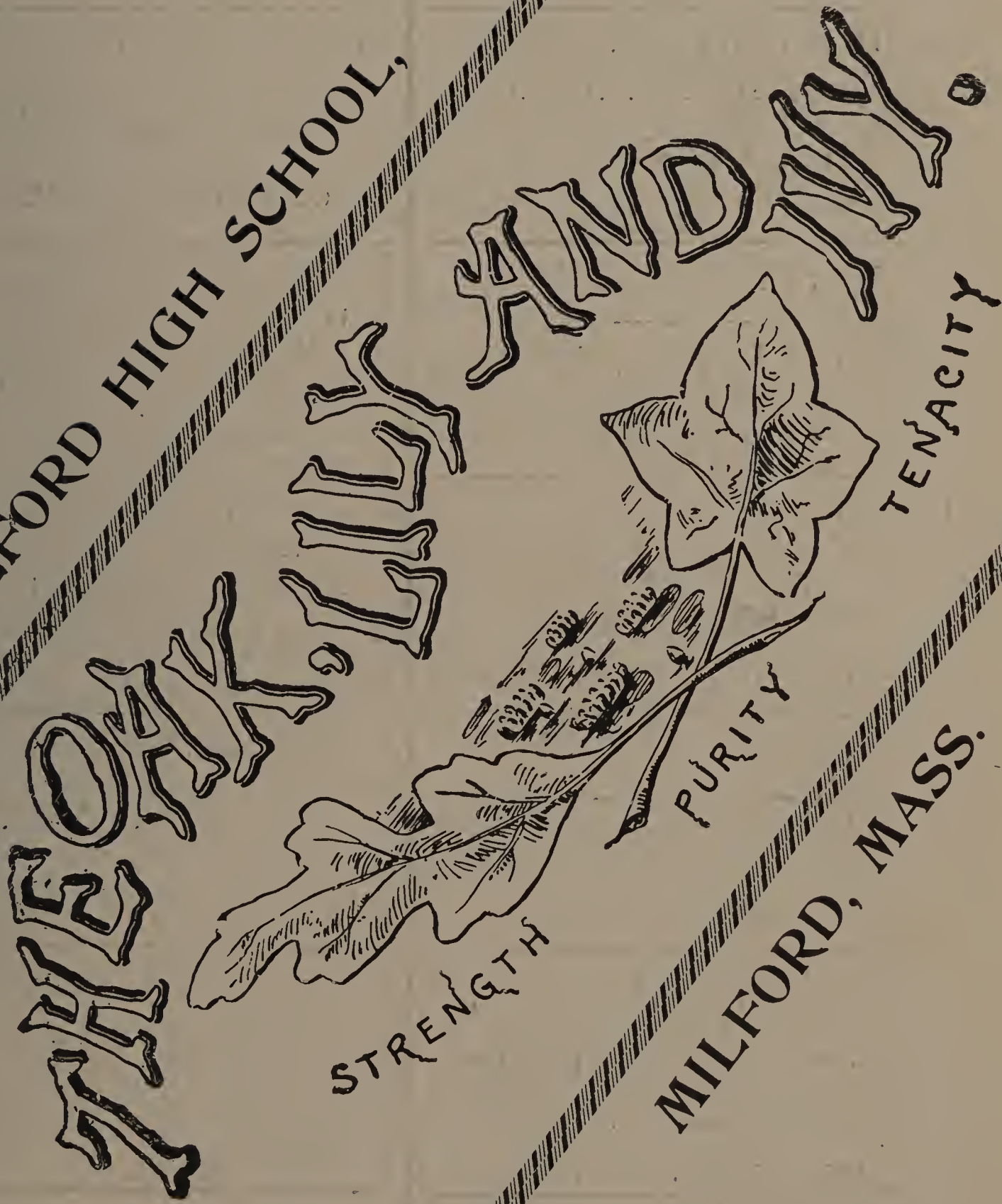
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No. 6.

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IT has been suggested that a committee be appointed to arrange for a series of social events to occur probably once a month. This plan appeals to us as being practicable, especially if the affair is placed in the hands of a few energetic workers who are really interested in the project. Our first social event was a success both socially and financially, and should act as an incentive to hold other such entertainments.



Now that the rhetorical have ceased, would it not be interesting to institute debates in their stead? Questions are constantly coming up in class which seem worthy of debate, and which with a little consideration, might be made the bases of very good arguments. We are constantly meeting debatable questions in our study of history, and the class in English now studying Macaulay's Essay on Addison can find many useful hints by studying his style of argumentation.



At our mock town meeting, some of the many wants of the town were brought up for consideration, and discussed with no little enthusiasm. Affairs

of local interest were debated and the session was conducted according to the laws governing such an assembly. Now that we have gained an insight into business done at the town meeting, and expressed our views about local affairs, we would like to hear the sentiments of the voters on these questions, some of which are almost sure to be discussed.



One of the requirements of graduation is that each pupil must prepare a graduation essay. The seniors are now busy thinking of subjects suitable for such an occasion. It is probable that the customary speaker will be dispensed with, and in his stead, several of the essays will be read. While everyone is interested in the speech of a good lecturer, still we think that our juvenile efforts will be more appreciated, perhaps, by our local friends.



Since our stereopticon lecture of last year was so successful, it would seem to be a good plan to have a similar entertainment this year. An event of this kind is instructive not only to the pupils of the school, but also to the general public. We can feel assured by previous experiences of the willing and generous support of the townspeople, if we decide to hold such a lecture.



It is interesting to note how few are acquainted with the busts and statues in our building. Some very amusing mistakes are made in this respect. For instance, one of our freshmen insisted that our bust of Longfellow was Socrates. As yet not being overburdened with very many such pieces of statuary, we had not thought it necessary to have them tabulated, but if such mistakes continue to be made, we feel that some such measure must be taken. When our collection becomes larger, we may be obliged to provide each pupil with a catalogue of our works of art.



It seems that, notwithstanding all our complaints, that disfiguring old fence is still to remain in bold relief in its accustomed place. One of the seniors declared that, while he should be sorry to leave the many pleasures of his high school life, his grief would be tempered by the knowledge that he would no longer be obliged to see this fence mar the perspective of our school building. Another senior suggests that we ought to have the advantage of a concrete walk, instead of our board walk, before we graduate. If these would only be presented to us to do as we wished on graduation, think what a fine bonfire they would make!



There is a desire among some of the senior pupils to abandon the existing custom of having graduation exercises, and instead to go on an excursion to Washington, the party starting on the twenty-fifth of March. If this plan meets with the approval of the majority of the class members, it will be submitted to the school committee for their consideration. It would seem to us that there are many places of historic interest in our own vicinity which should be visited before going such a distance from home.

KOREA.

THERE are two mistakes common among Americans regarding Korea and its people. They think, first, that the country is uninteresting, hot and unhealthy. Secondly, the idea is prevalent that the Korean has no individuality, but is something between a Japanese and a Chinaman. As for the first, the "Land of the Morning Calm," as it has been designated, deserves and might well be called the "Switzerland of Asia." Its mountains are not so high, 't is true, nor are they always snowclad; but the hills are interlaced with rivers, and there are occasional fertile plains which make it beautiful and picturesque.

From September to June the weather is delightful; sunshine every day and as healthful a climate as is found anywhere. Spring covers the hills with white azaleas and rhododendrons. The three summer months, however, are unhealthy and exhausting to foreigners. Rain and heat alternate, and the intense heat and moisture are laden with fever germs.

The Koreans are distinctly different from either the Japanese or Chinese. They are larger than the Japanese, and their loose, flowing dress is white. Their horse-hair hats make them appear still taller. Their extreme dignity and politeness might well be copied by Americans.

One is surprised at their eagerness for, and the rapidity with which these people learn English. A young man of good birth can speak and write English fairly well in eight or ten months. They are great talkers, and spend much of their time over their long bamboo pipes.

Women smoke as much as the men, but hardly ever appear in public except in a sedan chair or with their faces covered with a muslin veil. At fifty, they are at liberty to go unveiled. Then they live with their son and, generally, rule both him and his wife.

Marriage is wholly decided by the parents, and it is rarely if ever that the bride ever before met the groom. This is the reason for the many unhappy marriages which are so common there.

They observe few holidays. The two weeks of New Year's in February is the most important. At this time every one stops work, pays all debts, makes calls, and entertains. Another is Buddha's birthday. Country women [few men believe in Buddha] visit the city and see the sights. A tall bamboo is planted in front of each house. During the day a flag floats from the top. At night a lantern takes its place.

A summer amusement is the tug of war. The townsmen are divided. An enormous cable is used which ends in perhaps a dozen strands, so that a large number may tug at the same time. Sometimes this tug of war lasts for forty-eight hours. When one gets tired another takes his place.

Old Buddhist temples are scattered here and there among the mountains but during the last few years Buddhism has rapidly declined. Spirit worship and Confucianism are predominant. Every big tree, large rock, or queer-shaped mound has its spirit, generally an evil one, to which must be given semi-annual offerings of rice and meat. Christianity has progressed steadily in Korea ever since its introduction, but especially since 1884, when the country was opened to foreigners. In the north, where a few years ago

there were a dozen little groups of Christians, there are now two hundred and thirty-five meeting places. During the last year twelve hundred and thirty-two converts were baptized. A countryman bought a tract of a Korean Christian on market day. He read and studied it in his distant mountain village. Six months later, he returned and told the man that there were eight in his village who wished to know more of the "Jesus Doctrine." There are a few Roman Catholics.

Americans should be deeply interested in this little country. They were among the first to enter the "Hermit Kingdom." They built the first railroad and the first electric street railway. The gold mines are almost exclusively run by Americans.

Japan's interest is not lacking. Japan is a small place, much too small for the increasing population. Korea is only ten hours distant, with plenty of room for the overflow. The Japanese merchants and manufacturers find good markets for their goods, and are glad to get barley, beans and rice in return.

Russia, too, looks longingly at the little peninsular stretching out from her dominions, which alone, of north and east Asia, remains independent. Geographically, it is hers and she looks upon its control by Japan much the same as the United States would look upon Cape Cod were she claimed by England.

Korea herself, without coast defences, a small army drilled but untried, can do little for herself. She dislikes Japan and dreads Russia, and looks to the other powers to help her to retain her independence

EVELYN C. LIBBEY, '04.



SIGHT-SEEING IN CONCORD.

WHILE visiting in the vicinity of Concord, I thought that I would like nothing better than an afternoon out sightseeing. The day was set, and I anxiously awaited its arrival. As last it came, and Miss N., Nellie and I started out early in the afternoon so that we would not have to hurry.

Our tour of observation started from the Monument square, which is the geographical centre of the six miles square granted to the first settlers. In the centre of the square stands the soldiers' monument, a granite obelisk, one side of its base bearing the names of forty-two Concord men who perished in the Secession war. On another side of the square a tablet marks the site of the county court-house, from whose turret rang out the bell that called the farmers to arms in the early morning of April 19, 1775.

A short walk from here and we were at the Old North bridge, the scene of the "Concord Fight." On the battlefield is the bronze statue of the Minute Man, by Daniel French, "the most artistic statue that stands out of doors in America." On the other side of the bridge stands the Revolutionary monument erected by the town about 1836.

At one side of the grounds, at the end of a long avenue of decaying trees, stands the house which Nathaniel Hawthorne gave the name "the Old Manse." This house was built by Emerson's grandfather, and it was here that Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote many of his early poems.

Nearly opposite the manse is "the Elisha Jones house" which may

be called the oldest house in Concord. Near one of the doors may still be seen the hole made by a British bullet fired at Elisha Jones as he was coming out of his door on the morning of the Concord Fight.

We retraced our steps to Monument square and came to the old Wright tavern, the headquarters of the patriots in the early morning of April 19, 1775. The First Parish Meeting House stands next and was the meeting place of the first Provincial Congress. Not far from here stands the house of the Concord Antiquarian society, which contains a large collection of old china, furniture, and relics, all accumulated in Concord.

A few rods beyond is the home of Emerson, where he lived from 1835 until his death in 1882. Mr. Emerson's study remains just as he left it, and the external appearance of the house is unchanged from what it was when he lived. Here was passed the greater part of his life.

A little farther on is the Orchard House, once the home of the Alcotts, and the birthplace of the Concord School of Philosophy. The Wayside, the next house beyond, was the residence of Hawthorne for the last twelve years of his life. It was here, before Hawthorne occupied it, that Louisa Alcott got the incidents that form the basis of her stories, but the stories themselves were written in the Orchard House.

We then went to Sleepy Hollow cemetery and our attention was drawn to the grave of Emerson, marked by a large boulder of rose quartz; that of Hawthorne, surrounded by such fragments of an arbor-vitae hedge as the zeal of souvenir-seeking tourists has allowed to remain standing; those of the Alcott family nearly opposite the Hawthorne lot, and of the Thoreaus almost adjoining.

By this time we were beginning to get tired, and started for home, when we saw a wagon approaching. The driver asked us if we would like to ride with him; Miss N. was acquainted with him, and we were so tired that we gladly accepted the invitation, and our afternoon of sight-seeing was ended.

RAY DWYER, '05.



SHAKESPEARE'S PLOTS.

BEFORE considering Shakespeare's plots, let us ask ourselves the question, "What is plot?" Aristotle calls it the "final aim," "the soul" of a drama, the central part of the drama. By means of plot the incidents, and the thoughts of the characters are expressed. The plot forms the backbone of the drama. In order to build a house, one must have plans; in order to construct a drama one must have a plot. The important part of a house is not the material of which it is made, but the way in which it is put together; just so the interest of the reader is centered, not in the incidents, but in the plot by means of which the incidents are linked together.

In outlining a plot, the action should first be divided into five parts, each part forming an act. These parts are the introduction, growth, climax, fall, catastrophe. These five acts of a drama trace in a way a person's life, which is fitting, since the chief aim of art is to be as like nature as possible.

Shakespeare has been called the greatest dramatic genius the English race has ever produced, and is said to have possessed the greatest construc-

tive imagination. Most of his plays are written in five acts, and those which have not that number are believed to have been changed from the way in which Shakespeare divided their action.

In the introduction the causes of the action, and what took place before the action of the drama, must be given; the spectator's feelings must be roused, and the coming events hinted at or foreshadowed.

In "The Merchant of Venice" the first act gives Bassanio's description of Portia, and his desire to win her; in another scene of the same act, Portia describes her suitors, Bassanio among them, in a most amusing manner. Antonio is sad, and has a presentiment of coming trouble, while the others of the group are jolly, careless, and happy.

The second act begins the action. The plot thickens. The negotiations between Bassanio and Antonio, then those between Antonio and Shylock are related before the main action, which is the wooing of Portia by Bassanio, is commenced. The negotiations are introduced as episodes to slacken the pace of the drama, lest the climax be arrived at too soon. The action of the growth should be gradual—not so fast that the action reaches the climax before the right time, neither so slow that one loses interest.

The climax, occurring in the third act, is the meeting-place of the forces of the drama. The difficulties into which the hero has gotten in the first two acts come to a climax in the third. The action of a drama may be likened to the tying and untying of a knot. In the climax the knot is firmly tied. All the previous action has been tying the knot; all that follows is untying it. The climax may be said to be "the end of the beginning and the beginning of the end." In this act, Shakespeare's hero is always in a fix; he is compelled to make a decision which will make or ruin his happiness. Bassanio's fate hangs on the choosing of the right casket. Portia begs him to delay his choice, for she fears he will make a mistake, but his love is so great that he is forced to choose at once the casket which shall decide his fate.

The fall begins the untying of the dramatic knot. Gradually the interest, which has been brought to a climax in the third act, is allowed to subside, and the events are brought to a happy conclusion in the fifth and last act. In the fall the results of the previous action are given, and a hint is cast in regard to the catastrophe. In "The Merchant of Venice" the trial of Antonio makes a break in the action, which becomes less rapid in anticipation of the catastrophe. Shylock's oft-repeated remark, "O, upright judge; O, learned judge; a Daniel is come to judgment!" and the ring episode lighten the gloom cast by Antonio's probable death.

The catastrophe is not what the word suggests, a disaster; but is derived from two Greek words meaning to turn up and down, or to overturn. In drama it is the final event, in tragedy, death; in comedy, marriage. It should be a natural result of the main action, for which the spectators have been prepared. The catastrophe in "The Merchant of Venice" is the happy marriages of Bassanio and Portia, Gratiano and Nerissa, Lorenzo and Jessica, and the safe return of Antonio's argosies.

In the opening scene of "Julius Cæsar" we are presented to Flavius and Marullus, tribunes, together with a crowd of citizens. The latter are disputing with the tribunes, and this foreshadows the graver conflict which forms the main action. In the second scene of the first act, Cæsar enters, fol-

lowed by a soothsayer; the quarreling ceases, and all pay him honor. As Cæsar leaves, the soothsayer utters the prophetic words, "Beware of the Ides of March." Brutus and Cassius, the leaders in the conspiracy against Cæsar, are next introduced, and we have Cassius' speech about "honour," and the report of Cæsar's refusal of the crown.

The words of Brutus, "It must be by his death," mark the beginning of the growth. Brutus and Cæsar were close friends, and Brutus' decision was made solely for the good of the country. Brutus also mentions the Ides of March, and in this way foreshadows both Cæsar's death and the time.

The climax of this play is the death of Cæsar, in the third act. Cæsar and his friends, and the conspirators arrive at the capitol. Meeting the soothsayer, who more than once had warned him to "Beware of the Ides of March," Cæsar recalled the admonition and said, "The Ides of March are come," to which the soothsayer replied, "Ay, Cæsar, but not gone." As Cæsar seats himself in the senate, Artemidorus in a last attempt thrusts a paper into his hand, which Cæsar crushes. The conspirators surround him and Casca first stabs him in the back; the others follow his example, and last of all Brutus. It is Brutus who is the chief actor in the play, and not Cæsar.

The body is borne to the forum where Brutus and Antony address the people. Brutus speaks in prose; Antony, in blank verse. Brutus rouses their love of their country, and they hail him as Cæsar's successor. Antony then speaks, and with great tact wins the support of the people, who cry for "Revenge!" upon the murderers. The fourth scene completes the fall, and makes preparations for the battle of Philippi; Cæsar's ghost appears to Brutus.

In the fifth act comes the catastrophe, which is the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, and their deaths by suicide.

By glancing at the construction of these two plays, which are among Shakespeare's best, we have seen that that great poet divided the action of his dramas in the best possible manner, in the first part introducing his characters; placing the climax to which all the action converges and from which it diverges, near the middle of the drama; and bringing the action to a conclusion in the catastrophe.

FLORENCE N. ALDRICH, '04.

LOCALS.

ON the evening of February 12, the class of 1904 gave an informal dance in the Assembly hall. It was well attended and proved altogether successful.

How did the floor feel, E-n-c-e?

Some of the junior young ladies are very smart. They can spell "cow" with thirteen letters.

How did the game of whist come out?

Teacher—"What is the matter, Mr. G-l-o-r-e? Can't you sit still?"

Mr. G-l-o-r-e—"The pickets are coming out of my chair."

Where was our worthy janitor at the town meeting the other day?

French translation—"La reine salua en signe de soumission."

Miss McC—"The rain made a sign of submission."

It was n't the rain, for the snow was falling fast.

"The course of true love never runs smooth." Does it, M-r-e?

Miss D-w-r-e suffers a great deal from sickness. Especially during the period devoted to stenography.

A great deal depends on imagination in the junior mathematics class.

Miss K-b-y—(sotto voce)—"Miss X went down stairs to do her French."

Teacher—"What did you say, Miss K-b-y?"

Miss K-b-y (aloud)—"I asked Miss X if she found my coat. She went down stairs after it."

Teacher: Eng. B.—"You would know that it has been cold if you were to take a hold of my hand."

The mock town meeting held in the school hall was very amusing, but it was beneficial withal.

O Jim! what a sneeze!

Miss O. C. has a good day's work studying before her by the looks of her bag. Ha, Millie!

Will some one solve this difficult problem for Miss D-h-r-y: "Who broke the pump?"

One of our junior young ladies was going sleigh-riding in a buggy the other day. It is to be hoped that she had a good time.

B German—"A stout festival."

Miss J-c-s-n said that Mr. G-l-m-re must be very attractive. If he is that is n't his fault.

A Latin—Sw-n—"His body was half burned by the thunder." Wonderful thunder.

Teacher—"What was one of the results of the marriage?"

Miss Higg—"The bridegroom died."

How sad.

It is n't the pleasantest thing in the world to be forgotten, as Miss R--'04 and Miss Q— 05 can testify. Two o'clock is rather late for dinner, is n't it Mabel?

Teacher—"Is Cadiz a place or a man's name?"

Miss Q-r-k—"A man's name."

Mr. G-l-o-r-e—"If we read the play two times will we get two marks?"

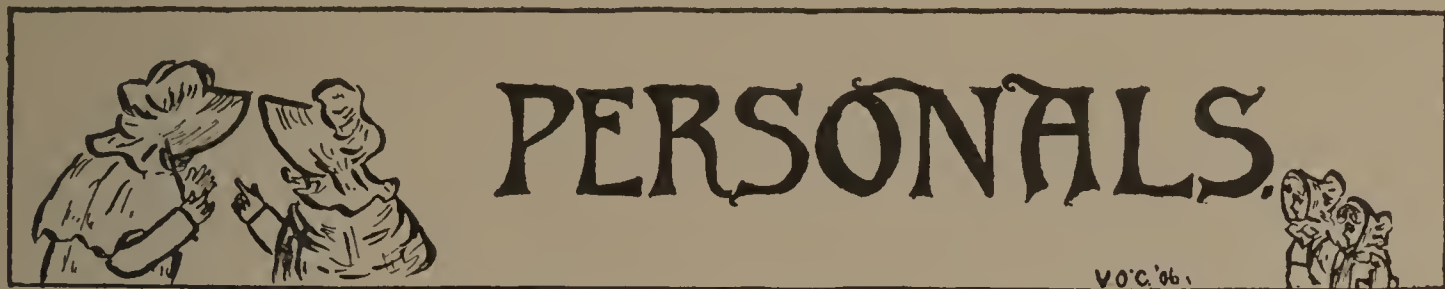
You had better go in the house, Vi, or you will catch cold and Jim will be kept too long waiting.

Shakespeare married Ann Hathaway (Ann hath a way).

Teacher—"Keep right on writing while you are waiting; the practice will do you good!"

Pupil—"My pencil can hardly stand it, it's getting worn out."

Quite an appetizing French translation, "ham" and "sausages" having a prominent place.



MISS Helene McConnachie '05 recently had as her guests the Misses Mildred L. Kennedy and Elizabeth C Driscoll of the Holliston High School.

Miss Eugenie Kirby '05 is absent on account of her sister's illness.

Miss Florence Ettinger, who has been visiting at the home of Edward G. Carpenter ex-'03, has returned to her home in Matteawan, New York.

Mr. Edward Murphy '01 will take a prominent part in the minstrels to be given by St. Mary's church, March 17, 1904.

Miss Mabel Quirk '05 was a recent guest of friends in Spencer.

Mr. Amos Phipps '02 of Attleboro spent Washington's birthday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Phipps, Church street.

Mr. Charles A. Moriarty '04 recently attended a Leap Year dance in Hopkinton.

Miss Marie Cenedella entertained the "Deutscher Verein" at her home on East Main street, February 12. A most enjoyable time was had.

Mr. Robert M. Bisbee '02, son of Rev. R. E. Bisbee, who has been critically ill at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, is reported as somewhat improved. His mother is with him.

Miss Mary Coppinger ex-'03 is making sketches for a Boston photographer.

Mr. Bertram Albro '96, a high school teacher in the western part of the state, visited school February 18.

Miss Jennie Clark '03 recently spent a week in Attleboro.

Miss Mary Ranahan '06 entertained a party of high school friends recently. Games and refreshments were enjoyed.

A very pretty home wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hilton, Grant street, March 1, 1904. Mr. Millard A. Macuen '99 and Miss Grace Hilton '00 were the contracting parties. Rev. Robert E. Bisbee performed the ceremony.

Miss Clara Libby '00 of Roxbury, who has been visiting Hopedale friends, has returned home. Miss Libby came to Milford to attend the jubilee at the Methodist church.

Mr. Sumner P. Reynolds '00 was the sponsor for a select dancing party in Elks' Hall, Washington's birthday. It was an enjoyable affair. Mesdames George A. Reynolds, Levi W. Moore and John L. Mead were the patronesses.

Miss Eileen Kirby has fully recovered from smallpox. We congratulate her on her speedy recovery, she having been ill only ten days.

Mr. Percy L. Walker '03 of Worcester Academy spent Washington's birthday at his home here.

EXCHANGES.

THERE is an interesting article on the Zodiac in the December number of the High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.

"Unwritten music" in the Hedding Graphic, Abingdon, Ill., is an exceedingly well written article.

Read the article entitled, "Radium, its discovery and uses," in The Philomath, South Framingham, Mass. It certainly shows much study and thought on the part of the author.

The Agnetian Monthly comes to us full of helpful articles. The January number contains several poems which are worthy of special mention.

We are pleased to welcome The Watch City Bulletin from the Waltham high school.

Again we congratulate the High School Argus, Harrisburg, Pa., on the excellent headings of its different departments, also the neatly designed cover.

The January issue of the Normal Advance, from Oshkosh, Wis., is a most interesting number of this excellent exchange. We find many instructive articles in it.

The articles in the Criterion, Macomb, Ill., are short, but nevertheless good.

"Saturday Morning" in the Dean Megaphone is a very humorous sketch.

The sophomores might be interested in the article entitled "Nature's noblemen," in The Student, from Swanton, Vt.

"Geometrical boarding" and "Mid-year!!" in The Roaring Branch are original and witty stories.

The Dalhousie Gazette contains several very clear cuts in its football number.

"The Oak, Lily and Ivy, we suspect, was christened by a generous, liberal-hearted individual who was fond of botany."—[Exchange.]

We acknowledge the following with thanks: The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; The Phoenix, Montpelier, Vt.; The Recorder, Lynn, Mass.; The Criterion, Macomb, Ill.; High School Sentiment, Parsons, Kan.; Capitoline, Springfield, Ill.; The Climax, Beloit, Wis.; The School Bell Echoes, Merrill, Wis.; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me.; The Distaff, Boston, Mass.; The Student, Columbus, Kan.; Gates Index, Neligh, Neb.; The Flickertail, Lisbon, N. D.; Dictum Est, Red Bluff, Cal.; The Echoes, Council Bluffs, Iowa; The Comet, Reno, Nevada; Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; The Cauldron, Warren, O.; Classical H. S. Gazette, Lynn, Mass.; The Aquilo, Houlton, Me.; The Signal, Amherst, Mass.; The Bostonia, Boston, Mass.; The Index, Haverford, Pa.; The Scribbler, Morrisville, Vt.; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.; Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.; High School Corona, Bridgton, Me.; The Kodak, Everett, Wash.



Mr. John C. Lynch was a visitor at school March 2.

Miss Florence N. Aldrich '04 and Miss Hester M. Whitney '05 attended the "Senior Prom." at Worcester Academy, February 20.

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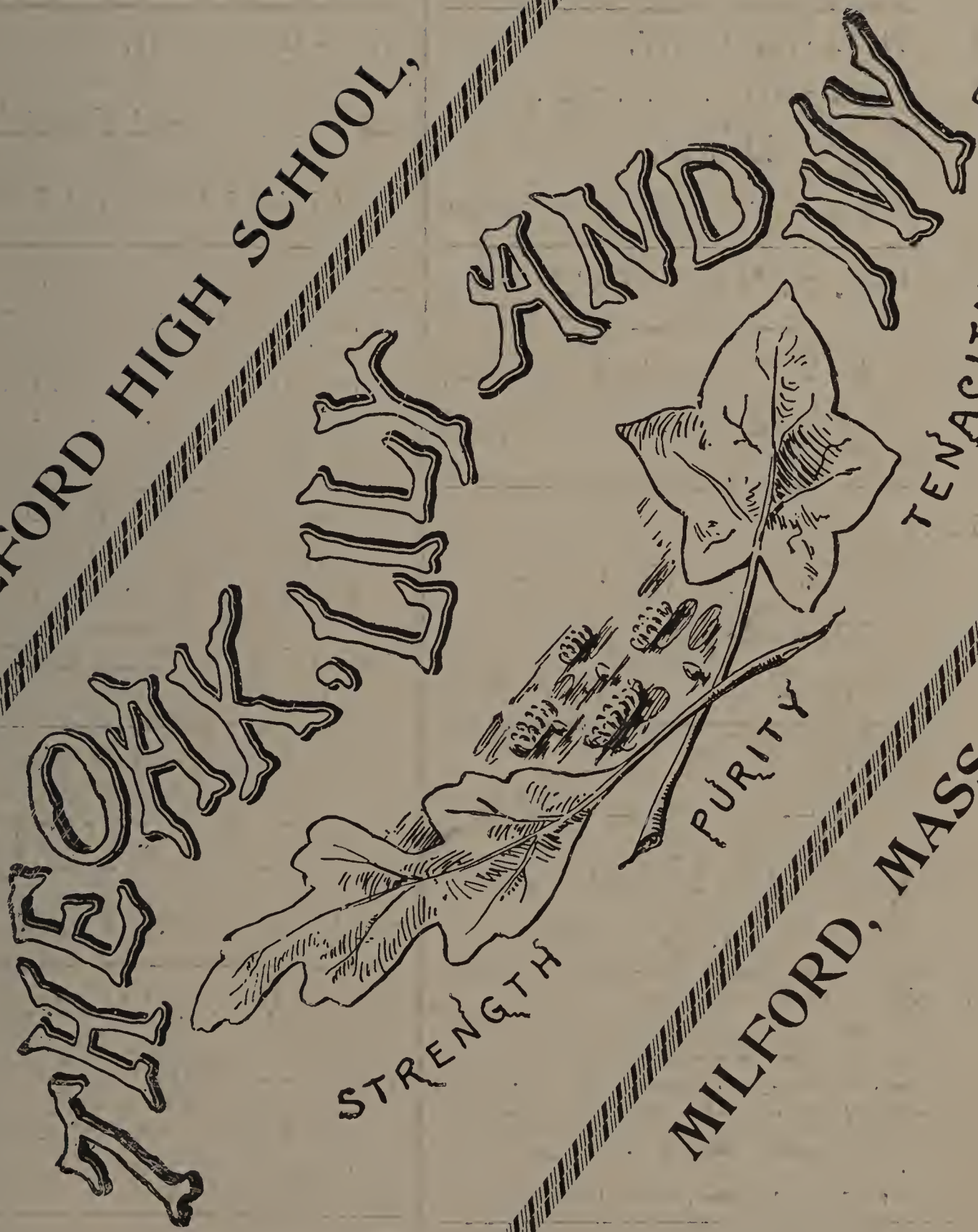
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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XX.

MILFORD, MASS., APRIL, 1904.

No. 7.

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THE recent rhetorical contest held in our school elicited much praise from those who were present. Each contestant made a praiseworthy effort, which was fully appreciated by the audience. The successful aspirants, Mr. James Luby of the senior class and Miss Hester Whitney of the junior class, well earned their medals. The classes are proud of their representatives. The musical features of the program were especially pleasing. Vocal selections were contributed by Mr. Hart, formerly leader of the Tufts College Glee club, and Miss Roberts of Bradford academy gave much pleasure to music-lovers by her skilful handling of the violin.



The question as to whether a trip to Washington should supersede the customary graduation exercises of the senior class, has at last been settled in favor of the old formula. There were many who could not take this trip, and, as we could not have graduation exercises too, it was thought hardly fair to deprive them of both. Why not go to Boston and visit historic places in

this city and its suburbs? We feel that such a trip would be both interesting and instructive.



It will, no doubt, be extremely gratifying to note that the Athletic column makes its re-appearance in this issue. We are pleased to discover a certain amount of enthusiasm for baseball still exists among our boys. We hope that their successes in the baseball field will fully compensate us for the dormancy which has been noticeable for some time past in regard to sports.



The insertion of the Athletic column affords us an opportunity to exhibit a cut designed by Miss Rose Arsenault of the freshman class. As yet no one has designed a cut for the Local column. We would be pleased to have the pupils try their skill in this line of work.



Again we feel constrained to remind the pupils who frequent the library, to return the reference books to their proper places in the case. When the books are left on the tables, it takes some time for the attendant to replace them. This seems hardly fair to the one in charge, as his time is as valuable as anyone's, so, if each one will do his part this inconvenience may be avoided.



Our attention has been called to the fact that much waste paper has been found on the floor in the library. While, through some oversight, no waste paper basket has been provided for this room, those who desire one can find it in the next room.



We find it hard to realize that already two thirds of this school year has gone. Now that our vacation is over let us work with renewed vigor and endeavor to make our last labors the best.



It is hoped that the girls will show their appreciation of the boys' efforts in the baseball line, by a large attendance at their games. It would certainly be encouraging if we might have several flags with which to evince an enthusiasm at their victories, and to encourage them in defeat. With so many girls there ought to be several standards bearing the symbols of the Athletic association. We should all feel it our duty to assist as much as we can in supporting the association, and we can do this in various ways if we care to. There are some pieces of apparatus needed for this season and it has been suggested that some entertainment be proposed to gain the necessary. We do not see why such a project could not be made a success both socially and financially, if each does his part. Let us wish the boys every success on the diamond, and hope that they may meet with as significant a victory as crowned their efforts of last year.

THE JAPANESE-RUSSIAN WAR.

THIS war is, as I understand it from the newspapers (though it is doubtful whether I understand it at all, or not), a mixture of a good deal of nothing and nothing of anything.

It originated over Korea, I guess. The Russian bear went to gobble it up, but the Japanese dragon wanted a bite of it. Hence the war. China hardly liked the way things were going, but she (or he, as the case may be) said nothing and did less about it; on the other hand, the English bull dog and the French lily waged war over a long distance wireless telephone.

The Japanese were doing most of the work. This did not suit the Russians at all, so they arranged a plan for action. Their fleet came into Port Arthur harbor. Here was a chance for marksmanship. Their forts opened fire; some ships ran on to mines, some went down, others went up. By mines, sub-marine coal bins are meant.

The next day the St. Petersburg newspapers reported the event something like this:—

OUR FORTS SINK TWO SHIPS. ANOTHER BLOWN UP BY
TORPEDOES.

Truth is mighty and will prevail, but not in newspapers. Why, I used to use torpedoes on the Fourth of July. They would n't blow up a grasshopper.

The Japanese are a plucky race. I read that in the encyclopædia. They are plucky, I repeat. Why? Could any race, nation, tribe, or people be cowardly who daily snatch and devour names fifteen inches long? Verily, no.

The Russians are plucky. I read that in the paper. Therefore the Japs equal the Russians by Axiom 1. Now if they are equal, how can they pluck each other? They will have to pluck some one else.

Russia is going to arm her convicts. Say, isn't that a good idea? Convicts are men who voluntarily, or otherwise, leave society and live lives of seclusion; they are supported by their country. Therefore, they must love their country very much, and be ready to lay down their lives for her.

The Korean army, with a baggage train of twenty-three mules, has been sent to the aid of the Japanese. They haven't got there yet. The Boxers, Chinese pugilists, I suppose, are now and then making a rumpus, blowing up the Siberian railroad. I should think that pretty soon the railroad will be all blows. It seems that the Russians in building it employed Japanese workmen, who now and then slyly placed mines under it, so that now it is as easy to blow up as throwing a bomb at the Czar is hard.

But the worst feature of this war is the names. Why didn't they come to Texas to fight? It is positively stated that three Japs fell dead because the Russians gave a hurrah in Polish! Thereupon, to retaliate, the Japanese sang their national hymn, and a company of the enemy died of heart failure.

It is reported that the Russian ships, or their ghosts, have escaped from Port Arthur. In short, this war is a continuous performance. The Russians are falling back until they get re-inforcements. In the words of the inspired poet:—

“He who's licked and runs away
Will live to fight another day.”

JOHN E. DOHERTY, '06.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE foremost object of the Civil Service Reform is to bring about a purer form of politics than exists today ; one in which the men at the heads of the various departments shall be representative of the people, and in which none but men of ability shall be leaders.

In order to gain a clearer idea of the Civil Service Reform and its purpose, let us consider briefly the system of politics known as the "boss system," and which it is the aim of the Civil Service Reform to eradicate. The man at the head of this basest of all political systems is known as the "boss." Macaulay says, "The greatest virtue is to possess power without abusing it." That is precisely what the "boss" does not do. He uses his power for the meanest things : an individual aspiring to political fame must gain it *through* the "boss," and if such an individual is in any danger of thwarting the *plans* of the "boss," he is immediately removed from office *by* the "boss." The "boss" allows only those whose opinions coincide with his to be in office. Those men in office are usually relatives or friends of the "boss," his favorites. But you say, "I thought the day of favorites was past ; is not this a free country?" Yet statistics show that one president of the United States had in office *only* forty of his relatives ! Rich men desiring to hold office and gain distinction in politics bribe less wealthy aspirants and thus accomplish their will. The "boss" is not above such a mean practice either. In this way it is seen that inefficient men represent "the people ;" men are holding today positions in departments for which they are ill-fitted, and of which their knowledge is extremely limited. The examination of one young man, the son of some official will serve as an example of the incapability of the many. This young man had spent several years fitting himself for the political office in view, and was prepared for the examination. The question asked him was : "Who was Oliver Cromwell?" His answer was : "Oliver Cromwell was the man who said, 'Had I served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, he would not now have left me friendless.'" The story speaks for itself. Then there are those persons holding office and doing nothing ; those who are "on the shelf," as it were. And yet they are drawing their salaries, and enormous salaries, too, merely for eating and sleeping. Such is the "boss" system which it is the desire of the Reform to defeat.

There is of course a remedy for this condition of our politics. The one which the Civil Service Reformers advocate is the "merit system." Offices should be dispensed only to those who successfully pass a competitive examination. In this examination three things should be considered : First the candidate's knowledge of science should be discovered ; second, the amount of experience had, and thirdly he should be required to write an essay suggesting ways of bettering the government, and giving ideas for the solution of certain problems. This it is believed *will* purify the Civil Service.

FLORENCE ALDRICH, '04.



Teacher—"What made you late for school?"

Bright boy—"School began before I got here."

—Exchange.

THE SPECIAL.

THE Bell family had had many troubles; financial reverses, the ill health of Mrs. Bell, and a growing boy ready for college in the following September, for whose expenses no money was on hand. The boy knew nothing about this lack of funds.

Charles Bell was a large, manly, handsome fellow; thoroughly honest and straightforward. This was his last year in the high school, and he fully expected to go to college the coming year. He never thought of a shortage of ready money, as the Bells were considered well off. But the truth was Mr. Bell had endorsed a note for a very large sum, and had been obliged to pay it.

Of course Charles must be told, in order not to continue building air-castles. One morning, as Charles was starting for school, his father wished to see him in the library.

"Certainly, father," he replied, at the same time wondering what had happened, for his father's face had a careworn look.

Charles heard his father in silence, and then, without showing the emotion he probably felt, said:—

"Father, it is a disappointment to me, but as you know, I am especially good in mechanical work; I think, through your influence, I can obtain a position in the engine house, and after a while may be able to go to college."

Mr. Bell looked his thanks for receiving this disappointing information with so brave a face.

Accordingly, at the close of school some two weeks later, Charles Bell was a registered workman in the North End engine house of the great B. & U. railroad. He was a great favorite with most of the men before a month had passed on account of his ability and willingness to work, and, above all, his carefulness. No one need look to see if the work of Charles Bell would pass. Flattering reports of the young fireman, for such he was now, reached the superintendent's office.

All was not pleasant at this work, even though he loved it, for he had two bitter enemies in the workshop, who were very jealous of the rising popularity of the young man.

Andrew Morse and Silas Tompson did all in their power to hinder his progress. Andy was an engineer on an express, and Si was his fireman. Both were subject to moody, disagreeable spells, which they were liable to revenge upon anyone who happened to be near.

On one of the most beautiful mornings of June, although perhaps too warm, Si and Andy had a dispute; Si was temporarily discharged, and Andy was lowered to the position of fireman for an indefinite time; therefore he was in no pleasant humor, and looked fiercely at those he met. In short, there was trouble brewing.

The president's special, an unusual occurrence in B—, stopped at the engine house at 1.35, on its way to New Orleans on the most important business. A new running force must be gotten before continuing the long journey.

President M—sat in the superintendent's office talking over the case of

young Bell, who seemed to be the only man present capable of running the largest engine on the road.

"Yes, sir," said the superintendent, "I would put Bell side of the best runner in the house; although only a fireman, he is capable of filling the position of engineer."

"Send for Bell, please," growled the president, who was exceedingly impatient at the delay.

After the first sight of the honest, brave, manly face he knew the train was safe in his hands. With many remonstrances and stammering excuses, Charles was led to the engine, which was puffing with impatience to be off. Strange as it may seem, Andrew Morse was the fireman. After putting up a hasty lunch the train started.

At first slowly, then, fairly flying through the towns, over the plains and between cliffs went the special. Soon the first station was passed, then his companion began to be surly, then by the time the second had disappeared it seemed only a question of time which one should run the engine. Charles' lunch had been scattered to the winds and he was already so faint that he could scarcely sit up.

The heat was intense; in the north, large, black clouds rose threateningly as they slowly approached the distant rocks. Soon it began to rain in torrents; the wind blew a gale. So terrible was it that one could hardly see a foot in front of the gigantic roadster.

Suddenly the train stopped, nearly throwing the president's party from their seats. The conductor came forward to investigate the cause. There were no men in the caboose, but in front of the puffing monster was Charles Bell, standing before a great wash-out in the road-bed. To have gone over it would have been sure death to all and a complete wreck to the train.

The president, upon hearing the details, patted Charles on the shoulder and said:—

"My boy, you've done a deed today that the oldest man on the road would have been proud to boast of. Where is your fireman?"

Sure enough, where was Andy! His tracks were vague, but were following a few feet ahead, and, there was a turned switch. Andy's revenge! His steps disappeared down the side of the embankment and could be traced no farther.

A message was sent to the nearest station and after a delay of several hours, they were again on their way to New Orleans.

Nothing of importance occurred during the rest of the journey. But the president did not desert his engineer even for important business. Charles Bell went to college at the expense of a new-found friend. The confidence was not misplaced. The quality of the work of the boy in the engine house was the quality of the work of the student in college.

GUENN COOKE, '06.



Professor in Zoology—"What animals are characterized by the great size of their heads?"

Student—"The seniors."

AN UNEXPECTED STOP.

SHE stood looking in a store window, admiring, to her heart's content, the beautiful Easter bonnets, and trying to decide which one would set off her brunette beauty to the best advantage. She held in her hand a long chain, at the end of which was the cutest, whitest, little French poodle you ever saw. He stood at the edge of the curbstone innocently looking across the road.

Just at this moment, when Madame and the dog were both deeply engaged with their thoughts, a young lady, very stylishly dressed, swinging to and fro a bright red wrist-bag, as if her very life depended upon it, with chin elevated in the air a foot, more or less, came down the avenue.

She tripped and almost fell, thus giving the chain a rather sudden jerk, and waking Towser from his brown study and Madame from her visions of Easter morn. Towser grew excited and ran around the lady that dared disturb him, and by so doing, he cut off her every hope of escape. Consequently she stood there, indignation personified, while the poodle's mistress fell on her knees, hugging and caressing and asking him, "Did the lady frighten oo?" He replied not, preferring to remain on neutral ground.

At last, the woman, extricated from the chain and dog, and vowing she would sue for damages, marched away. Madame, with dog in arms, resumed her view of Easter bonnets.

GERTRUDE SMITH.



LOCALS.

MISS Hester Whitney and Mr. James Luby were the successful winners of the gold medals at the speaking contest held in the school hall.

Teacher—"What advantage is a navy to a country in times of peace?"

Miss W-h-t-n-y—"To carry on commerce."

Teacher in C Geo.—"Where is the line" (referring to a line drawn on the board.)?

H-l-t-n—"I rubbed it out."

Teacher—"Please rub it in."

John does n't see the joke, but he is no glass window.

M-bel, which shall it be; Billie, Ezra or Jimmie?

Teacher in Eng.—"Mr. Brutus!"

It would be advisable for Miss K-b-y to get a pair of gloves that are the same on both sides, so she would not have to be turning them every day. Ha, Millie!

Teacher C Eng.—"You may put a large a there!"

Miss W-l-c-x—"Did you say a small a Miss F-l-d?"

Miss H-l-t-n should not obstruct the passage-way in the drawing room even if her chair is unsteady. Only for her Miss H-s-e-y would n't have been thrown to the floor.

There was a delightfulcoughing chorus in Room 12 the other day.



MONDAY, January 25, a meeting of the athletic association was held in Room 12. Walter V. Ewing, last year's baseball manager, was re-nominated for that position for the coming season. It was voted to join a baseball league which was being formed among the surrounding high schools. Mr. Murphy made an appeal for earnest work in preparation for the season, after which the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Ewing declining to serve, other nominations were necessary, and another meeting was called Wednesday, February 17. At this meeting T. J. Murphy, Edward Hansbury, Claude Simpson, and Herman Dillingham were nominated. Afterward Mr. Murphy withdrew his name, explaining that he had permitted his name to be used only in case of lack of other candidates. Edward Hansbury '04 was the choice of the executive committee.

The plans for a league this spring seem to be defeated, Milford and Northbridge high being the only schools in favor of a league.

Manager Hansbury is now busily at work on his list of games. Soon he hopes to announce a complete schedule.

Tuesday, March 22, the athletic association considered finances. After the low condition of the treasury had been explained and considered, a committee of five was appointed to devise some way of gaining funds. This committee consisted of J. C. Hull, James Luby, Herman Dillingham, Edward Hansbury and Claude Simpson.



PERSONALS.

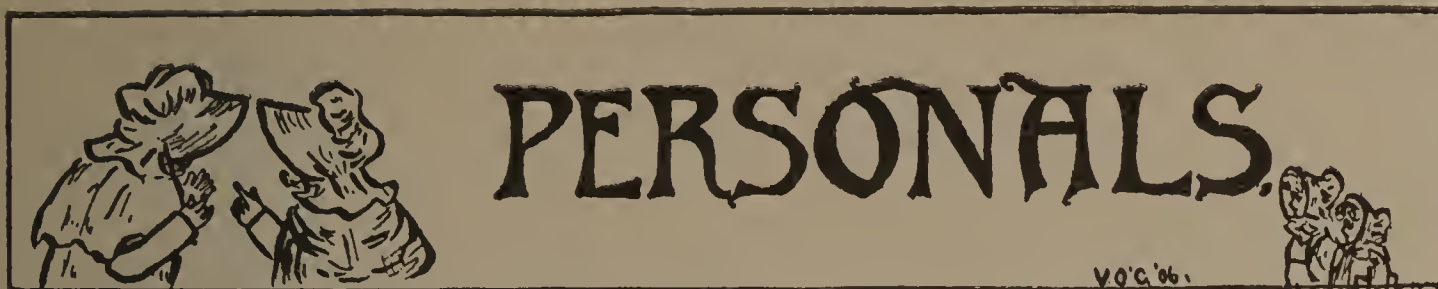
Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Lelia A. Walker '98, a graduate of Lasell seminary, Auburndale, and Mr. Fred A. Saunders of Hartford, Conn. The marriage will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Walker, on Walnut street, April 12, 1904.

Mrs. C. H. Deans of West Medway, mother of one of our former teachers, Miss Gertrude Deans, died at her home in West Medway, March 22, 1904.

Miss Esther Leary of West Upton was a recent visitor at school, the guest of Miss M. Lillian Ryan '06.

Miss Mary O. Sumner '82 was one of the entertainers at a prominent reception given by one of Boston's best clubs recently. Her dialect stories were well received.

Miss Deborah Clancy '01 is entertaining her friend, Miss Agnes Fay of Grafton.



MISS Tessie Moore ex-'03, who has been employed as a stenographer by a Boston firm, is now filling the same position at the court house in Boston.

Miss Susie Ranahan '02 is now teaching at the Washington school, a practice school connected with Framingham normal school.

The engagement of Mr. Roy Hixon '00 and Miss Elizabeth Swasey '00 was announced by Mrs. E. D. Swasey at an afternoon tea at her home on Jefferson street recently.

Miss Ray Dwyer '05 entertained a number of friends at her home, 332 Main street, March 17. An evening of pleasure was passed with games, music and refreshments

Miss Louise Cozzens '06 has left school, her family having removed to Dedham.

Miss Gertrude Mann '03 spent her March vacation in New York.

Mr. Fredrick Turner '05 was married in Holliston Monday, March 21, to Miss Margaret Kingsbury. Mr. Turner's parents will soon remove to Mexico.

The Misses Gertrude Brown and Eva Phipps '01 recently held a dance in Elks Hall, which was in the form of an invitation party and was a great success.

We heartily extend our congratulations to Miss Hester Whitney '05 and Mr. James Luby '04 for their success in winning the gold medals at our medal contest, which was held in the assembly hall, March 18.

Miss Vera O'Connor '06 has been confined to her home on Jefferson street by illness.

Principal John C. Hull entertained a small party of high school students at his home on Gibbon avenue, Saturday evening, March 19, to meet Miss Roberts of Bradford academy who was his guest. Games were indulged in, refreshments served, and a very pleasant evening enjoyed.

Mr. William A. Clarke of Middleboro is now installed in our commercial department, in place of Miss Marion L. Jackson, who resigned

Miss Mabel Quirk '05 severely sprained her arm by a fall on the ice, Friday evening, March 18, while returning from the contest.

Miss May Doyle ex-'05 spent Saturday and Sunday in Boston recently.

The Misses Bertha P. and Beatrice A. Dunton of Worcester were recent guests of Miss Isadore M. Burbank '06. They were visitors at school one day.

Mrs. Orlo J. Fiske '96 of Temple, N. H., is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Taft, Prospect street.

EXCHANGES.

IF you wish to read something of a high order, just look through the Normal Advance, February number. The several articles it contains are certainly commendable.

The criticisms in the exchange column in The Herald, Holyoke, Mass., are very good.

"A Peculiar Valentine," in the Hopkinton High School Breeze, is a bright and interesting story.

"The Phantom Train," in The Beacon, Chelsea, Mass., is an excellent ghost story. The exchange column of this paper is one of the best we have seen.

We are pleased to see the Arms Student on our exchange table. The many short stories and sketches are worthy of mention.

We welcome the following new exchanges: The Wa-Wa, Port Townsend, Wash.; The Spectrum, Chester, Pa.; The Dodger, Dodgeville, Wis.; The Quill, Sanford, Me. We hope to see them again, as they are all well-written papers.

In the Greylock Echo, we notice that the students of the Adams high school can boast of an average attendance of 99 per cent, a fact which they have reason to be proud of.

The Echoes, from Council Bluffs, Iowa, came to us in a rather dilapidated condition; but we are glad to say that the reading matter did not correspond to the outside appearance.

The February number of the Gates Index has an excellent editorial column. The poem entitled, "The Woes of a Senior," is an interesting and humorous jingle.

"A Leap Year Tale," in The Raquet is a witty sketch. We find the paper excellent throughout.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Red and Black, Reading, Pa.; The Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.; The Watch City Bulletin, Waltham, Mass.; The Raquet, Portland, Me.; The Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.; Ægis, Houston, Texas; The Egypti, Cairo, Ill.; College Signal, Amherst, Mass.; Climax, Beloit, Wis.; The Criterion, Macomb, Ill.; Capitoline, Springfield, Ill.; The Scribbler, Morrisville, Vt.; Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.; The Hedding Graphic, Abingdon, Ill.; The High School Beacon, Chelsea, Mass.; The Philomath, Framingham, Mass.; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.; School Bell Echoes, Merrill, Wis.; The Student, Columbus, Kan.; The Observer, Central Falls, R. I.; The Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.; The Argus, Shelton, Conn.



"Your paper 'pears to me quite damp,"
Spoke out the pupil true.

"Not strange," the manager replied,
"'Tis because there's so much dew (due).

--Exchange.

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F. H. KNOWLTON, PRINCIPAL.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XX.

MILFORD, MASS., MAY, 1904.

No. 8.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF THE MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, Mary F. Ranahan, 1904. BUSINESS EDITOR, Charles A. Moriarty, 1904.
SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, Benjamin J. Clancy, 1906.

EXCHANGE EDITOR, Evelena Jackman, 1906. ATHLETIC EDITOR, Willard F. Swan, 1904.

LOCAL EDITOR, Annie M. Tracey, 1905. PERSONAL EDITOR, Hannah E. Callanan, 1905.
ASSISTANT, Alfred B. Cenedella, 1907.

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WHO says there is a lack of school spirit among the pupils of the Milford high school? No one who was present at a recent enthusiastic athletic meeting could retain such an impression. The purpose of the meeting was to obtain money to purchase new equipments for the baseball players. The need of having new suits has long been felt, as it is impossible for a team to make a good appearance in suits of divers materials and stages of wear. The need of money to replenish the treasury was explained to the pupils, and a subscription was taken up. An almost unanimous response was received, and the proceeds were sufficient to pay for an entire set of new suits for the ball team. We will all be satisfied if the boys will endeavor to repay our interest by diligent practice, and close attention to the games.



This is only one evidence of school spirit. This interest is manifested not only in money matters, but also in the attendance at the games. At the Worcester-Milford game the scholars were well represented, and encouraged the players by their cheers. If we take the trouble to attend the games we can see remarkably good work in the different positions, as any who attended the Worcester game will testify. Though the home team was defeated, it was not a bad defeat, and taking into consideration the fact that the opposing school has about four times as many pupils from which to pick their material, it may be considered in the light of a victory. Winning or losing, the

team should be supported by their schoolmates and cheered on to victory or consoled and encouraged in defeat.



We notice in one of our exchanges that, instead of having the editor solicit material for their paper, they have a box in which all material for the paper is deposited. There is no coaxing or teasing for stories at this place; all the material is composed of voluntary contributions, and with this method they express complete satisfaction. We cannot help wondering whether such a system could be made a success in our school. At present we have no little difficulty in inducing the pupils to write for the paper, and at times, even after extracting a promise of an essay, the composition fails to be forthcoming. We think that there must be more enthusiasm in that school than exists in ours. We hope that more interest will be displayed in the future in regard to the matter of being more willing to give some time to writing for the paper.



We were very sorry that the committee did not see fit to give us permission to hold a dance last month. It can hardly be argued that pleasure has been allowed to interfere with our school work this year, as we have had almost no recreation in the way of class entertainments. We should like to have a few class affairs before the year ends, as we will probably have no opportunity to be all together after graduation.



We would urge the editors of the different departments to be more careful of their spelling. In looking over the manuscript we notice many errors, all the result of carelessness. Indeed in a single sheet of one department we found so many errors as to be obliged to have it re-copied. If everyone would look over his paper before passing it to the editor-in-chief and correct the mistakes, the editor would be saved a great amount of labor and would be correspondingly grateful.



The school is now practising songs for the graduation exercises. The efforts in this line have so far been very successful, and our music instructor, Miss O'Connor, is much pleased with our progress in the songs.



In looking over the subscription editor's list we are surprised to notice how few have paid their subscriptions. Now in order to run a paper we must have money. We have bills to meet, and unless our subscribers pay what they owe us we cannot defray our expenses. You know how to kill a school paper: refuse to support it by literary contributions and money, and soon there will be no funds and consequently no paper. But we are sure that you do not want to kill the paper but are simply negligent and forget your obligations. Please pay your subscriptions now, and do not wait till the last moment, thus giving the subscription editor unnecessary trouble.

THE GHOST OF BRADSHAW LODGE.

BRADSHAW Lodge was, in the good old days, one of the best houses for miles around, but as the fortunes of the family dwindled away, misused by dissipated sons, all there was left of it now to Goody Bradshaw was the mansion and an income of a hundred pounds a year.

The house was almost as large as the tavern, and could entertain man and beast in grand style. Goody was sorry she could no longer afford to lodge many guests. She was rather lonely in the old house with only the servants. As she pondered over these things, she suddenly thought to herself, "Why could n't I take lodgers?" No sooner said than done. The next day an advertisement appeared in the local papers, of "Boarders wanted, etc." Accordingly she made her preparations.

The first person who answered the advertisement was a pleasant faced old man who was in ill health, evidently, and very rich also. After asking about the terms, he said he would stay. The next person to come was a young lady, very fastidious in her tastes, and she would not stay. She was too "high-toned," said Goody, talking about it afterwards.

A young author next appeared, accepted terms, and made himself at home. That was the end of the list. "Not very good luck, to be sure," said the old lady.

The author, Mark Holmes, though he had come out in the country on a vacation, did not cease to write stories. One day a letter came from an "out-of-town" paper, that the editors wished him to write them one of his best stories. Mr. Holmes said that he would, so he locked himself in his rooms and had his meals brought up.

Not many evenings after, one of the servants was startled by seeing something in white come around the corner of the house and disappear over a hillock, after crossing the lawn.

Making all haste to get into the house, she woke up her mistress and told her story. Of course she would not believe her. But the next evening, another servant, the hostler, saw the spectre.

So the next evening the whole household, including the author, sat on the porch all the evening, waiting for the ghost. But it did not appear. The whole story was "pooh-hoohed" by the neighbors.

It went on in this way for a week or so, and soon nearly every one in the vicinity of Bradshaw Manor had seen the ghost except the author. And the curious part of it was that when the author got up to waylay the spectre, it never appeared. The servants were in a fever of excitement, and some of them left. "I aint a-going to live in a spooky house," the cook said when she gave her notice. The old gentleman also left, for it was becoming too much for his shattered nerves to bear.

Goody was in despair. She had seen the "thing" herself, but could not tell what it was. None dared to go near it.

As a last resource, a detective was called. He cautioned them all to go to bed. They did, and with his revolver he sat on the porch to await events.

As the clock struck one, he saw a white figure steal along the lawn, and following it noiselessly, he came near and saw it was the young author walk-

ing in his sleep. He brought him back to the house and woke the mistress. The detective told his story, and while he did Mark swooned. Calling a doctor he was found to be ill with pneumonia.

Then the story all came out. The long week of story-writing without fresh air or exercise had worked on the author's nerves, and made him a somnambulist. He was taking the part of the hero in his story every night, for he wrote about "The ghostly visitor."

ROSE ARSENAULT, '07.



A COOK'S TROUBLES.

IT was a very warm day in summer. Abbie sat at the table in the kitchen of Mr. Russell's house. Although dressed for this kind of a day, she still was warm, for almost everybody knows how high the temperature is in the kitchen, especially in summer.

She seemed very much interested in something. What could it be? It was the cook-book. She was reading a new recipe for making cookies. "I think I will try them," she thought to herself, "but what will Mrs. Russell say if they are not good. I know she will scold." This passed over and over in Abbie's mind, until finally she decided to make them. Everything was prepared, and she started her work, saying she would do her best to make these cookies the nicest she ever made.

Just then her store man came, and she was obliged to leave them; and, after she had given her order, she again started at her work, soon to be interrupted by a peddler.

"Would you like to buy some fruit, madam?"

"No, not today, I ——"

"But I have some fine oranges," he interrupted. "I will give you sixteen for a quarter; see how large they are."

"I don't want any today."

"Well, buy some bananas then."

"No, I say," and poor Abbie, thinking of her cookies, shut the door, and the man departed, a little angry, I think.

This was her second interruption, but not the last.

Now the cookies are made, and have only to be baked. After she had put them in the oven, she sat down for a moment. Suddenly she heard a bell, but not minding it, did not go to see if anyone was at the door. Again it rang, and this time Abbie arrived at the door in time to see a man with a large picture case, looking in. She opened the door, and told him she did not wish any pictures then. But this man insisted on showing them to her, and at last she let him in and looked at his treasures. The time went quickly. Thinking of her cookies, Abbie told the man she did not need any pictures, and started for the kitchen. The man also departed.

Poor Abbie was too late; her cookies were burned. What was she going to do? She put them on a plate in the pantry, but she did not forget them, I assure you. She even thought of them in bed, that night.

Next morning she went to get them, but they were gone. Who could have taken them?

During the night Rover became very hungry and ate some of the cookies, but left those which were burned very much. So Abbie's cookies were eaten, even though they were burned a little.

M. C. KELLY, '06.



THE SLAVER.

IT was a sunny day in June when the slaver *Good Hope*, under command of Captain Leach, set sail from Richmond for Guinea, Africa, for the purpose of capturing negroes for the southern slave trade.

At eight o'clock in the morning the ship weighed anchor and swiftly sailed down the James river. The slaver was of stout build, painted black, and was a very swift sailor; she carried a crew of seventy-five men, together with a few Southern gentlemen, who had come to watch the "fun." Fifteen days after the day of sailing, the *Good Hope* dropped anchor in a small inlet in Guinea, at about twilight. The captain gave orders that all hands should lay quiet until darkness set in, when he would give the necessary commands. Two hours passed before the captain gave directions to man the boats.

"Jones," he said, "just as soon as we reach the clearing you set fire to the cabins; and you, Roberts, see that no one puts out the fire."

Slowly the boats were lowered to the water, and after the men had again received their instructions, the boats, with oars muffled, were quickly rowed to shore.

Leaving two men to take care of the boats, the party penetrated into the interior, and after an hour's walk, they came to a small village. Having been assigned their proper places beforehand, they took them quietly and quickly.

At the given signal, Jones and Roberts set fire to the cabins, while the rest of the party gathered together in the centre of the clearing, but no natives appeared.

Suddenly, there was a terrific whoop and a band of about three hundred negro warriors fell upon the little group of fifty white men, who, trained for surprises such as this, quickly fell into line and formed a hollow square; but there could be but one end to this struggle, and that came within an hour. The whites withstood the first two assaults of the negroes, but upon the third, the square was broken up and the slaughter began. Not one man escaped. The negroes, after they had finished fighting with the landing party, took their war canoes and attacked the *Good Hope*. After sharp fighting they took and set fire to it. All they had not killed on board ship, they made prisoners of, and, together with the two they had caught at the boats, they took to the village, where they were burned.

For a long time people asked what had become of the *Good Hope* and her crew; years after, when an explorer visited Guinea, he heard the story from the lips of an aged negro on his death bed.

JAMES M. MCCARTHY, '06.



Mother—"Johnny, how is it you stand so much lower in your studies in January than you did in December?"

Son—"Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays, you know, mother."

—Exchange.

LOCALS.

OUR representatives at the prize speaking contest at Holliston, Miss Whitney and Mr. Luby, are to be congratulated on winning the second prizes.

Hurrah for our baseball team! Let us hope they will win the banner again.

Perhaps a certain three young ladies who frequent the library would like another lecture written in short hand.

First pupil—"I do n't like Cæsar."

Second pupil—"Why?"

First pupil—"Because he has too much Gaul."

Such loyalty as this is rarely met with. A junior young gentleman told a certain teacher he would agree to anything she would say, and believe anything she would tell him!

Teacher A. English—"Your quotation, Mr. B."

Mr. B.—"I have forgotten it."

One of our senior young gentlemen is seen on South Main street quite frequently.

Eng. History—"Anne was 'nt really a Stuart king."

"Perhaps not, but she was really a Stuart queen.

A number of the sophomores have n't enough lessons. They have too much spare time.

B. Eng. Teacher (giving example of sentences)—"After doing such and such a thing, I went down town and purchased a spool of thread."

Voice (from back of room)—"Did you get trading stamps?"

Extract from B. History—"They intended to seize the king at a house which he traveled over."

Mr. Hull has announced to the senior class that the honors of the class of 1904 have been conferred on Miss May Ranahan, valedictorian, and Mr. Edward Hansbury, salutatorian.

B. History—King Charles flew to France. Too bad he could n't fly farther.

Teacher (Commercial D)—Miss R-c-k-o-o-d. "What battle was fought in Mexico?"

Miss R-c k-o-o-d—"The Spanish-American war."

B. English. (Illustrating use of shall and will)—"In the sentence, Mary and he will or shall? What would be the case if Mary and he went together?"

Some dresses would be fitting, proper and appropriate.



When is a library not a library?

When it is a spoon-holder.—Ex.

Teacher—"How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?"

Boy—"Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace it perspires freely."—[Ex.



THE following is Manager Hansbury's schedule for April and May:—

- April 13, Holliston High at Milford.
 16, Dean 2d at Milford.
 19, Holliston High at Holliston.
 19, Milford Y. M. C. A. at Milford
 23, Worcester Classical High at Milford.
 27, North Attleboro High at North Attleboro.
 30, Sacred Heart Academy at Milford.
- May 4, South Framingham Business College at South Framingham.
 7, Northbridge High at Northbridge.
 11, Open.
 14, Worcester Classical High at Worcester.
 18, Open.
 21, Open.
 25, Open.
 28, Open.
 30, Marlboro High at Milford.

A practice game will be played with Holliston every Monday, alternating between Milford and Holliston.

Wednesday, April 13, the nine representing this school played its "first game of the season" against Holliston High upon the Driving Park diamond. The game was in the nature of a practice game for Milford, sixteen men being tried out in the various positions. Milford commenced the game with heavy hitting, piling up eleven runs in the first two innings against none for Holliston. In the third each side went out without scoring, while in the fourth one was added to the score of both sides. Holliston scored two and one in the fifth and sixth respectively, Milford meanwhile scoring nothing. The seventh and eighth were a repetition of the third and fourth, and Holliston failed to score in the first half of the ninth. The game was played in a raw, cold wind, certainly not an aid to accurate work.

Batteries: Milford, Gilmore and Cooke; Holliston, Fair and Nichols. Umpire, S. P. Hickey.

The score .—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Totals.
M. H. S.—	3	8	0	1	0	0	0	1		—13
H. H. S.—	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	1	0	— 5

The game for April 16 was canceled. This action was caused by continued flurries of snow in the morning.

Patriots' Day morning the team journeyed to Holliston and defeated the high school nine of that town by a score that depends upon one's point of view, a heated debate over the score arising during the game. The two teams were tied at the end of the ninth, but in the eleventh Milford batted out the winning runs. In the afternoon the local Y. M. C. A. also became victims of its skill by a score of 6 to 5. By good work in all the positions, but three runs were scored up to the eighth inning, one for the Y's in the third, and one for M. H. S. in the fourth and seventh innings. But in the eighth Milford was apparently defeated, for, by bunching hits, Milford's opponent brought in four runs and also shut out Milford. Milford's players were undismayed, however, for in the next inning they repeated the Ys' trick at their expense and won the game.

Batteries: M. H. S., Moriarty and Cooke; Y. M. C. A., Ettinger and Hixon. Umpire, S. P. Hickey.

The score :—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Milford High School—	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	4	—6
Y. M. C. A.	—0	0	1	0	0	0	0	4	0	—5

On Saturday, April 23, a crowd of 200 loyal Milfords saw its team go down to defeat by Worcester Classical High. Most of Milford's players seemed to have an attack of stage fright or something worse. This deprived Moriarty of the support which his nine strikeouts merited, and let in several runs. Both sides hit the ball in good style and at the end of the eighth the score stood 12 to 12. Worcester added two to her score in the final inning, and shut out Milford, thus winning the game. Besides his good work in pitching, Moriarty was Milford's heavy hitter, with a total of four. Phillips came next with three, and held down first base in good style.

Batteries: W. C. H. S., Cosgrove and Flynn; M. H. S., Moriarty and Cooke. Umpire, Sime Hickey.

The score by innings :—

W. C. H. S.—	1	3	0	3	1	0	3	1	2	—14
M. H. S.	—1	2	2	1	2	0	2	2	0	—12



LATIN.

They are all dead that wrote it ;
They are all dead that spoke it ;
They all must die that learn it ;
O happy death ! they earn it.

—Exchange.

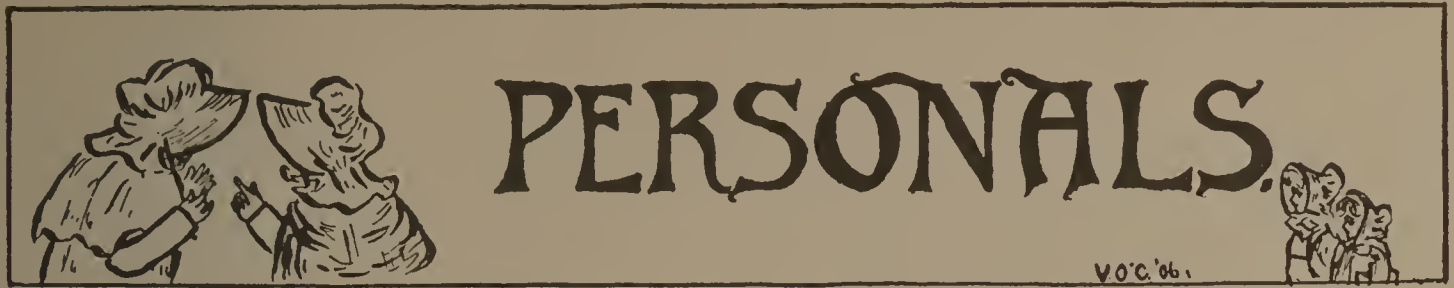


His Papa—"Bobby, I merely punished you to show my love for you."
Bobby—"If I was only bigger, Pa, I would return your love."—[Ex.



Jones—"I am a neighbor of yours now; I have taken a house by the river."
Mrs. Golightly—"O, I hope you'll drop in sometime."

—Exchange.



MRS. Louis F. Aldrich and Miss Ethel H. Aldrich '01 visited school April 25.

Mr. Ralph Woodward '01 of Worcester "Tech" recently spent a vacation at his parental home here.

Miss Mabel G. Quirk '05 entertained a friend from Boston University Sunday, April 24.

Miss Maude E. Snare '00 of Maine is visiting her mother and sister on Pine street.

Mr. Percy L. Walker '03 of Worcester Academy recently spent a few days with his parents, Walnut street.

The marriage of Miss Lelia Walker '98 and Mr. F. C. Saunders of Hartford, Conn., took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walker, Walnut street, April 12, and was a brilliant affair. The couple will reside in Hartford, Conn.

Miss Sadie Marcus '06 recently spent four weeks in New York. She was accompanied by her mother.

Miss Lura Berrêtt of Springfield visited school April 20 as the guest of Miss Eunice Hussey '05.

Miss Potter, a high school teacher of Woonsocket, was a recent visitor to the M. H. S.

Miss Irene A. Sweet '06 very pleasantly entertained a number of friends at her home on Main street the evening of March 31, in honor of her guest, Miss Pease.

Miss Marion Ryan '07 spent her Easter vacation in New York.

Miss Helen Gilmore '01 of Baypath Institute, Springfield, recently spent a week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Gilmore, West street.

Miss Ethel H. Aldrich '01 of Lynn was a visitor for a few days at her parental home on Claffin Hill.

Messrs. Sumner Reynolds ex-'01 and Elmer Thomas '03 held a dance April 23, 1904.

Miss Frances Gorman '02 of Framingham normal school has recovered from her recent illness and returned to school.

We deeply sympathize with Miss Bertha Carr '06 in the loss of her mother, whose death occurred at her home on Chestnut street, April 20.

Mr. Stuart C. Godfrey ex-'03 is taking the examinations at Annapolis.

EXCHANGES.

THE most noticeable feature of our exchanges this month is the abundance of excellent cuts. The following papers contain exceptionally good ones: The Index, Red and Black, Hermes, Capitoline, College Signal, Roaring Branch, and Reveille.

The March number of The Comet is not as interesting as usual.

We consider the Normal Advance one of our best exchanges. The March issue is exceedingly attractive throughout.

The ladies' edition of The Hedding Graphic is especially praiseworthy, the reading matter being interesting, and the two cuts adding greatly to the appearance of the paper.

The School Bell Echoes contains three very pretty cuts, which illustrate an interesting article entitled "The haven of rest."

We are pleased to welcome the Purple and Gold, from Ukiah, Cal. It is a bright school paper. The Red and White, also from California, has a good literary department.

The Phoenix, Montpelier Seminary, contains a very novel exchange column in its March issue.

Another good exchange column appears in the Student from Columbus, Kan. It is the best feature of the paper.

The Easter number of the Herald, Holyoke, Mass., is a fine story number. The stories entitled "A Southern episode" and "Likes and dislikes," are worthy of note.

At last we have received the long-looked-for Owl, from Fresno, Cal., and can safely say that it is complete in every way, full of clever stories, and shows much school spirit. Do not fail to call again, Owl.

The Register, from the Boston Latin school, is a model in arrangement and neatness.

Acknowledgements:—The Squib, Golden, Colo.; Ægis, Houston, Tex.; The Chronicle, Norwood, Mass.; Gates Index, Neligh, Neb.; The Center, Yates Center, Kan.; The Climax, Beloit, Wis.; The Corona, Bridgton, Me.; The Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.; The Cauldron, Warren, O.; The Observer, Central Falls, R. I.; The Flickertail, Lisbon, N. D.; Herald, Westfield, Mass.; The Tooter, South Omaha, Neb.; The Egypti, Cairo, Ill.; The Breccia, Portland, Me.; The Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.; The Watch City Bulletin, Waltham, Mass.; High School Sentiment, Parsons, Kan.; The Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; The Leavitt Angelus, Turner Centre, Me.; The High School Breeze, Hopkinton, Mass.; The Arms Student, Shelburne Falls, Mass.; Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.; Students' Arena, Cobleskill, N. Y.; The Salute, Portland, Ore.; The Criterion, Macomb, Ill.; The Student, Swanton, Vt.; Spectrum, Chester, Pa.; The Distaff, Boston, Mass.; Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.; The Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.; The Mesalonskee Ripple, Oakland, Me.; Raquet, Portland, Me.; Graylock Echo, Adams, Mass.

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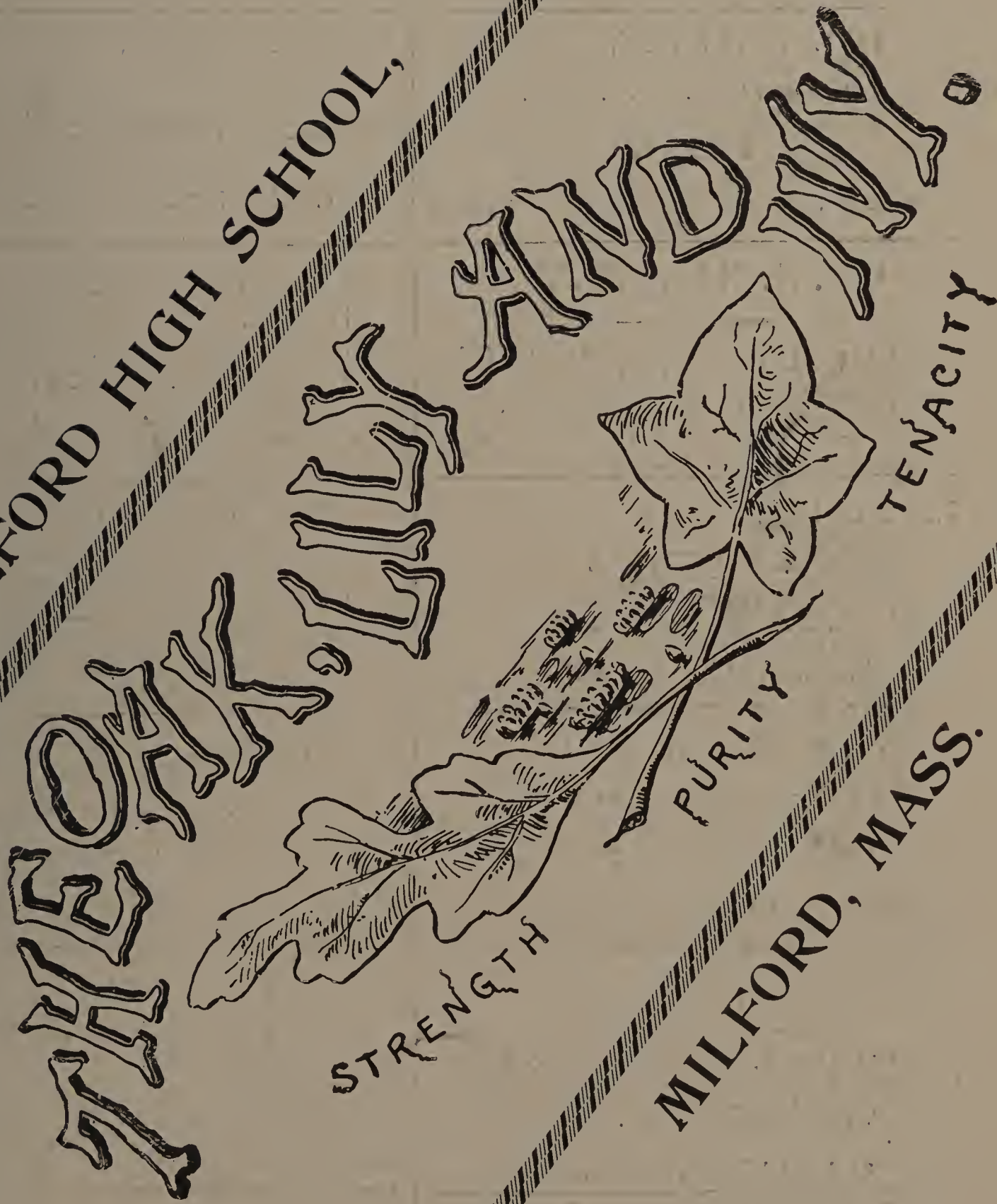
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MILFORD TOWN HALL.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XX.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1904.

No. 9.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF THE MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

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EXCHANGE EDITOR, Evelena Jackman, 1906. ATHLETIC EDITOR, Willard F. Swan, 1904.
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IN looking over the different exchanges we notice an almost universal complaint as regards the lack of interest in the paper shown towards the last of the year. This is certainly deplorable, for naturally the editorial board desires to have the last issues better than the previous ones, and considering that the present editors are about to sever their connection with the paper they desire to leave as good an impression as possible. We cannot say that we have been overwhelmed with contributions for the paper at any time; as a matter of fact, we have been obliged to solicit material during all the year, and we remember receiving only two voluntary contributions, and those from the lower classes. This does not speak well for the upper classes, when the freshmen realize their duty more quickly than they. So, fellow-editors, don't feel that your own particular case is the worst in the world, for we regret to say that you have companions in misery.



The new plan of having the program for the graduation exercises composed of numbers by the graduates, instead of the customary speaker, is making much extra labor for the senior class. The essays require much time in preparation, then they must be learned and rehearsed, and this takes much time which otherwise might be devoted to study for preparatory examinations for the higher schools. But the plan seems to give general satisfaction to the parents and townspeople in general, so we should be willing to make

some little sacrifices for them, in consideration of the untiring zeal they have shown for our welfare.



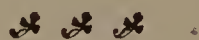
Again we find it necessary to call the attention of the pupils to the matter of paying their subscriptions. Please do not wait until the last day, and thus give the subscription editor unnecessary trouble. Our bills are coming due, and we desire to leave no unpaid bills as a legacy to our successors, but unless you do your part we cannot carry out our good intentions. We desire to leave a clear record as a good example for our successors to follow.



Notwithstanding the fact that attention has been called to the needlessly careless condition in which the exchanges are left, the same condition still prevails. At first we were disposed to regard this as the result of mere thoughtlessness, but now we think that the matter has passed that stage, and we are forced to look at it as caused by indifference. We are sorry to be obliged to say this, but after repeatedly desiring that the pupils should be careful to return things to their proper places, and meeting with no response, we must regard it in this disagreeable light.



We are pleased to notice that there is still an unflagging interest in the baseball games. Enthusiasm did not wane even after three successive defeats. Every one seemed to be hoping for better things and their hopes were realized in the last two successful games. Keep up the good work, boys.



Although our school library is not so extensive as we could wish, we are in hopes that desirable volumes may be added from time to time until we have a finely equipped reference library. We have found these reference books very helpful during the year, and we have also enjoyed the use of many books from the town library treating of English and mediæval history. These books have been especially beneficial to the sophomore class, and we are sure they fully appreciate the kindness of the librarian in permitting them to remain in the school.



But four weeks more of school, pupils, and seniors, the last four delightful weeks we shall spend in this dear school. Try to have them weeks of pleasure and profit judiciously combined.



"Remember, children," said the school teacher to her charges, "that Bobby Smith has no father now, and you must treat him very kindly. How would you feel if you had no father?" And immediately a youngster, whose father had beaten him that morning for doing wrong, said: "Well, I guess I'd feel better 'n I do now."—[Exchange.]

SUCCESS IN LIFE AND BUSINESS.

THE path of success in business is generally the path of common sense. Notwithstanding all that is said about lucky hits, the best kind of success in every man's life is not that which is brought about by accident. The only good time coming we are justified in hoping for is that which we are capable of making for ourselves.

It is not good for human nature to have the road of life made too easy. In some cases success is achieved by great talent ; in others, by a miracle ; but in the majority, by making a small start and gradually working upwards. Those who fail in life are very apt to assume the tone of injured innocence, and conclude too hastily that everybody excepting themselves has had a hand in their personal misfortunes. It will be generally found that men who are always complaining of their ill luck are only reaping the harvest of their own neglect and mismanagement.

It is the attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality, and dispatch that make the principal qualities required for the carrying on and conduct of business of any sort. It is the result of every-day experience, that steady attention to matters almost of minor importance, that brings about human progress.

One of the minor uses of steady employment is, that it keeps one out of mischief. This may be observed at sea, for when the sailors are unemployed they are always disposed to grumble and mutter.

An economical use of time is the true mode of securing leisure. It helps us to get through business and carry it forward, and not be obliged to be driven by it. Sometimes we miscalculate time and it causes us perpetual hurry, confusion, and difficulties, oftentimes ending in disaster.

A proper consideration of the value of time will inspire habits of punctuality. Nothing brings about confidence in a man sooner than the practice of this virtue, and nothing shakes confidence sooner than the want of it.

He who holds to his appointment and does not keep you waiting for him shows that he has regard for your time as well as for his own. The person who is careless about time will be careless about business. The man who is not punctual is a general disturber of other people's peace. He always arrives at his appointment after the hour; gets to the railway station after the train has left, and posts his letter when the mails are closed. It will be found generally that men who are thus behind time are also behind success, and that they become grumblers and railers against fortune.

Integrity in word and deed ought to be the very corner-stone of all business transactions. To the merchant and manufacturer it should be what courage is to the soldier, and charity to the man of fortune.

The truth of the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," is upheld by the daily experience of our life. The true mechanic will pride himself upon the quality of his work; the high-minded contractor upon the faithful performance of his contract in every particular; the upright manufacturer, upon the genuineness of the article he produces; and the good merchant upon the fair value of what he sells. All these will find that their success is promoted by their probity and just dealing.

It must be admitted that trade tries character perhaps more severely

than any other pursuit of life. Money got by cheating, swindling, and other wrong ways may dazzle the one who tries these methods for a time, but it is not to be compared to a free conscience.

There may be success in life, without success in business. A merchant who failed, but afterwards recovered his fortune, and then spent it all in paying his creditors, thus leaving himself a poor man, had a glorious success; while another who failed, paid his creditors ten cents on the dollar, and who afterwards had a fine home, was looked upon as an unsuccessful man. True success in life is success in building up a pure, honest, energetic character; in so shaping our habits, our thoughts, and our aspirations as to best qualify us for that higher life on which we shall enter after the death of the visible body.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.



A VISIT TO AN AQUARIUM.

THIS is a fish story. I do not mean this in the common acceptance of the term, but a story about fish. Once, while I was in New York, a friend mentioned the Aquarium as an interesting place to visit, but I hesitated because I detest the smell of fish. However, I consented to try it, and was pleased to find that there was no odor of fish whatever.

The building now used as an Aquarium was originally a fort that was built by the United States government, and was situated out some distance on the water and connected with the land by means of a drawbridge. In the course of time, the shore line was carried out so as to bring the fort within the boundaries of Battery Park, where it stands today. The United States government ceded it to the city of New York, and it was used for many different purposes. Then the city leased it to private persons, and they turned it into a place of amusement. A summer garden, a theatre, a concert hall, an arena for equestrian performances, and a place for the reception of distinguished visitors are some of the many uses to which it was put. Lafayette, Presidents Jackson and Tyler, and Louis Koosuth were some of the many distinguished people received here.

Then the building was used as a landing for immigrants, and then, lastly, as an Aquarium.

The Aquarium contains seven large tanks which are on the floor, and ninety wall tanks. The pools on the floor are all supplied with salt water. The wall tanks on the north side of the building are for fresh water fishes; those on the south side, for salt water fishes. The pools and wall tanks are circulating; that is, the water is kept fresh by circulation. There is in each a constant inflow of water, the surplus being carried off by an overflow pipe. The salt water used at the Aquarium is taken from wells sunk under the building. The made ground through which it is drawn serves as a great natural filter, and it is pumped without the need of further filtering directly into the supply tanks, whence it is pumped into the other tanks. The fresh water is taken from the city's water supply, and is filtered before using.

In the center is the great central tank, surrounded by light green Doric pillars. What a time Isaak Walton would have had if he could have been

there with his fish line! However, there are signs up which forbid persons to touch the fish or throw anything into the water. In this tank were a number of small fish not especially interesting in shape or color. The next tank was divided into two parts. In one were a large alligator and two baby ones. In the other was another large alligator. O were n't they ferocious looking! I would n't like to have one get hold of me. They were very interesting in spite of their ugliness, and there was a crowd around their tank all the time.

We waited awhile to see if one of them would move. After a time one of them turned around, but that was all. The other had his head out of the water. In this position he remained as immovable as a statue, excepting that his eyes would alternately open and shut.

In the next tank was a harbor seal. At one end of the pool was a small stone platform on which he was sleeping. To look at the clumsy animal with his short flippers one would scarcely believe that he could be made to understand and perform the things which they have been made to do. Once I saw an exhibition of trained seals given by their keeper, and they did almost everything except talk. One seal played a drum, another picked the strings of a mandolin (of course the tune was played by a man in the orchestra), another played the cymbals, while the largest of them all—there were eight of them—mounted an immense cannon ball and waved the American flag.

Next was a tank which was divided into three parts. In one division were a number of small turtles, and in each of the others was a large one. One of them, a green turtle, was of immense size, and I read afterwards that it weighed about seven hundred pounds, and I should judge that it was about five feet in length. I found myself wondering how many tortoise-shell combs I could have made from his back. As I surely could find a ready market for these, what an immense amount of money I would have! I would be willing to donate a good share of the proceeds towards the laying of a new concrete walk down the front of our school lawn in place of the board walk, which is no ornament in summer and is treacherous in the winter.—[Please don't start a subscription paper for that object just at present; the turtle has n't become mine yet.]

The other three tanks were filled with smaller fish.

After looking at these fish, we went around to the wall tanks. As I have mentioned before, there were about ninety of these, some in the balcony and some on the lower floor. In each of these were shells, stones, and seaweed, many being arranged to represent caves and grottos. I will not attempt to describe all the different fish, but will confine myself to those I consider the most interesting.

The green moray was a most peculiar fish. It was seven or eight feet long, and was a brilliant green color. The best way I can describe it is to say it looked like an eel that a steam roller had passed over. When I came to the tank both morays had crawled one to each side of the front of the tank. Their heads were out of sight, and their bodies hung down at the sides of the tank and they looked not unlike green draperies. I was wondering where the fish were when one of these "draperies" moved and began to swim around the tank.

In the next tank were what appeared to be several bunches of dried-up

brown seaweed. One could not imagine that he was looking at a living thing until something like the bottomless pit opened, which proved to be the mouth of a fish. To me it was a very ugly looking fish. This peculiar looking specimen was called a sea raven.

Around one tank a large number of persons were gathered. At the top it read "Sea-horse," and pretty soon a little creature came out from a large bunch of seaweed. Were it not for its tail I should not have thought of classing it as a fish. It was about six inches long, and its head and arched neck resembled that of a horse. It was very slender and reminded me of the pictures of Chinese dragons. The sea-horse swims with little darts and jumps, and is very graceful.

The queen trigger fish was one of the many odd ones. Its body was a light color with bluish tints and it had brilliant green eyes. Running at equal distances on either side of the mouth were two sets of curved lines, one above the other, which had the appearance of two blue mustaches.

After inspecting these and many others we went to the balcony, which was reached by one flight of stairs. On the balcony we had a splendid view of the downstairs. Here were simply wall tanks.

There were some very pretty fish, all of which seemed to be very well named, such as the butterfly, angel, and sun fish. The butterfly fish were a handsome yellow, and when the light shone on them, presented a very pretty appearance.

The moon fish was very well named. It was an extremely flat fish, so flat that when it turned it looked like a sheet of thick paper. It was exactly the color of a silvery moon.

In one of the tanks were a number of immense oysters, the largest I have seen. I think they must have been of the kind used in making the proverbial church stew.

Near these was a tank in which there was a number of crabs, and it was amusing to watch them. While I was standing there, one of the crabs had got into a corner and was preparing to go to sleep. Then another came along—all legs and feelers—and striking out blindly hit the crab in the corner. Then a regular battle ensued. I came away before it ended, but I don't think any blood was shed or any bones broken. There were a number of very tiny fish in the tank which were constantly swimming around. The crabs made frequent attempts to catch these tiny fish, but they evaded them successfully every time and the crabs always found that their claws held—nothing.

I thought the angel fish were the prettiest of them all. They were of many shades of blue and pink, with a silvery effect through all, which gave them a beautiful iridescent appearance. Their fins were the shape of a bird's wing, long and tapering—and were as gauzy as a butterfly's wing.

It was noticeable that a great many of the fish came from Bermuda, although they were brought from many parts of the United States. On the whole they made a fine collection, very interesting and instructive for any one to see.



MANAGER Hansbury announces the following schedule for June:—

- June 1 North Attleboro High at Milford.
- “ 4 South Framingham Business College at Milford.
- “ 8 Pending with Franklin at—
- “ 11 Sacred Heart Academy at Worcester.
- “ 15 Pending with Franklin at—
- “ 18 Northbridge High at Milford.

Games are also pending with Westboro High.

Worcester Classical High canceled its return game with Milford for May 14.

Rain was the cause of the postponement of the game of April 27 with North Attleboro High.

Since our last issue, Milford and Holliston high schools have met twice upon the diamond, Milford winning at home 13-1, and losing at Holliston 6-7.

May 21 a large audience assembled upon the Town Park for the game with Worcester South High School. It proved, however, to be a case of “the expected never comes.” A picked nine made up from spectators was easily defeated by our nine.

M. H. S.—6, DEAN 2ND—5.

The team certainly played the American game to perfection when it defeated the second nine of Dean Academy 6-5 in a hard-fought twelve inning game. Dean was aided by three of its first-team men, and by an outside pitcher. Milford started the scoring in the second inning and retained its lead up to the ninth, when the score was tied by a single run. In spite of strenuous efforts neither side was able to score in the tenth. Dean gained another run in the eleventh, but Brown and Curtin duplicated this by two two-base hits. Dean was again shut out in the first half of the twelfth, and, with one out, and in Milford’s half, Hansbury came home on a passed ball.

Williams and Phillips allowed the same number of hits. Phillips struck out ten men, and gave seven bases on balls, while Williams struck out seven. O’Connor gained the applause of the crowd by his neat stops and quick returns from left field. Curtin led both teams at the bat with a total of six.

The score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Milford High	0	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—6
Dean 2nd	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0—5

Hits—Milford 13-16. Dean 13-15. Two base hits—Roberts, Williams, Curtin 2, Brown. Errors—Milford 4, Dean 5. Double play—Dickinson, Lorado and Riley. Time of game—2 hours, 15 minutes. Umpire—William Roche.

On May 25, Milford high school's nine administered a crushing defeat to Hopkinton High, at the rate of 30 to 3. Sewell was put in the box for Hopkinton, and proved to be easy for Milford's batsmen. Twelve runs were scored in the first inning. He was replaced by Mullen, who pitched far better ball, but received almost no support. Milford's players stole bases with impunity, the total number being twenty-nine.

The score:—

M. H. S.	12	7	0	0	6	3	1	1	—30
H. H. S.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—3

Batteries, Holland and Cooke, Sewell, Mullen and Gamage. Hits—Milfords 16, Hopkinton 3. Errors—Milford 2, Hopkinton 15. Umpire—Roche.



LOCALS.

TEACHER—"What is the outline for 'yet'?"
Pupil—"You upside down."

One of our teachers said she knows what "fresh" means, even if she does not use the word.

A certain young junior lady must have forgotten her freshman days when she said that Evangeline and Gabriel were married, and lived happily ever afterwards.

Can any one give the physics class a definition for a "full stop"?

B Eng. Teacher—"What can you say of Goldsmith's personal appearance?"

Pupil—"I have never seen him."

Did you know that at one time tulips (two lips) were very rare?

Miss G-l-l-s is noted for her "villianity."

First pupil—"I don't know where the lesson begins"

Mr. D-n-l-s—"The last chapter in the 15th chapter." Slightly twisted, Fred.

Mr. K-r r would need to study the map of his country. Just think of it, he said New York is bounded by Kentucky.

There is always a place behind the horse for the groceries.

Do you understand this expression: "Among the young men was William Pitt 'the elder' "?

B History—"What is the island of Minorca famous for?"

Voice (from back of room)—"Sardines."

It's too bad some people have to take physics five times a week!

D English (reproducing Evangeline)—"Can't some of the girls illustrate by water painting."

Mr. C-t-i-n—"Yes'm, nearly all of them paint."

B Sten.—"What position is love."

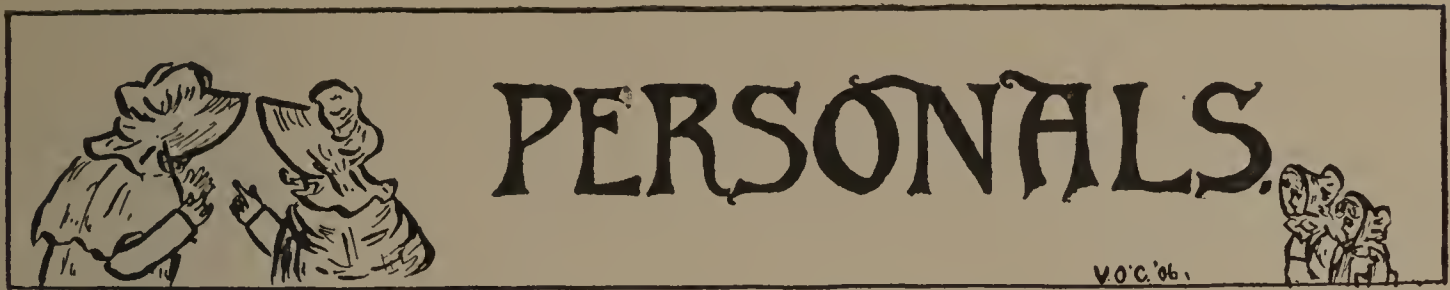
Miss G-l-l-s—"On the surface."

Teacher—"What did Moses bring from the fair?"

Pupil (sotto voce)—"A bag of peanuts."

Pretty soon the congregation began to swell!

Will some one kindly inform Miss O'C-n-n-r what an exercise (excise) is?



A QUIET home wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Walker May 23, the contracting parties being Miss Alice Mae Walker, once a member of the class of 1900, and Mr. Clarence Irving Knox of Hopedale. The couple took no bridal tour, but immediately went to their newly furnished home in Hopedale.

Miss Grace Olmstead of West Brookfield recently visited school as the guest of Miss Eunice Hussey '05.

Miss Helen Eames '51 died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Amelia C. Hawes, May 19. Miss Eames was a former well known teacher in the Milford schools and had a host of friends.

Friends read with delight the recent successes of Lawrence McGann, a former pupil of the Milford high school, as comptroller of the city of Chicago.

Mr. George Curtin '02, has succeeded Louis Lebbosire as clerk at A. B. Morse's pharmacy.

Mr. Attilio H. Cenedella '02 has been chosen as captain of the baseball team of the class of 1907 of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A picture of him was in the last issue of the college paper.

Miss Margaret Higgins of Westerly, R. I., who was a recent guest of her cousin, Miss Margaret Burke 1900, visited school May 23rd.

Miss Martha Edwards '07 has moved to Holliston, but still continues as a student at the M. H. S.

Miss Eva Cadman '02 is now employed as bookkeeper in the office of the Milford Shoe Company.

Mr. Sullivan C. Sumner, one of the members of the first class that entered the Milford high school—the class of '51—and one of the town's most influential citizens, died at his home May 18 after a rather long illness. By his death, the school loses one of its foremost representatives.

Miss Helen Gilmore '01, who has been pursuing an advanced course of study at Baypath Institute, Springfield, is now teaching commercial subjects in the high school of Littleton, N. H. Miss Gilmore out of so many students reflects great credit upon her abilities as a teacher.

Mr. Frank Curtin '01, who is studying at the Georgetown Medical College in Washington, is learning to be a motorman on the M. & W. street railway during vacation.

Miss Deborah Clancy '00 is working in Nugent & Roche's bakery.

EXCHANGES.

THE Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me., contains several excellent articles. One entitled "Stevenson as a moralist," shows considerable knowledge of the subject. "A blizzard in Northern Maine," in the same paper is also good.

The Criterion from Macomb, Ill., has a very brief exchange column, even the names of the places from which the papers are received being omitted.

One of our new papers, The Tooter, from South Omaha, Neb., displays a flashing cover, which is, however, artistically designed.

An attractive frontispiece adds much to the appearance of the Graylock Echo for May.

The reading matter in the Red and Black is of a high order, especially the articles entitled "Robert Burns" and "The vision of Sir Launfal." Read them.

Although the story, "How girls study," is humorous and interesting, something more *original* would have improved the Arms Student.

We thank The Index for the kind suggestion given us in its April number, and will endeavor to profit by it.

One paper, called The Dartmouth, has forgotten to print the name of the place from which it comes. Otherwise the paper is bright and interesting.

The Legenda from New London, Conn., is a very neat little paper containing a well written exchange column. Please call again, Legenda.

We cannot say that we admire the cover of the Chronicle for April. The design is very indistinct.

A pretty sketch decorates the cover of The Egypti from Cairo, Ill., for April.

"A trip through Chinatown," in The Watch City Bulletin, is interesting reading.

In Germany one man in every 23 goes to college; in Scotland, one in 520; in the United States, one in 2000; and in England, one in 5000.—[Exchange.]

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges: Academy Monthly; Ægis; Agnetian; Arms Student; Capitoline; Cauldron; Cherry and White; Chronicle; Classical High School Gazette; Climax; Comet; Criterion; The Dartmouth; Dean Megaphone; Egypti; Flickertail; Graylock Echo; High School Beacon; High School Breeze; High School Sentiment; Hedding Graphic; Hermes; Herald, Westfield, Mass.; Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; Index; Legenda; Lasell Leaves; Normal Advance; Observer; Owl; Purple and Gold; Red and Black; Reveille; School Bell Echoes; Students' Arena; Tooter; Watch City Bulletin.

"What experience have you had as a cook?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore of the applicant for the situation. "Twenty places in tree monts, mum," replied Bridget proudly.

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MILFORD, MASS., JUNE 23, 1904.

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SALUTATORY ORATION.

HOW SHOULD WE REGARD BENEDICT ARNOLD?

BY JOHN EDWARD HANSBURY.

IN behalf of the class of 1904 of the Milford high school, I wish to cordially welcome to these graduation exercises the chairman, the members of the school committee, our teachers and friends. It is gratifying to us to behold your interest in us. It is a night of no great moment to you, my friends, but to 20 persons it is the parting of the ways; it marks the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. The greatest praise and honor are due our teachers who have so faithfully striven to instruct us. I doubt not that many times they have become discouraged over the seeming indifference of the scholars, but spurred on by the knowledge that they were doing their duty, I trust they have triumphed over the many difficulties. Looking back over the past four years of my school life I find myself asking these questions: How much time have I wasted? How many times have I shirked my studies, which ought to have been learned cheerfully? If I had the four years to repeat, would I do better work? Probably every graduate has asked himself these same questions. Their answer is my answer.

Benedict Arnold! What indescribable feelings arise in our minds at the mention of that name! On one hand admiration and love strive to gain the mastery; on the other, loathing, contempt, and scorn struggle with equal persistency. Shall the brave and heroic deeds of a life-time give way to one mad piece of folly? Shall Benedict Arnold the hero succumb to Benedict Arnold the traitor? Alas, in too many cases I fear this is the result. Yet no one doubts that Arnold was brave and valiant. Read of his splendid achieve-

ments in the Revolution before he turned traitor; of his march through the wilderness and his attack upon Quebec, and then form your opinion of him.

Let us not judge him too harshly. We admit that he was a traitor to his country, nor do the circumstances which influenced him to do that infamous deed excuse him; but let his past splendid actions in behalf of his country plead for him, his victory at Freeman's Heights and at Saratoga.

Far be it from our purpose to laud Arnold and to exalt him among the greatest American heroes, or to even justify his traitorous action, but we do think that Arnold, though a traitor, has done much for this country, and therefore should be entitled to some consideration.

Whenever we hear the word Arnold pronounced, two images instantly appear before our vision, two images in direct contrast to each other. One embodies all that stands for freedom, and is the personification of courage and reckless daring; the other represents all that is foul and base. We regard one with admiration, nay, even with pride, because his glorious feats have reflected honor upon this country; the other we regard with hatred and loathing, as a thing to be spurned, a despicable object to be trampled under foot. The one is Benedict Arnold, the dashing colonial general, the man beloved by all his soldiers and one of the first to take up arms in the cause of liberty; the other is Benedict Arnold the British general, hated and despised by all his countrymen for the part which he played in the affair which caused the capture and execution of André.

We have two separate opinions of Arnold. One of Arnold the brave; the other of Arnold the coward. Think of him as we may, we cannot reconcile the contrasting parts of his character, neither can we form an opinion of him as a whole. Now suppose a man was asked to give his opinion of Arnold. The first picture that would arise in his mind would be that of the traitor. Of course he would think of all that is cowardly or base in a person first. He would say, "This Arnold was a scamp, a man who deserted his country and took up arms with the British." After a time perhaps milder thoughts would prevail. He would say "That Arnold there at Philadelphia was not a bad sort of a fellow before he became involved in a love affair and money difficulties." Later this same man might even become enthusiastic over Arnold's daring deeds at Bemis Heights, and exclaim: "O, what evil spirit ever influenced Arnold to betray his country. Arnold himself considered that in deserting the cause of the Colonists he was simply returning to allegiance of his rightful king. In whatever way Arnold excused his incomprehensible action to himself, it is certain that he ever afterwards regretted it, and gnashed his teeth in fury as he perceived the sneering looks of his fellow British officers. For the English officers disliked Arnold, although they knew him to be a dashing, successful general.

That Arnold possessed many traits which endeared him to Washington and the other colonial leaders is well known. Even the soldiers who served under him were more inclined to pity than to hate him. How the other soldiers regarded him may be inferred from the reply of an old soldier when asked what the Continental troops would do with Arnold if they caught him:

"Sir," the old man said, "the leg which was wounded in the service of his country we would bury with the full honors of war; the rest of him we would string up to the nearest tree."

People wonder what could have actuated Arnold to give up honor and position in order to receive money, but not honor, in the British army. It is the opinion of many writers who have studied the subject that revenge and resentment greatly influenced him. He was possessed of a proud and unbending spirit, an indomitable will and a fiery temper. Thus when he was reprimanded by Washington for neglect of duty, his first thought was to revenge himself upon his country, and before his passion had subsided he had probably entered into negotiations with the British. Any one who has read about the death of Arnold well knows that it was his hand and not his heart that entered into these negotiations.

Therefore in answer to my question, How should we regard Benedict Arnold? I would say: We should not regard Arnold as a single, but rather as two, characters, each distinct in itself; namely: Benedict Arnold the patriot, pride of the Continental army, and Benedict Arnold the traitor, hated by all Americans and held in contempt by other nations.



MILFORD'S NEED.

BY CHARLES ALBERT MORIARTY.

THE question of permanently disposing of the sewage of the town of Milford is one which needs careful study and serious thought. That the time has arrived when a general system of sewerage should be adopted by the town, even if it is impossible to undertake the construction of the whole system at present, because of financial or other reasons, seems to be the universal opinion of those familiar with the existing conditions of sewerage affairs.

With a general system once established, new sewers may be built when needed, and yet conform in size and location to the principal system. Most of the present sewers, extending practically through the business section of the town, are taxed almost to their utmost limits, and it may be only a question of time when the town will be forced by the state board of health to seek a new outlet for its sewage other than the Charles river, into which it now empties.

The cost of such an undertaking should be taken into early consideration; it is very great, but it may be much more cheaply done, if, when taken in hand, it is carried on until the whole is complete, than if done now and then, or as property-holders may wish. It establishes a permanent charge against the town for maintenance. The work when completed will have extended over a great many years, and although that uncertainty of the extent of the future growth of the town must always remain, still much economy can be secured by carefully considering the prospect. One of the principal items of

uncertain expense would be the excavation of rock in the building of the system.

The sewers now in use in the town receive both surface, or storm water, and sewage. Provision should be made, in making plans for a system of sewerage, for the separation of the surface water from the sewage, since the former water can be disposed of into local streams and rivers without objection, if unpolluted by sewerage. This may be done by building a two-pipe system, one to convey the surface water to some stream, probably the Charles; while the other would carry the sewage.

The problem of disposing of the sewage is the question which causes the greatest thought. Many schemes are brought forth by enthusiastic engineers who make a special study of this subject, and millions have been spent in testing these ideas, but as yet authorities on the subject have not accepted any result as entirely satisfactory.

A plan of carrying the sewage of the town by gravity to an area near the Vernon Grove cemetery, and then having it pumped into the Mill river, has been practically abandoned, as the emptying of sewage into that river would cause the same objections to be raised against the pollution of that stream as are now being raised by some towns bordering on the banks of the Charles.

It is now proposed to bring all the sewage of the town, by gravity, to an area of low land near the turnout of the Milford, Attleboro & Woonsocket street railway on the South Milford road by means of two trunk lines; one running parallel with the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, and the other to follow the course of the Godfrey brook.

From this place the sewage would be pumped onto filter beds nearby, where it would be purified by intermittent filtration, whence it would run into a stream without polluting its water. Beds for this purpose would have to be built of porous soil and underdrained at a depth of six or seven feet. A certain amount of sewage would be applied to one of the beds and then it would be turned onto another, allowing the one first used to become thoroughly aerated before being used again as a filter. In some cases it may be necessary to provide for the removal of the heavier matter which might cause trouble in the operation of the filter beds, and such provision should be made by inserting tanks for the collection of such matter. The water flowing from the outlet of the beds would be clear, odorless and nearly free from all organic impurities, less than one part of organic matter in two hundred thousand parts of water being present. Large crops of grain and grass could be grown on these beds.

This process of sewage disposal, though a little more expensive, is at present thought to be the most effective method by engineers who have made this study their life-work. Chemical purification and bacterial septic-tank treatment are other ways of purifying the sewage, but these are comparatively new, and although these methods are advanced as a cheaper means for the disposal of sewage, they have not, so far, achieved the success claimed for them by their advocates, as to gain the confidence of many engineers.

THE VALUE OF RHETORICALS.

BY MARION VAUGHAN.

DURING the past two years rhetorical have been a part of the required work of the upper classes in our school. Much valuable time has been spent in preparation for this and the prize speaking contests. Naturally the question is asked, what benefit is derived from this, and could not the time have been more profitably spent upon the regular lessons? Let us review the work done the past two seasons, and perhaps the question will be satisfactorily answered.

In the fall of 1902, Mr. Hull, the principal of our school, introduced speaking into the regular work. The junior and senior classes were divided into six divisions, each in charge of a teacher. Those who possessed experience in this line were considered by their classmates fortunate indeed. The two best speakers were chosen from each division, and these contested for gold medals the latter part of the term. This was only a beginning, but it was most encouraging, and the scholars were much interested as it gave a variety to the daily routine of work.

Four contests in the high school hall and an interscholastic contest in Music Hall have been held, and largely patronized by the friends of the school. Great improvement has been noticed in each successive contest, till the Milford speakers can be favorably compared with the representatives of schools in the neighboring towns. Some have found that they had talent which they had never suspected, and doubtless would have remained in ignorance of, if they had not been obliged to take a part in the rhetorical. Others have improved greatly, and surprised both themselves and their friends.

The practice has caused the pupils to speak more slowly and distinctly than formerly. Many words have been used in the selections which obliged the pupils to consult the dictionary, and thus they have become acquainted with new words. The selections from the orations of many famous authors have been learned, and the scholars have become familiar with writings which have been studied and copied for many generations.

Is not all this a valuable lesson in English, and how could it be studied in a more practical and beneficial manner?

Again, to stand and face an audience of friends and schoolmates is not an easy task! Rhetorical furnish a practical lesson in self-confidence and self-control. To the boy who may become a lawyer or a public speaker this training is valuable. In Milford, where the town meeting is a prominent feature of the local government, is not the ability to speak intelligibly and fluently an attribute which all citizens should strive to attain? So too, in these days when literary clubs of various kinds are a prominent part of our social life, the ability, not only to write, but to speak well, is much to be desired.

Of course there are many who from personal characteristics may never attain any great degree of excellence, but even here this drill in enunciation, pronunciation, and use of voice is not wasted effort. Oftentimes a careless habit of which the pupil was quite unconscious is called to his attention, and then overcome. Who can tell but what this same pupil with the defective voice



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Milford's Need,	
CHARLES ALBERT MORIARTY.	
The Value of Rhetoricals,	
MARION VAUGHAN.	
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Presentation of Class Gift.	
Valedictory Essay—Fads, Their Educational Value,	
MARY FLORENCE RANAHAAN.	
<i>Chorus—To Thee, O Country,</i>	<i>Eichberg</i>
Presentation of Diplomas.	
Class Ode.	
<i>Orchestra.</i>	

and manner, with indomitable will, may become another Demosthenes. We all recall how Demosthenes at first made complete failures, but, by living in a cave, by practising with pebbles in his mouth to correct stammering, and by speaking beneath a suspended sword to break himself of the habit of shrugging his shoulders, he became the world's greatest orator.

To the pupil who has a desire to perfect himself in elocution, of course the rhetorical drills are both a pleasure and a benefit. And I wonder if our teachers would not say that the rhetorical drills benefit all the other lessons both directly and indirectly. Directly, this drill causes the pupil to express himself better in recitations. At some time, each one has thoughts and feelings that he wishes to communicate to another. What is the use of knowing facts, if one cannot stand erect and state those facts so that others can hear and understand. Then indirectly, the very habit of clear, concise speech demands accurate, logical thought. Again, to use Demosthenes as an example, while he acquired the art of oratory, he learned the art of correct thinking. We are led to feel that the prevalence of the habit of public speaking was one of the principal causes of the intellectual eminence of the Greek nation. If true then, why not today?

If public speaking or rhetorical drill years and centuries ago made a citizen more attractive and useful both in public and private affairs, why not now? And is not the purpose of all our education to make attractive, useful citizens;—citizens with a knowledge of facts, and an ability to communicate those facts? One is incomplete without the other. The complement of knowledge is expression, and expression is perfected by rhetorical drill.



OBSERVATION AS WELL AS BOOKS.

BY WILLARD FRANCIS SWAN.

ALTHOUGH instruction on most subjects is given largely from books, it can be truly said that time given to observation is profitably spent. Once James Watt, as a boy, had his attention attracted to his mother's tea-kettle as its dancing cover was letting forth jets of steam. Perhaps it was time wasted; perhaps it would have been of more immediate advantage if he had been providing fuel for the fire; but he became interested. What the books of his time said about steam we do not know; but we do know what marvelous achievements have resulted from the labors of those who carried out his beginnings. And yet the final development of steam has not been reached; for, in the judgment of many authorities, it will be years before the steam turbine becomes profitable and efficient.

Other examples may be cited of men who have observed and studied their observations. Probably Thomas A. Edison, "The Wizard," is the most familiar man of this type known to the American public at the present day. What has caused the name of Audubon and birds to be so closely connected? It was not the number or variety he had slain, but continual observation of nearly all American birds, in spite of poverty and derision of friends. Often, too, in the present age the results of observation have been startling. This

was the case when it was announced to the world that objects before opaque in all sorts of illumination had become transparent to a certain degree by means of the X-ray. Lord Kelvin, the great English scientist, said a few years since that probably no great invention or discovery of the future would be accidental, but would result in the manner I have already described.

The educators of the present day are introducing this principle more and more into the schools. For what purpose are specimen sentences and examples placed in books on languages and mathematics unless for observation by the student. Once chemistry and physics were taught entirely from text-books in the same way as history, or any like subject. Now a student of physics, for instance, instead of being obliged to take for granted the statement of his text-book that the specific gravity of mercury is 19, may go and investigate this for himself. At the present time the leading teachers of geometry advocate a system of teaching that study which will cause the student to rely almost entirely upon his own powers of observation and reasoning. That even in the lowest grades books are being displaced, is shown by the new system of primary number work introduced into the schools of our own town a year or two ago.

Books of instruction are usually the result of observation. What chance, however, would there be for their improvement if this observation were not continued? Books, or the instruction given from them, should not be condemned. To the beginner they offer a rapid and easy method of making another's laborious observations his own. Surely to make observations of value to others they should be carried beyond the point to which previous observations have advanced. It cannot be denied, however, that no matter how far they are taken, they are at least of value to the person making them, and when in unexplored fields have often proved to be of the greatest advantage to the world.



A GLANCE BACKWARD.

BY IRENE KATHRYN GALLAGHER.

IN future years it will doubtless be a great source of pleasure to the class of 1904 to look back to their school days, especially those spent in high school. The members of the class fully realize that the four years have elapsed and their life work is opened to them, whatever it shall be. We all recall the day we entered high school in a brave little band of forty-four, determined to conquer in the four years' struggle and come out successful.

It was in September of 1900 that we made our entrance into this well-known institution. Fourteen of our number chose the commercial course, three the classical course, and the remainder the normal scientific. We all felt very much awed in the presence of the older members of the school, and went to the rooms assigned very much relieved to be out of their dignified society. The old Universalist church was being used this year as a temporary school, owing to the destruction of the old building by fire the preceding year. Our teachers were Mr. Ivory F. Frisbee, Ph. D., of Lewiston, Me., Miss

C. M. Field of Milford, Misses A. C. Teele and H. E. Morton, and Messrs. Reed and Sipprelle. The first year was very arduous to the freshmen, trying to master the Latin pronunciation and the rules of algebra.

On February 4, 1901, the old Universalist church was destroyed by fire. This disaster was very unfortunate, and in consequence we enjoyed a two weeks' vacation. After considerable delay the G. A. R. generously offered their rooms in Memorial Hall to the town until a new building could be erected. Here we enjoyed untold privileges. These quarters were very pleasant, but were not quite large enough, and consequently we were allowed to spend our spare periods at home.

The second year we entered the handsome new granite structure on School street built on the same spot where the old one stood. This year our number was considerably less, owing to the fact that many were obliged to leave school. All our former teachers came with us to our new school. The sophomore year opened with bright prospects, and we were allowed to continue our studies without interruption, although we lost one teacher, Mr. Sipprelle, who was succeeded by Mrs. Nellie M. Harmon of Boston.

The next year we welcomed a new principal, Mr. John C. Hull of Adams, Mass. The force of teachers was enlarged this year: Mr. Thomas J. Murphy was made sub-master, and Miss Grace Harwood succeeded Mrs. Harmon. This year our class held one entertainment in the form of an illustrated lecture given by Mr. Kempton of Fitchburg. This was our first attempt, and proved a great success. Rhetoricals were introduced this year into the high school course. All the classes took up this course except the freshmen. This feature was useful and much needed, and was looked upon by both pupils and the public with approval.

Our fourth year began September 10, 1903. This was our last year, and we assumed the role of dignified seniors. Owing to the resignation of Miss Harwood, Miss Marion L. Jackson of South Milford was elected to fill her place. Our class was organized this year, and Mr. Charles A. Moriarty was elected president, Mr. James E. Luby vice-president, Miss Marion Vaughan secretary, and Miss Florence N. Aldrich treasurer.

Rhetoricals were continued, and were conducted in the same manner as last year. A speaking contest was held in the school assembly hall December 18, 1903. Miss Hester M. Whitney won the girl's medal, and Mr. James E. Luby '04 won the boy's medal. A second contest was held March 18, and Mr. Luby and Miss Whitney were again the successful contestants. They were also chosen to represent Milford in the interscholastic contest which took place in Holliston April 15, 1904. This time Mr. Luby captured the boy's second prize, \$5, and Miss Whitney the girl's.

At the opening of the spring term Miss Jackson resigned, and Mr. Walter A. Clark of Middleboro, Mass., was chosen by the committee to take her place.

The class held one social during the last year in the assembly hall, which was very well attended by both schoolmates and friends. The class meetings held during the past year, although not many, have been conducted in a thorough and business-like manner by our worthy president. We have chosen

for our colors white and gold, and the Jacqueminot rose for our flower. We have also purchased class pins as souvenirs of our happy high school days.

Looking backwards four years we may all say that we have enjoyed our high school studies, and it is with regret that we leave our schoolmates and teachers who have been always zealous for our welfare and helpful in our work. In the future, when the trials of life assail the class of 1904, let us be ever mindful of our motto, "Perseverance wins."



VALEDICTORY ESSAY.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF FADS.

BY MARY FLORENCE RANAHAN.

FADS are "trivial subjects given inordinate attention," or fads are "whims and passing fancies given consideration far beyond their intrinsic value." Such is the definition commonly given. While this may, and probably does apply to some few, it seems hardly fair to classify all hobbies in this way. Are there no fads which are not merely passing fancies? From the definition given, one would naturally suppose that they were of no value as educational factors, but if attention is called to the respective fads the necessity of re-classifying them will at once be felt.

Take, for instance, the fad of making a collection of the various flags of the United States. First the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, symbolic of the original thirteen states, then, as another state was admitted to the Union, the question arose as to how this event should be commemorated. It was suggested that a stripe should be added for each new state, but as this made too cumbersome a flag, a star was added instead of a stripe. Thus the growth of the United States may be traced from the original flag with its thirteen stars and stripes, to our present banner with its thirteen stripes and forty-five stars. Then in the different wars, important issues gave rise to various standards depicting the attitude of the United States toward its opponents, as in the case of the "rattlesnake flag" and the "pine tree flag." During the Civil war we find that the Confederates adopted various ensigns, each having some special significance. Also there are many naval flags worthy of note, each of which has a special meaning if we care to seek for it.

Who will say that there is not much to be learned from such a collection? Who even that finds history uninteresting, could say the same if it were taught by means of flags? Such a fad could not be indulged in and not confer great benefit in the way of education, while still being a source of recreation.

While speaking of flags, would it not be well to go a step farther, and make a study of the flags of the nations prominent in the world's history? Could we look upon the British Lion or the French Tricolor without wondering in what way these symbols were appropriate? Nor will we be content to wonder, but will satisfy our curiosity by reading the different histories. Some of the symbols suggest the state of the nation itself. For instance, one would naturally judge from the representative dragon of China that her progress from the mythological age had not been remarkable.

Another fascinating pursuit is the collecting of old coins. While perhaps

the ancient Greek and Roman coins are beyond the reach of most of us, we can obtain representations of them, and thus trace the development of coinage from its crudest age to the present system. One might suspect from Addison's "Treatises on medals" that collecting coins was one of his fads, although Macaulay declares that his researches were not sufficiently extensive, and accuses him of unfamiliarity with the Greek coinage. May we not see in Macaulay's remark a bit of advice. Have a fad and stick to it. In so doing three ends are gained: Pleasure, knowledge, and character-building: pleasure, because we are doing something because we wish to, not because we must; knowledge, because we are making a study of people and things that constitute civilization; character-building, because we are unconsciously acquiring the habit of steady, persistent application.

In the stamps of a country, we see from the fact that the image of the ruling power is depicted thereon that such stamps are under the control of the government, and thus show one form of taxation. Then, in times of war, the revenue stamps show another means of obtaining money to defend the interests of a country.

In quaint pieces of furniture we see how the classic architecture of ancient Greece and Rome influenced our ancestors; and in some articles we can see how the mythological tales exerted an influence, in that we find so many carvings of dolphins, sea-nymphs, gods and goddesses. The collector of antique furniture who has a nice appreciation of the Romanesque, or Semi-circular arch, the Renaissance-garlands, the Venetian shell ornament, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns, lives again with the ancient people whose necessities and artistic sense first produced these faultless designs. The stiff classic lines are followed so closely in some of the chairs and couches as to cause a shudder at the thought of trying to be comfortable upon them.

Again, the collecting of quaint china and pottery is an interesting task and one from which much can be learned. A comparison of ancient pottery from Egypt, Greece or Etruria with that made today shows that our manufacturer has not improved in graceful outlines, but science has taught him how to combine material so that half-inch thick pottery of Egypt has changed to china so thin that a touch will almost break it. We see from the scriptural texts with which many of the dishes are ornamented, that their religious views were manifested not only in actions, but also, lest their fervor should wane, they surrounded themselves with constant reminders of the sordidness of this life. We cannot but wonder if religious fervor suffers from the loss of these reminders.

Another fad which cannot fail to be of interest is to take an author and make a study of his works. Our history proves that there are many statesmen whose works are well worth considering. As a matter of fact, it is in certain legal documents, produced when all other American literature was dormant, that our language is found in its purest form.

These are but few of the many fads which might be enumerated as possessing undoubted educational value. But it seems these few only are necessary to prove that the common definition needs revision. Leisure hours come

to grown people. What do they do with them? Do they have any ways in which to amuse themselves? When the little child is in the primary school, the teacher gives him paper to cut, pictures to trace, blocks to build; this is always kept on hand and called "busy work." May not fads be to the grown workers in Life's School what "busy work" is to the child of five? Therefore I would say, if you have no fad, cultivate one. You will find it beneficial from an educational standpoint, and you will, I am sure, find pleasure in it as an avocation.

And now, classmates, the time for parting has arrived. Now the long-desired, yet half-dreaded hour has come, and we find ourselves at a turning-point in our lives. Four happy years together we have delved in the mysteries of science, the beauties of language, and the intricacies of mathematical problems. But more difficult of solution is the problem which now confronts us: Life—strong, uniting, full of promise, almost bewildering with its magnificence. We scarcely know which path to choose. But we are not entirely unequipped for the difficulties which we are about to encounter.

During the pleasant years we have passed together, classmates, we were united by many ties. In a way, our ambitions tended toward the same goal—graduation. Now our paths are about to diverge, and these ties must of necessity be severed. The thought of parting saddens us. New ties will be formed, the old ones may be but a memory, but such a pleasant one that they will never be forgotten. No more will the class of 1904 be present at roll call. No more shall the class of 1904 be united as of old. But here, with the fragments of these old ties, let us construct another which shall be a bond between us through life. Let us all adopt as our guiding star our class motto, so that when in after years each one of us shall have done his best, we can look back upon this night, and say with a full heart, "We have proved the truth of the motto of the class of 1904, 'Perseverance wins.'"



STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1904,
Compared with those of 1903.

1904.		1903.	
Oldest,	19 yrs. 7 mos., 6 days.	19 yrs. 2 mos., 5 days.	
Youngest,	17 years, 1 month, 21 days.	17 yrs. 4 mos., 29 days.	
Average,	18 years, 5 mos., 15 days.	18 yrs. 5 mos., 14 days.	
Tallest,	5 ft. 8½ in.	6 ft. 2¾ in.	
Shortest,	5 ft. 1 in.	4 ft. 10 in.	
Average,	5 ft. 5½ in.	5 ft. 5½ in.	
Heaviest,	148 lbs.	170 lbs.	
Lightest,	104 lbs.	91 lbs.	
Average,	128 lbs.	121 lbs.	

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CLASS ODE.

BY FLORENCE N. ALDRICH.

Air: Onward Christian Soldiers.

Classmates, now are ended all our high school days ;
May we ever onward walk in wisdom's ways.
Trials soon will meet us, as the days go by,
May we never falter, let us always try.

CHORUS: Onward, onward, classmates,
Now life's work begins.
Ever climbing higher
"Perseverance wins."

Classmates, we must journey, each his separate road,
Each will meet his trials, each must bear his load,
Still with dauntless courage, we'll battle 'gainst the wrong,
One in heart and purpose, united we are strong.

CHORUS.

Classmates, we shall gather as of old no more ;
Friendships still we'll cherish for those of 1904.
If to one comes trouble, lend a helping hand,
Ever proving faithful to our high school band.

CHORUS.



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Allan Jenckes Cooke,

Allen Emerson Dudley,

Walter Vickery Ewing, Irene Kathryn Gallagher, John Edward Hansbury,

Elizabeth Isabelle Haskell,

Frederick William Holland,

Evelyn Clark Libbey,

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Anna Martin,

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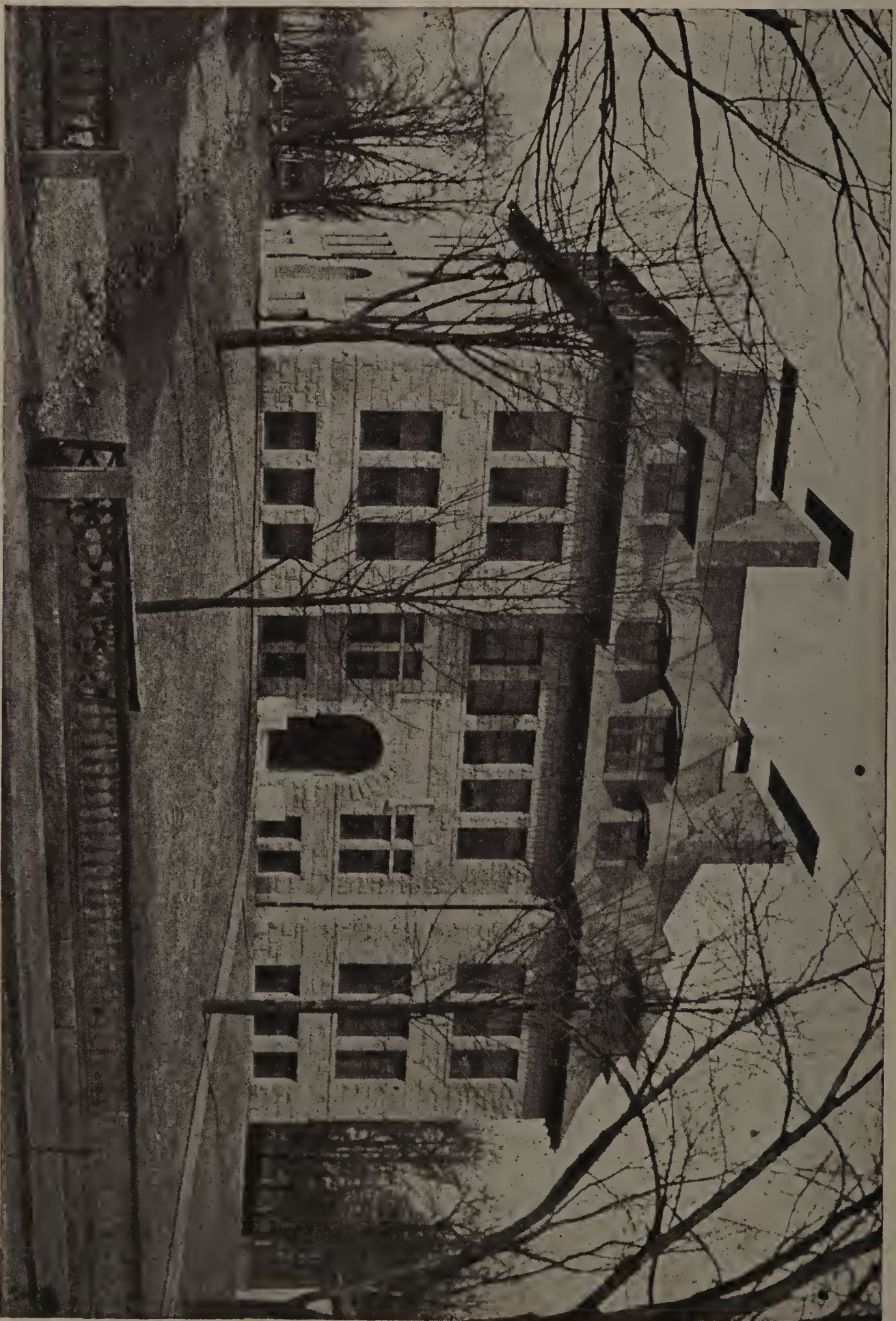
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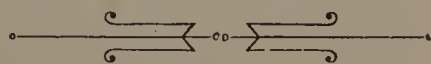
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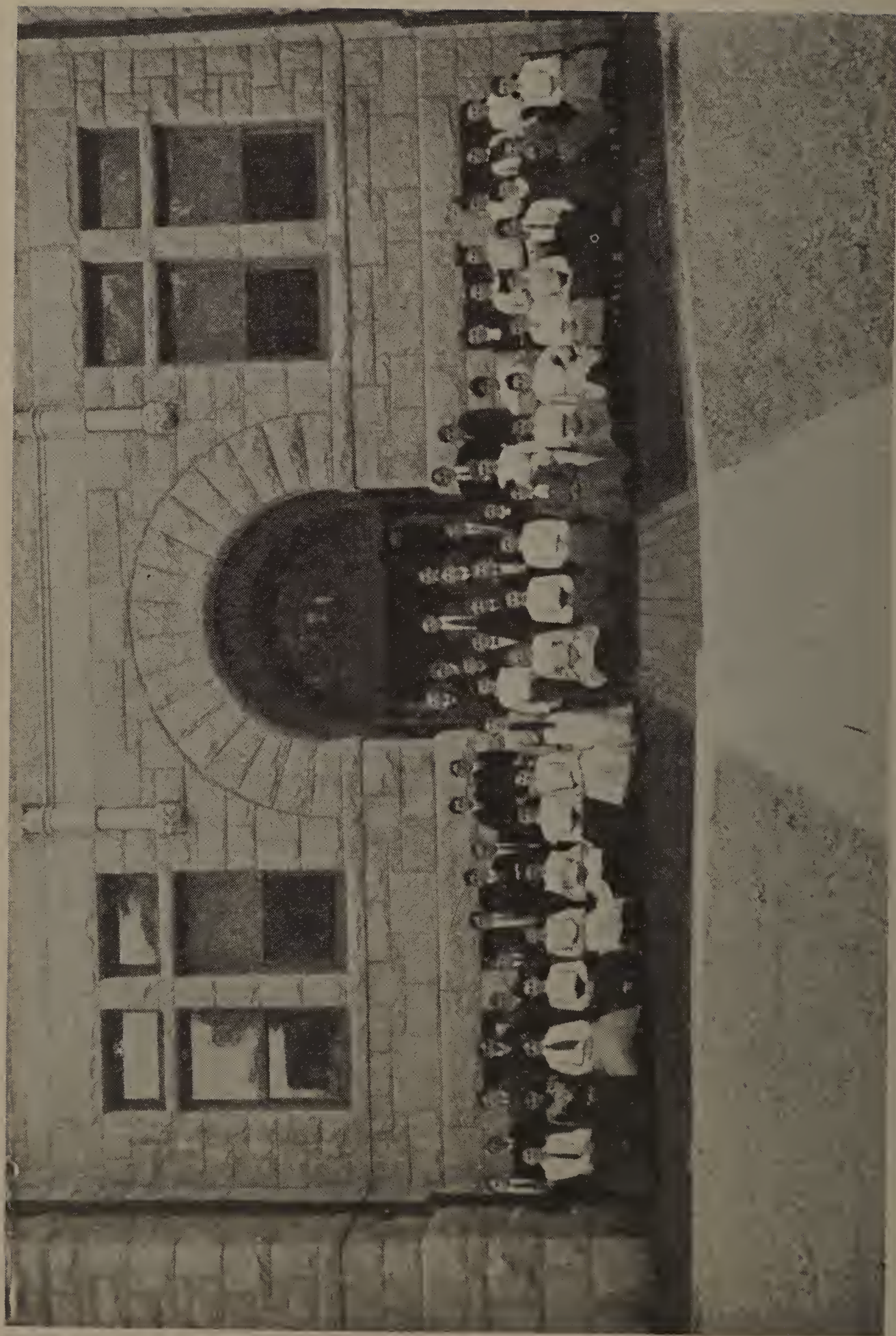
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CLASS OF 1908, M. H. S.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XXI. MILFORD, MASS., OCTOBER, 1904. No. 1.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF THE MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL.



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SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, John E. Doherty, 1906.

EXCHANGE EDITOR, Alfred J. Walker, 1907. PERSONAL EDITOR, Vera A. O'Connor, 1906.

LOCAL EDITOR, Helene M. McConnachie, 1905. ATHLETIC EDITOR, William A. Curtin, 1907.

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HOW sad it makes us feel when we think that four weeks of this school year have already passed, never to return.

Our high school is well equipped for the accommodation of its pupils, but there is still one thing that we regret, and that is that we have not a gymnasium in the building. We hope that this will soon be added, so that classes to come in later may enjoy it, even if we, the present classes, cannot do so.

It is a source of pleasure to the scholars to note how many pictures have been presented to the school. We hope all desiring to give such gifts will present pictures appropriate to the building.

There should be a placard beneath that bust of Washington and his hatchet in Room I. It has already been taken for Carrie Nation.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

There seems to be no danger of overloading the school paper with contributions.

We hope that this year, the senior class will be given permission to hold socials. A little recreation such as attending them would make us very studious. The class can be assured of being profitably paid.

We are all wondering when the Rhetoricals will commence. The last year's freshmen, our present sophomores are looking forward with delight (?) to the joyous time. They didn't have to speak last year.

Subscribe for the Oak, Lily and Ivy.

It's a long time since people have witnessed a play given by the high school pupils. We think it a fine idea for the Senior class to give a little drama this winter. Besides furnishing amusement, it would also provide for class purposes.

We think a basket-ball team would be greatly appreciated by the girls of the M. H. S., since the boys are so much interested in trying to make a success of the foot-ball team, which they have just organized.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

THERE are in my mind two pictures—two children bearing a striking contrast to each other. The first, whom I will call "Sunshine"—I do not know her own name—is a little fairy, perhaps three years of age. Her baby face, with its rosy complexion, its pearly white teeth, which the smiling red lips have exposed to view, is framed by a halo of pale gold hair. A dainty blue ribbon, just the color of her eyes, confines the silken curls. Her dress is of the purest white and of rich material, for this little miss is, apparently, some rich man's heiress. As she drives along in her pony-cart, her pet dog in her arms, and beside her a maid eager to do her bidding, this child of wealth may well consider herself fortunate.

But there is another. Not a child of fortune, indulged in every wish, but a working woman's little one. Her name is Ivy Handy. A quaint name, certain-

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

ly—a name belonging to one of the sweetest morsels of humanity. There are no rich red lips to open, and show the shining white teeth between. Her cheeks are not rosy-red with the winter's cold, nor tanned by the summer's sun. Her face is of a dusky hue—even the lips are shadowed; and so I have called her "Shadow." The fact that she is black has made her more interesting to me than if she were a white child. She has dark brown eyes which dance and gleam with vivacity. Her kinky blue-black hair is braided tightly into numerous small braids, in an endeavor to coax it to grow long and straight. Two or three of these braids are caught at the side of her head, and tied with a large bow of rose-pink ribbon. Ivy has a tiny bracelet, which is almost concealed by the wrinkles in the baby wrist. On one chubby finger is a pretty ring. The mother is a laundress who works for the "Four Hundred," and the baby (she is scarcely able to toddle about) is always dressed in white with a great deal of lace and insertion. In fact, some one, knowing the mother's love for cleanliness, suggested that the baby's name might be Ivorine and Ivy only a short form of it.

And so we leave them "Sunshine" and "Shadow," and who can say which is the happier of the two?

HANNAH E. CALLANAN, 1905.

A HARD CLIMB.

I PASSED a few days of my vacation in Worcester, where I always have a delightful time. This year my aunt was ill, but that made no difference concerning my pleasure, except that she could not go with me when I went anywhere.

Although I went to many places, I did not enjoy myself any more than the day I became acquainted with a girl, and we went to Elm Park. It is a large park, and has a place fenced off for deer; while in the water, there are ducks. There are many large and beautiful trees, also flower-beds.

Gertrude and I each took a book to read, but we read little, as we were like all other girls;—talked all the time.

After we had been sitting there awhile, a number of girls and boys, friends of Gertrude, came along. When we had become acquainted, one of the girls proposed a walk. After thinking where we would go, we at last started for Bancroft Tower, which is about half a mile from the park.

It was hard work getting there, as it is on a high hill. It would have been much easier for us, if we had gone the road-way, but of course, we all wanted the fun of climbing the hill, so after much fooling and laughing we reached the top.

It was a very clear day, and we could see a long distance. We all went to the top of the tower, from which we could see many of the church spires, and also many other large buildings. One building which attracted our attention was the Polytechnical College; of which we have all heard.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

The hours had gone by very quickly to us all, and as it was nearly five o'clock we started for home. I had had such a pleasant time that day, I really would have liked to go up there again, but when I arrived at my aunt's house, I found a letter there from home; telling me to come. I hope when I go next year, I shall meet the same girls and boys, and have as good a time as I had that bright day.

BERTHA H. HOWE, 1908.

LUNAR DISCOVERIES.

PROFESSOR Pickering of Harvard has recently discovered that there is vegetation on the moon, and therefore air and, possibly, human beings. The professor does not say that elm trees grow on the moon; he says that there are substances, formerly considered shadows, which can only be explained as vegetation.

Now, we believe the professor is behind the times. Long ago a telescope, powerful enough to make the moon appear very close to the eye, was constructed by a celebrated astronomer. This disclosed a pleasant land, fertile and productive, with herds of deer — like animals, apparently tame, grazing. A short distance off, animals resembling sheep were seen, with hoods of skin over their eyes to protect them from the blinding light. Life of all natures was visible. Strange, winged creatures were seen, dropping from an unknown region, which finally resolved into human beings. Folding their wings, these disappeared into the interior of the moon, gesturing in an animated conversation. This can be verified by referring to the celebrated "Moon Hoax," published in England some fifty years ago.

But any way, we do not intend to disprove what our learned contemporary has stated; however, we think that the Professor should explain explicitly how he found out this assertion. Indeed, all that is green is not grass; perhaps, after all, the moon is a green cheese. The professor's telescope probably brings the moon to within fifty miles, but even at that distance we need spectacles. Still, Columbus was sneered at, and we suppose Prof. Pickering and we will be.

Again, the reverse side of the moon has been a subject of much discussion. On the earth, the same side is turned toward us all the time; the other must be bashful, for it is still cold and distant toward us.

Still, we have a fair knowledge of lunar geography, and probably some day science will tell us, as the Professor fails to do, whether dandelion or horse-radish is the prevailing lunar green.

JOHN DONERTY, 1906.

A VISIT TO THE "OLD MAN."

IT was early on a July morning when I started on a trip to visit the "Old Man of the Mountains."

The clouds hung below the mountain, and presented a beautiful sight.

Later in the morning, as the clouds disappeared, the sun cast its reflection on the mountains, making a still lovelier spectacle.

About eleven o'clock as we were turning a bend in the road, we gazed on the wonderful stone face of the "Old Man" and it was a sight long to be remembered.

Directly beneath the stone face is Profile Lake, and nothing is more delightful than to take a sail on this lake, at the same time watching the majestic stone face.

Our party returned about 9.30, by way of Franconia Notch, each willing to say that he had enjoyed one of the most delightful days of his vacation.

F. A. DRONEY. 1908.

THE PLEASANTEST DAY OF MY VACATION.

I SPENT a part of my vacation on the shores of Cap Cod Bay. We were encamped on one of the highest bluffs on the coast between Provincetown and Plymouth. Both places are historical as the first landing place and final settlement of the Pilgrims. From this bluff we could see the wireless telegraph station at Wellfleet, and also the flash light at North Truro to warn ocean-going vessels of a dangerous coast. On clear days, Provincetown can be seen plainly.

One of the most fascinating things to me was the going out of the tide about one and a half miles every six hours, leaving the flats bare and the channels of greater or less depth. On these flats in this vicinity are situated about thirty weirs, the smallest of these costing about two hundred dollars including labor. At the out going of the tide fishermen of the village go out in their ox-carts and oil-skinned suits, to collect the fish, which have been left in the weirs by the coming in of the tide for the Boston and New York markets.

On the glorious morning of September 3, a party of eight started for the outer bar, at the end of which, is the ocean many fathoms deep, clad in bathing suits which were necessary to wade through the channels.

Some of the sand bars were pink in color, others brown, greenish and grey. We saw hundreds of little holes made by snails, clams and razor-fish.

On our way we looked into one of the weirs and saw crabs, squid, hoise-mackerel, flounders and other kinds of salt-water fish.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Arriving at the outer bar we found very large sea-clam shells. We could not delay because the tide had turned and was coming upon us rapidly. Returning we passed another weir and saw a very large sea-turtle left stranded by the tide. This monster probably weighed one hundred pounds. The gentlemen of the party wished to take him in shore; but how to do it was a question. One of them saw a piece of rope hanging from the top of a weir pole, and climbing up he got the rope and soon had it tied about one of the turtle's flappers. It gave a hard fight but we soon got it in shore, dragged him up the bluff and soon had him on his back at the rear of the camp.

The next day he was served as soup and steak and was said to have been well worth the trouble of getting it.

MILDRED COOK, 1908.

LOCALS.

TEACHER—"If a man lives on the outskirts of a town and the streets in the center of that town are watered, doesn't he receive some benefit?"

Miss D-w-y-e-r—"Yes, if he comes down,"

Teacher in A. Sten.—"I'd use ray in that case. Yes and I'm afraid I'll have to use it in more than that case."

Heard in D. History—"So it was said when he died he held all nations clasped in his fist."

Teacher—"Who were the first inhabitants of Massachusetts?"

Mr. Cl—"Farmers."

Teacher in D. History—"And who weeps over his death? And who would naturally weep over her husband's death?" Silence.

Miss C (reading) -When you are ready bring the yacht to my window.

A. English. Miss F.—"It infers that they were great masters, there were greater."

Voice—"Yes, nutmeg greater."

A. Hist. Miss McK—"Balboa was the man who made the globe."

How's Billy, Ray?

Teacher in A. Sten.—"You may go on, Miss Shea." "Indeed." Pause.

Hurrah for our foot-ball team! Get your flags ready, girls!

Miss McC. (reading) "The preserved widow."

Is that milk churned yet, Bertha?

Mabel thinks there are some nice fellows down at Dean.

Translation (A Latin) "The captain was knocked upon his head."

(Voice in the back of the room.) "Oh!"

Did you enjoy your walk, Gertrude?

GIOVANNI,

THE last rays of a summer sun were lovingly casting their ruddy glow upon the water, and gently kissed the swift little gondolas as they sped along the shiny surface in that everlasting spot of beauty—Venice. The busy gondoliers were hurrying to get home to partake of the evening meal, while the birds chirped lazily in the gables of the houses or quarreled with their mates.

In a pleasant dwelling near by at a front window sat a beautiful young man—I don't say handsome, for I would attribute that to a man of athletic stature and manly beauty—his was a womanish, delicate loveliness. But Giovanni saw none of the things I have described for he was blind; saw none of the luxuries with which he was surrounded, and indeed, the room in which he sat was luxurious—a great open fire-place near which was a low easy chair at one side, a gorgeous couch, chairs with slender legs, a chippendale desk, a grand piano and other musical instruments, tables and statuary, such as is not seen everywhere, were in the room, artistically arranged, which he called his parlör. The heavy draperies on the windows were costly—everything was costly, but none did he see.

To-night as he languidly drew the bow across his beloved “Strad,” a look of worry was on his clean shaven, almost angelic face, around which his golden curls which almost reached his shoulders, played in the breeze. Now Giovanni was a genius, though not a famous one, and he meant to make himself famous. But his brain was in a whirl; it refused to work, and so did his violin; his brain refused to think as he wished, his violin to make the tones as he wished. In his nervousness, he rose and paced the floor. Suddenly he stopped, for outside somewhere a bird, a nightingale was warbling its “good evening” with such infinite sweetness, that it held its listener spell-bound. When it was over Giovanni sighed and then a thought occurred to him—his violin, why not make his composition from the bird's song? Sitting, he began, and with even more sweetness with modifications and additions, he produced a song almost as the bird had sung, only his was the song of two birds, one answering the other.

Before he had finished, a small, pretty woman came softly into the room, drawn as if by magic by the sound of the beautiful tones, and as he finished he said feverishly, “Mother, thy son will some day soon be famous.”

“But I am afraid thou art working too hard and I shall soon lose thee, dearest.”

“Never fear, mother.”

She turned away with a sigh, after she imprinted a loving kiss upon his forehead.

* * * * *

A few months after, in the largest theatre in Florence, a great crowd had gathered and a grand concert was in progress, for this was the night of Giovanni's debut. At last he came on cautiously and grasping his loved violin. For a moment he stood, and all was expectation—then he began softly and gradually, even

timidly, swelling and floating until it was double forte. Then it slowly and resolutely faded, the two birds sirging to each other until it was almost gone, and again swelling, , and again fading until the entrancing tones sobbingly diminished and went out like the ebb of life. The people stared in wondering surprise, aye, amazement, and were silent for a moment; then, as if the sides of the great auditorium were crumbling and falling in, a thunderous applause shook the place—Giovanni had made himself famous.

* * * * *

A year passed, and in the same room as before reclined Giovanni but oh! how changed; this time he was on a couch; he was ill, yes, dying; life was fast leaving the fragile body. He was heartbroken, deserted by one who he had believed an angel! He had loved her and thought she returned the affection, but he awoke only to find her faithless and the promised wife of another. Now broken in health, this "Wizard of the Violin" was once more at home. Beside him on a table was his only comfort—his "Strad." Feebly calling his anxious and now white haired mother to his side, he whispered, "Mother, raise me up, I want—to—play—it—once—more—before—before I—die. Sit close and listen, mother." He began "The Song of the Nightingales," and played it as he never did before. With its crescendos and diminuendos, he held his listener under a spell, and as it trembled away, so trembled his life away, and as the last note died out Giovanni fell, still holding his violin in his hand, into the arms of that sweetheart, true to him in life and death, his mother. The sun's last rays kissed as before, the waters of beautiful Venice.

V. C. A O'CONNOR, 1906.



SO far this year, there has not been half the interest taken in Athletics as has been the case in former years.

The Football season is now at hand, and we would all like to meet it with a good fast team, that will defeat any opposing team that can be put on the field. This can be done as far as material is concerned. However, fine material can never accomplish anything, unless something is combined with it. What is needed is organization and practice.

Let us all unite and show that the old Athletic blood is still glowing brightly in the school, and let every one of the young men who is able to play football

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

come out and practice; then there can be no obstacle in our path which can deter both team and school from victory.

The young ladies of the school should also help the athletic spirit along. There is no reason why they should not hold a meeting and arrange matters among themselves so as to have a basket ball team.

We feel assured that a hall and suits can be easily procured for them, and that all high schools in the surrounding towns can be induced to come forward and form a league.

At an athletic meeting held Sept. 22, Mr. Dillingham was elected captain and Mr. Clarke manager of the football team for the present year. The team has begun to practice.



REPORT.

The following is a summary of the reports of the advertising and subscription editors of Volume XX:

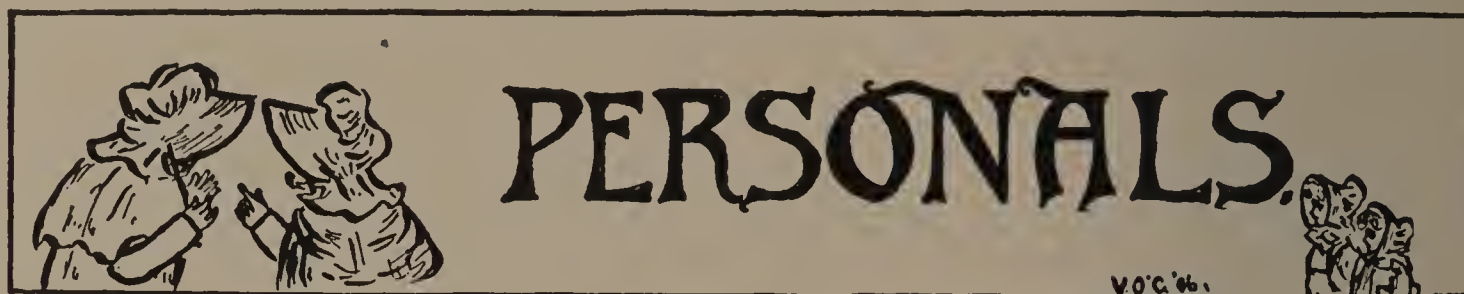
RECEIPTS—

Advertising	\$214.00
Subscriptions and sales	64.40
School committee	12.00
	\$290.40

EXPENDITURES—

Printing	\$206.00
Cuts, photographs, etc.,	18.55
Postage, wrappers, etc.	2.96
Class of 1904	25.00
Programes	9.50
Prizes	5.00
	\$267.01
BALANCE	\$23.39
	\$290.40





THE marriage of Miss Mary F. Gallagher, '92, and Mr. Fred T. Cahill, 1892, occurred on September first. Many relatives and friends attended. The couple went to New York and New Jersey on their wedding tour. They will reside on Purchase Street in this town.

A quiet wedding took place on September 12, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Rockwood, Chapin Street, when Daisy, their daughter, 1900, and Mr. William Small of West Somerville were united in marriage.

Miss Gertrude Smith, ex '06, has entered Bay View Seminary, Providence, where she will pursue her studies.

On September 22, Mr. Leslie Whittemore, '03, fell at his home and badly sprained his back.

Friends of Mrs. Harry S. Clark, formerly Miss Nellie Brown, deeply sympathize with her family, on account of her death, from cancer, on September 20. Mrs. Clark was a graduate in the class of '88.

Mr. Charles Smith, ex '03, enters Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., on October first, to study Law. Mr. Smith has been a student at Holy Cross College for the past three years.

Miss Alice Tucker, '99, of Boston, was a recent visitor at the home of her parents, 55 West Street.

Miss Mattie G. Moore, '03, succeeds Miss Gertrude Pratt, '98, in the insurance office of Lewis Hayden.

Mr. Elmer E. Thomas, '01, has returned from Old Orchard Beach, where he has been employed during the summer, as leader of an orchestra at that resort.

Mr. Percy Walker, '03, is in the employ of the Milford Savings Bank.

Miss Gertrude Mann, '03, will leave Milford for Wellesley College, September 26, where she expects to continue her education.

Mr. James Luby, '04, is now a student at Boston College.

Mr. Stanly Wires, '02, returns to Boston Institute of Technology this fall.

Misses Mary Ranahan, Irene Gallagher, and Florence Aldrich, all of the class of '04, are students at Framingham Normal School.

Mr. Clarence L. Hussey, '03, has entered Boston "Tech."

Mr. James Clancey, '02, is now a student at a Technical School in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Benjamin Clancey, ex '06, has left Milford for Exeter, where he will prepare for Harvard, at the Phillips Exeter Academy, in that place.

Miss Helen Mead, '04, is now a student at Wheaton Academy, Norton, Mass.

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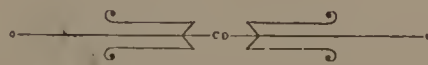
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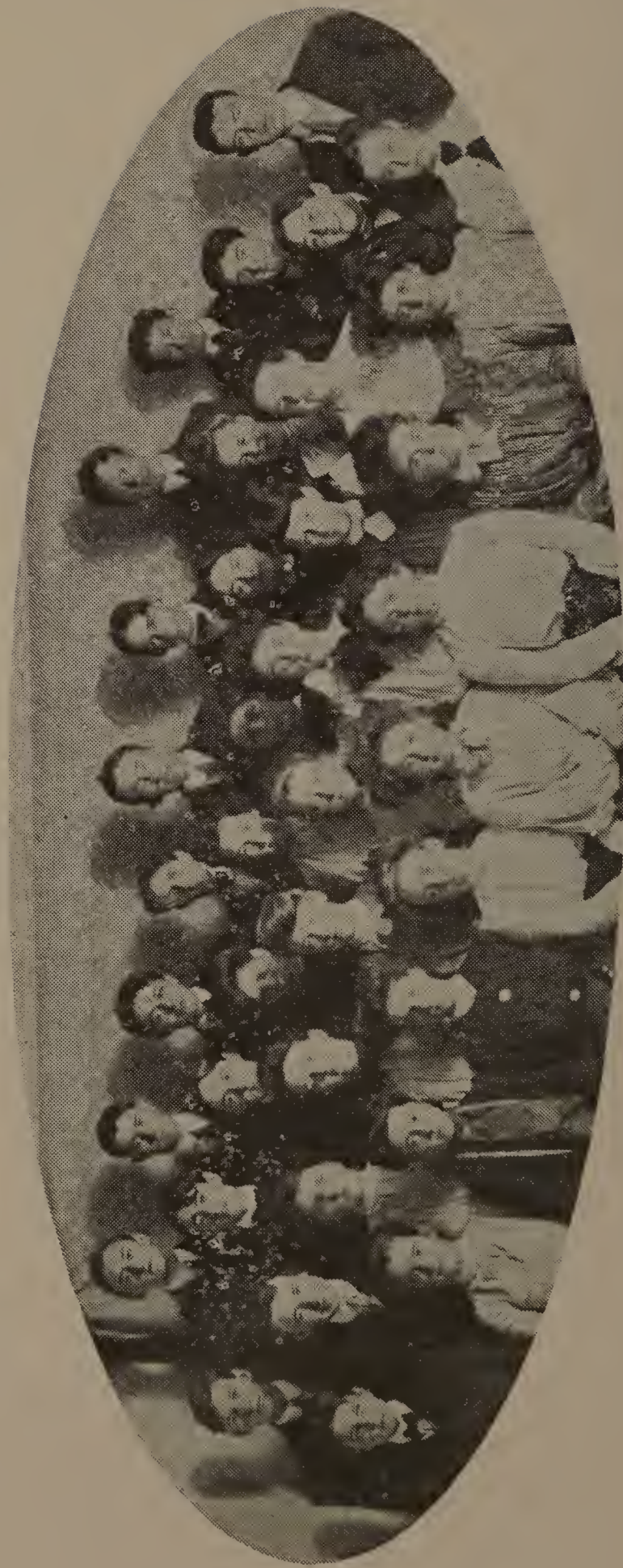
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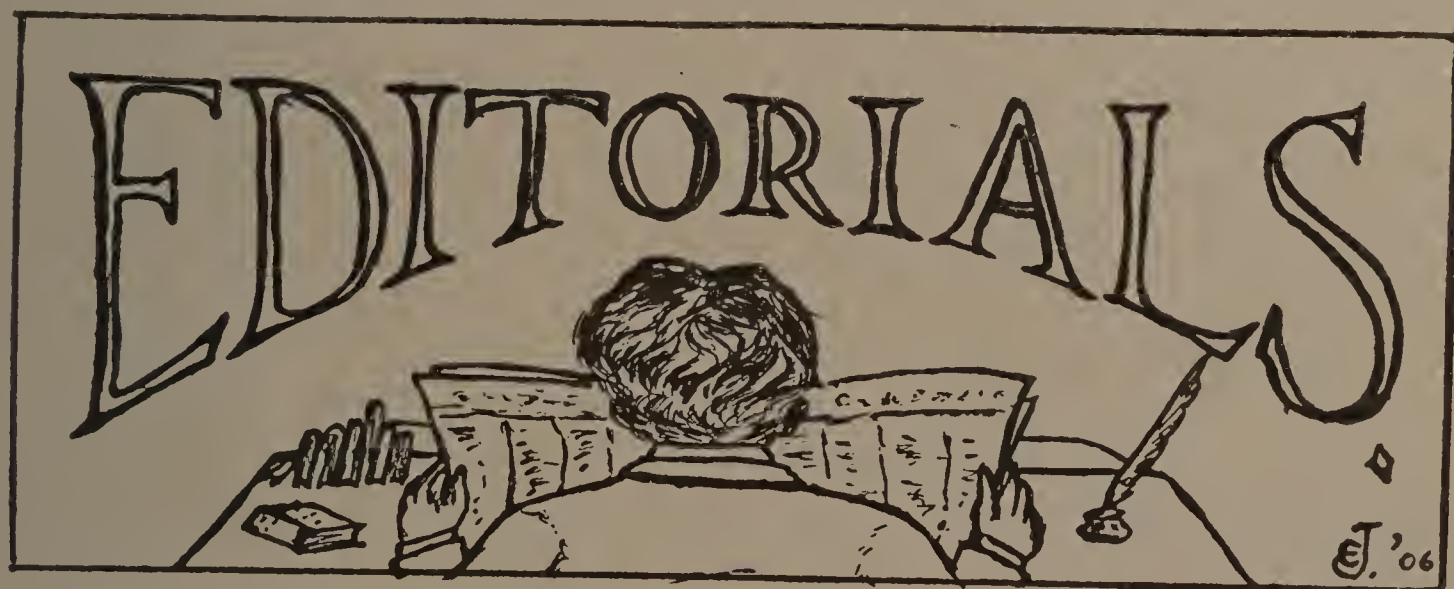
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WE are glad to welcome among our teachers, Miss Ethel G. Hunting of Somerville as instructor in French and German. Now that our corps of teachers is complete, and the Seniors have been finally settled in their class-room, it is to be hoped that every student of every class will enter into the school-life with vim and energy, making the social as well as the serious side pleasant and profitable.



And speaking of pastimes, we have noticed that at the local foot-ball games there has been a good attendance, but, strange to say, there has been little or no cheering done by the girls. And it is not from lack of enthusiasm either. Few, if any, of them understand the game. Now boys, if you wish to be encouraged in your efforts, if you wish to be assured that your good work is being appreciated, you must bring it about that the young ladies shall be familiar with the details of foot-ball. Then you may be certain that the girls of the M. H. S. will be able and eager to spur on her athletes to victory, and to encourage them in defeat.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Who says the Senior boys are not interested in athletics? Half of their number are on the foot-ball eleven and the other two are always enthusiastic spectators of the game.



Have you ever considered the motto of the Oak, Lily and Ivy? Strength, Purity and Tenacity! The first essential is strength—strength in material as well as financial strength. Unless the whole school cooperates in making the paper a success, it means needless work and worry for those who are in charge of it. Then there is purity. Let each effort which we make for the support of the paper, be our best effort. May every endeavor in that direction emanate from a pure desire to aid in every enterprise of the school. Tenacity. Let us not be content with once rendering assistance, but make it a point to keep the Oak, Lily and Ivy in the rank which it now holds, to seek for and suggest any necessary or interesting improvements, to interest others in our paper, but primarily, let us guard against the possibility of editing a paper inferior in quality to those volumes of the last twenty years. With the hearty cooperation of the school, we feel assured, that we can make the Oak, Lily and Ivy of the Milford High School an unqualified success.



So rhetorical are here at last. But alas for the Sophomores; the time has not yet arrived for them to manifest their powers of eloquence. Nevertheless, do not lose courage, Sophomores, it will not be long 'till you have attained the coveted (?) honor. Who knows what unrevealed talent you possess in the rhetorical line?



Is there no musical talent among our pupils? We do not believe that this is the case, but in reading the account of other high schools, we notice Glee clubs and school Orchestras mentioned. We feel certain that among our students material for a Glee club and School Orchestra may both be secured.



We still have with us, and are destined to have for an unlimited time, that well-trodden, much abused board walk which adorns the front yard of our school. Already this year there have been many comments, and they were not all complimentary.



The subject of roping off the foot-ball field, for the more favorable accommodation of the visiting elevens, is, deservedly, the object of serious consideration at present. The necessity for this, we regret to say, was clearly evident at the last foot-ball game played on the home grounds.



It is encouraging to see how willing the various classes are to have their photographs in the paper.



The bareness of the trees in the school yard makes one feel rather melancholy. But, on the other hand, when one looks forward to the many pleasures the winter school term holds, he cannot but feel happy.

A SHORT SKETCH OF WASHINGTON.

AS the question agitating the minds of the voters of this country, and of some of us who do not vote, is "Who is to be the new President?", a short sketch of the city in which he will reside may not be out of place.

Washington is called "The City of Magnificent Distances." This phrase as descriptive of Washington was original with Abbé Carrea, Minister from Portugal in 1816. It is well named, for the avenues are many and very broad, being named after different states. After the noise and rumble of the cable and elevated cars and the confusion and bustle of the crowded thoroughfares of New York—where every movement seemed to say "make haste"—it was a relief to find myself in a city like Washington, with broad avenues, no elevated, and no hurrying and bustling.

One thing which to me was very noticeable, was that I did not see any men with dinner-pails; also the large number of colored people which I believe is one third of the population of Washington. When next you go down street, picture to yourself every man you see driving a team, laboring on the streets and doing all the menial work, to be a colored man, and you will have an idea how numerous they appeared to me in Washington.

Washington contains many fine buildings—the Capitol, White House, the Congressional Library, State, War and Navy Department, Corcoran Art Gallery, Soldiers' Home, National Museum, Smithsonian Institute and many others.

The Capitol is of course the building of most importance. You are all familiar with its appearance from its many pictures, which utterly fail to do it justice. The central building is composed of Virginian sand-stone painted white, and the extensions are of Massachusetts marble. The Rotunda in the centre of the main building, is the room to which one naturally comes first. It is an immense circular hall rising clear from the floor to the inner part of the dome and canopy, and is lighted by thirty-six windows. The walls are adorned with beautiful oil paintings, sculptures and frescoes. The eight principal paintings represent memorable events in the history of the United States, such as "The Landing of Columbus," "The Declaration of Independence," "The Resignation of General Washington," etc.

Statuary Hall, as its name indicates, contains a beautiful display of exquisite statues of men prominent in the history of the United States. The crowning glory of the Capitol is the imposing dome terminating in a lantern which is surmounted by a statue of Freedom. The lantern is fifty feet in height, and the statue weighs about fifteen thousand pounds.

The White House was the first public building at the new seat of government; for, as we all know from our history, the capitol of this country has been in eleven different places. Washington himself selected the site, laid the corner stone, and lived to see the building completed; it is told that, in company with his wife, he walked through the rooms but a few days before his death.

John Adams was the first occupant. In John Quincy Adams' term the

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house was fired by the marauding British troops and only the walls left standing. With the restoration the stone was painted white to obliterate the marks of the fire, and outside of official usage it is as the White House that the Executive Mansion is universally known. When I was there, the exterior of the White House was being repaired—the stagings not adding to the beauty of the house—and the grounds were boarded off from the public. There were two lily tanks, very large, and filled with many varieties of pond-lilies. They varied in size from a daisy to a small sunflower, and were of every color, including purple and even red.

I can think of no word which can express my admiration of the Congressional Library. To say it is beautiful does not mean anything, so I shall endeavor to make you see it by stating facts about it. Its grounds adjoin those of the Capitol. Probably you have seen many pictures of it, although they are not so familiar as those of the Capitol and White House.

It is called the \$6,000,000 library; it covers nearly four acres; it is made of New Hampshire granite, and is ranked as the fifth library in the world, for it contains over eight hundred thousand books.

Its dome is furnished in black copper with panels gilded with a thick coating of gold leaf. The bronze fountain in front of the entrance pavilion represents the ‘Court of Neptune,’ with sea-nymphs, serpents, frogs, etc. The building has three stories—the ground floor, the floor containing library, and the floor with the galleries. The ground floor contains the book-bindery, superintendent’s office, and the reading room for the blind.

The usual entrance hall is unsurpassed by any other hall in the world. The floors, ceilings, and walls are all of white marble; the effect is a mass of dazzling whiteness. Many beautiful bronze and marble statues ornament the hall and stairways; this portion has been described as “a vision in polished stone.”

Visitors are not admitted to the reading room for sight-seeing; so when I was there, each of my party obtained a book. In the centre is the desk of the librarian, and around it in circular rows are the desks of the readers. In cases, also arranged in circular rows are drawers in which are the names of the various authors. Those who do not care to read may go to the visitors gallery and look down into the library; we went there afterwards to have a view of it lighted. On ascending the marble stairway to the gallery we come to Minerva holding a wand in one hand, a scroll unrolled in the other, and a serpent crouching at her feet. It was a beautiful mosaic, was composed of tiny squares, and was many feet in height; it had exquisite coloring.

The National Museum is a large building with many different departments I believe about twenty-four. It is under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute, and is in charge of the Assistant Secretary; in one respect it is different from the Smithsonian Institute—it is supported by the Government. The collections have been derived chiefly through Government agencies, such as the exploring expedition of Perry to Japan. Large contributions have come as gifts from the various expositions; the Government has purchased many and persons have donated some. The museum contains more than three million objects. It has memorials of most all our Presidents. The most important of these are the Washington and Grant relics. The relics of Washington include the suit he wore when he was

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Commander-in-Chief, and the tent he used in the Revolutionary War.

Milford will soon do its share towards making Washington a beautiful city. A new National Museum is to be built, constructed of Milford pink granite on the lower story at least.

The building of the State, War, and Navy Departments contains four stories and it ranks as the largest and most magnificent office building in the world. It is made of granite; it has five hundred rooms and two miles of marble halls. The entire building is fireproof, for the records inside are priceless and can never be replaced. The rooms on the second floor are not open for visitors, only for business, but the beautifully furnished ante rooms may be inspected. The state library on the third floor is the most interesting room in the building, containing fifty thousand books and also many national heirlooms.

Everyone has heard of Washington Monument. It is in Washington Park, a little over a mile from the Capitol. It can be seen long before you reach Washington, and in every part of the city it may be seen towering above everything. Its shape is an obelisk. The monument is the highest work of masonry in the world, being five hundred and fifty-five feet high and is excelled in height only by the Eiffel Tower, which is an iron structure. Bunker Hill Monument is one hundred and ten feet high and, as many of you probably have seen it, you can imagine how a monument five times its height would look. There are memorial stones set in the inner face of the monument. Some of them are from the different states and cities, and others are from foreign countries. There are stones from the Ancient Carthage, Vesuvius, tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, a block of marble from the Parthenon, one from Turkey, one from the chapel of William Tell in Switzerland. There is even one from an Indian nation. On the aluminum tip at the summit is inscribed "Laus Deo." There is an elevator which carries people to the top of the monument but when I was there it was not running for lack of coal. At this time the entire country was suffering from the scarcity of coal. Of course there are stairs but, as there are nine hundred steps, I did not attempt to go up.

The Pension Building is another building of importance and in a few months will be a scene of splendor and gaiety, for it is here the Inauguration balls are held. The building is made of brick and is an imposing looking structure. Around it are spacious lawns which trees and shrubberies ornament. On the outside of the building, at some height from the ground, is a frieze about two feet wide, I should judge. The figures represent the "boys in blue" marching to battle, retreating, bearing their wounded, and then engaged in battle. The figures are in relief.

On entering we come to an immense hall and looking up, we can see the roof of the building. In the centre is a miniature lake, which is drawn off and the opening is covered when the balls are held. Around, on the galleries are the offices in which two thousand clerks are employed. The roof is supported by immense pillars, which imitate yellow marble, and we, as well as other visitors could trace many faces in them.

The Treasury is second to the Capitol in architectural importance. As I did not go through it, I cannot describe it, but I will speak of another building which

is a branch of the Treasury—the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Here are printed the Government bonds and national currency, also postage and revenue stamps, passports, etc. The original plate is never printed from, but a replica is made of it for actual use. The work of engraving the notes is not shown to visitors. The first thing is the printing of the notes. It is interesting to know that the paper used is from Dalton, Mass. Each sheet of paper makes four notes; the back is printed first. Then we were shown the expert counters, counting the number of notes in a package, and also watching to see any imperfections in the making. Then we came to the room where they were sorting the money and arranging it in packages. Oh, to see such great piles of money. It seemed as if they might have given us a package for a souvenir. We also saw the stamp room. When you look at a dollar bill does it seem possible that it took thirty days to make it? Yet it is so. In how much less time we can spend it!

I would like to tell you of a very interesting day spent at Mt. Vernon, Washington's home, and of pleasant rides when I saw many notable places, but I have already taken up more of your patience and that of the editor, than I am entitled to.

MARION AYLWARD RYAN, 1907.



SOMETHING ABOUT ADDISON AND STEELE.

TO make decision concerning the authors of "The Spectator papers," it would be well to draw up in the mind two lists, headed respectively, Addison, Steele; place beneath the one, Addison's choice of topics, beneath the other, the subjects upon which Steel wrote. Glance down the list of the first and note the thinking qualities manifest—grave, deep, solemn thoughts he must have had. To portray the Spectator, Addison published an edition of his own character, perhaps after the nature of a caricature, for he has carried his own sober traits to extremes.

His mind has often taken a religious trend, and while in this frame of mind, he has treated such subjects as 'the divine instinct of animals.' And his wit—for he was humorous at times—has displaced his moralizing and his writings become mild satire. At such times he has found something sarcastic in the 'cries of London.' And why did we laugh when he narrated Sir Roger's trip to Vauxhall Gardens? For the most part, on account of the wooden leg, was it not?

Then there were things in which he would correct mankind. So he exposed 'the manner of town and country,' denounced 'party-spirit,' and recommended 'exercises' as beneficial to the health.

The portrayal of Sir Roger's character is due largely to Addison. He has described the treatment and hospitality guests received at his hands, Sir Roger in church, in town, at the assizes, at the theatre. May we not take to ourselves valuable lessons for everyday living from these papers?

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And Steele—good-natured man! Or rather, ‘much might be said on both sides,’ as Sir Roger says. He had less fault to find with mankind generally, despite their joint purpose to improve mankind, and his endeavors in that direction. He shows less of religious predominance. Steele wrote on lighter subjects, social topics for instance, in which he could be frank, deliberate, witty, as suited his nature. In one sense, he sets forth facts and seems quite satisfied. There’s something humorous at times in his choice of subjects—the absurdity of his treating the ‘value of economy!’ Was he not the last one to write about that?

But he was quite at home with ‘Sir Roger in love,’ ‘Confidants,’ ‘Sir Roger’s agreeable household,’ and the happy accounts of his ancestors. Surely he was as agreeable a writer as Addison, and told us things in which we were as much interested. We were more entertained, I may say, if not so much instructed.

They both have written according to the dictates of their natures, and judgment of their characters is thereby unmistakable.

But Addison, by pondering longer, expresses more clearly, more strongly, with more harmony in effect, his carefully weighed ideas; while Steele, by writing spontaneously, entertains, though all the rules for unity and strength are at times violated. Surely there’s a weakness in his happy-go-lucky, balance-or-don’t’ end-as-it-happens, style.

After all, we’ll take them as they are, for we have both kinds, and must be pleased with either the one or the other, and again, with Sir Roger, ‘much might be said on both sides.’

EUNICE HUSSEY, 1905.



THE DAY WE WENT FOR LOBSTERS.

ONE summer, when I was in Maine on my vacation my uncle, who lives on a small island about twenty miles from the nearest port which is the city of Rockland, asked my cousin and me to go with him for lobsters on the following day.

We both were so delighted at the thoughts of going, that we went to bed very early so as to be ready the next morning. At about two o’clock we were up and ready, as uncle always started at about three o’clock.

It was very dark when we started at half past two so that we could hardly pick our way along the path, as it was very rocky.

We reached the fish-house; after resting a few minutes we went down the wharf only to find that the little boat that was used to take one out to the big boat had been caught under a piece of wood that projected from the wharf and was half full of water. We bailed it out and after awhile were ready to start for the big boat; we arrived there safely and were very anxious to start, but of course we were obliged to help raise the sails and then uncle took in anchor and away we flew.

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It was still quite dark, but over in the east the sun was rising behind an island; it was a beautiful sight. This was a very small island and as so many sea gull build their nests there, the government has allowed them to have it and it is called No Man's Land; the government allows no one to shoot these birds and I guess there are about fifteen thousand of them. In the early morning the gulls, which are pure white, are in the trees or flying around getting their breakfast.

On we go; the sun has risen higher; we are past No Man's Land; past the smaller islands; the sun is nearly up; we have reached the whistling buoy. This is a bouy with a whistle on the top; when the waves break against it, they tip the bouy so that the air rushes through it and makes the whistle blow; it can be heard for miles around.

Now we are over to the Green Islands; these islands are quite large and mostly fishermen live there; they are a shiftless sort of men and in the winter, instead of going off to their own lobster pots they take the other men's pots that are near the shore.

At last, we are anchored about eight miles from shore and uncle is off in his dory pulling pots as fast as he can.

I will try and describe a lobster trap or pot; it is made of laths and looks like a small chicken coop as it is not more than a yard long, a foot deep and a foot and a half wide, it is made oval on the top; the bottom is flat with two or three large rocks for ballast and a large hook for the bait; the bait is in a small net bag and is a number of small herring; the front and back has a net with a hole in the center; this is held in position by a string from the top; the lobster crawls in through this hole into the net and he can't get out again; on the top is a small door where the lobster is taken out.

Attached to this pot are generally thirty fathoms of rope or one hundred eighty feet; on the end of this rope there is a small wooden buoy and another piece of rope which is attached to the long one, is a large glass ball which keeps this rope from sinking with the trap.

While uncle was gone, we threw over the fish lines. We caught ten fish. I caught one rock-cod which weighed eight pounds and my cousin's weighed five pounds.

We were very tired by this time, so we went into the cabin to take a nap; we slept about two hours and when we got up we felt very much rested; the wind had sprung up a little and the sails began to fill; the breeze grew stronger, but after a while it died out all together and we hardly moved at all. Uncle pulled pots all the way home and he allowed me to steer the boat.

We arrived home quite tired, but agreed that we never had enjoyed ourselves more.

Besides, we had taken fifty-six lobsters from one hundred thirty-two pots.

FLORENCE GIRALDA PRANCE, '08.



A SAIL ON THE CHESAPEAKE BAY

I WAS spending a few weeks with relatives at a small summer resort on the coast of the Chesapeake Bay, called Arundel, in the state of Maryland,

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about forty miles from Washington, D. C. From there, off to the left, could be seen a government light house at Smith's point, and Kent Island.

There were not more than twenty houses at Arundel. These, with the exception of the hotel and a few cottages, were situated on one side of the main street which extended along the high, sandy bluff overlooking the bay. On the opposite side of this roadway was a board walk, with summer houses located at short distances apart.

Below the embankment was a fine beach, and far out into the water extended a spacious pier, about 100 feet in length, at the end of which was a fine pavilion.

The water was exceedingly warm and quite shallow. One could go out a few hundred feet at times without getting into dangerously deep places.

A few days previous to the time of which I am now writing, three of my cousins and six or seven other fellows had returned from a pleasure trip to the mouth of the Chesapeake. They had chartered a good sized yacht, manned by an elderly captain and two sailors. They arrived home a day or so sooner than was expected, so that when their craft suddenly appeared off the point early one afternoon, all the anxious friends hurried to the shore, some with marine glasses, to ascertain if it were the right boat; and when a revolver was shot off as a salute, and quickly answered by another from the boys, all anxiety was immediately turned to joy. After anchoring, a small dory was soon lowered from the side of the vessel, and rowed to the shore, where the boys received a hearty welcome.

The young "sailors" were much tanned and their white duck suits looked ready for a good washing. Of course they had many stories to relate, and acknowledged they were hungry for a good, square meal and ready for a change from griddle cakes, syrup, hardtack and coffee, of which their fare had chiefly consisted during the trip.

We had four of these hungry lads at our table for supper that evening, and, with the usual large number in the family, we had quite a party. As the youthful mariners spun their yarns one might suppose we could gather considerable information concerning their trip, but they were so eager to tell what they had seen that all were chattering at the same time, and one was fortunate if he could get anything tangible from them. One thing we learned, however, and that was the name of every place at which they landed, for they had written on their white caps in indelible ink every town or settlement visited.

That evening about eight o'clock nearly forty of their friends assembled on the pier ready for a sail on the bay. We were rowed out to the yacht in the small boat, a few at a time; finally we were safely on board and speeding on our way. After a few miles of sailing, the lights at the great naval station at Annapolis could be plainly seen. The moon came up in all her glory, and one of the amateur sailors, thinking some great steamer was bearing down upon us, shouted to the captain, "Danger ahead!" When the old skipper looked to see what it was, he laughed so hard that he almost toppled over, and asked the youth if he had never before seen the moon rising.

During our trip we sang and had a jolly time for nearly four hours. After having been nearly run down by a steamer of the Merchant and Miner's line, we returned to the pier.

With a few more songs and merry laughter we parted, each willing to say that he did not need to be rocked to sleep that night.

MYRA LEAHY, 1908.

A TRIP TO WACHUSETT.

I WILL tell you of a trip which we took to the Wachusett Mountain. The party was made up of four girls, four boys, and the mothers of two of the girls.

It is not a great distance from Fitchburg to Mt. Wachusett; I should judge about ten or twelve miles. We started at half past eight and arrived there a little after nine.

The ride was very enjoyable as the grass and trees were green and everything was in its summer attire; the large farm-houses were delightful to look at with their spacious door-yards.

When we arrived there of course we were eager to climb the mountain. But our chaperons thought we had better look around the Wachusett Park which is on the east side of the mountain before ascending the mountain. There is also a large lake with inviting little coves around its edge.

After looking around the Park, we young people started to climb the Mountain, but the two women went up in a lumbering, old vehicle which was called a barge. Cars did not go up then, though I think they do now.

We started at a good speed, but slowed up before we had gone half way; when we finally succeeded in reaching the top we were all out of breath. The path leading up to the mountain winds in and out and there are low shrubs, berry bushes and many birch trees on each side. These somewhat shaded our path from the sun.

At the top of the mountain there are a few small trees, and a few bushes much resembling a berry pasture. There was at that time but one small house, but I think others have been built there since. This house was of rude timbers, just affording a place of shelter from sun and rain.

There is a telescope through which you can look and see Boston Harbor and many cities and towns in every direction.

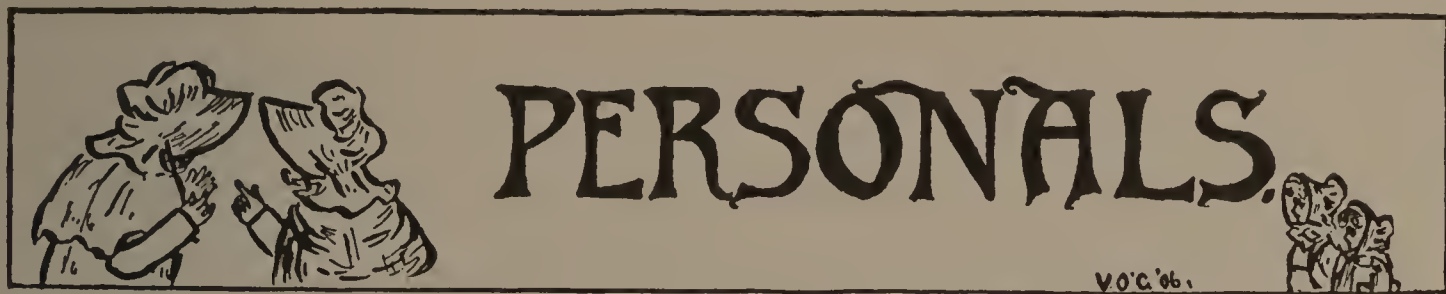
After looking off over the hills and valleys, we came down, but not without souvenirs. I found a very pretty little, round stone and a few flowers like our common blue-bell.

Some of the girls and boys wanted to go fishing and catch fish for dinner, so we all went out on the lake and caught ten or fifteen pickerel and perch.

The next thing was to get dinner; we asked the boys to find stones and make a fire-place; the two women fried the fish for us. Each one had brought some home-made dainty, so we had a jolly good time.

After dinner, we played games for a while, and then all went out rowing on the lake, where we stayed until it was time to go home.

We started for home about a quarter past five and arrived at six, just in time for supper. All declared they had had an excellent time and would like to go again.



AT the home of her parents, 37 Circuit Avenue, Newton Highlands, on the afternoon of October 18, Miss Florence Threlfall was united in marriage to Mr. Edwin Emerson Waite, by the Rev. W. S. Danker, of the Episcopal church of this town. Miss Threlfall was a resident of Milford until a year ago and, as a member of our High School, would have graduated in the class of '05. Mr. Waite comes from Philadelphia.

In the sumptuously decorated parlor of Mrs. Agnes L. Thayer's home occurred the marriage of her daughter, Miss Joanna C. Thayer to Mr. William B. Earl, of Lowell and Leominster, on Wednesday evening, October 12. The house was beautifully festooned with clematis and evergreen. Throughout the reception which followed the ceremony, music was furnished by McEnelly's orchestra. At ten o'clock bride and groom left for a trip to Canada. Upon their return they will reside at 12 Orchard Street, Leminster, and will be at home after January 1.

J. Frank Curtin, ex '00, now a student at Baltimore Medical College, has been elected secretary and treasurer of the junior class there; he has also been chosen as a member of the executive committee, which is composed of ten men. Mr. Curtin's term of office will expire in 1906.

Elmer E. Thomas '02, one of Milford's most talented young men is continuing the study of the violin, under Professor Feliz Winternitz, of the Boston Conservatory of Music. Mr. Thomas has been taking of another professor in Boston for some time.

Miss Louise Macuen '07, was the successful High School scholar in the competition for the scholarships for the Milford Conservatory of Music. Miss Macuen has commenced taking vocal lessons. Mr. Charles Moriarty '04, was the winner of the one for the Milford gentleman or lady, not at school.

Mr. and Mrs. William Small of Somerville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rockwood, parents of the latter, who reside on Chapin St. Mrs. Small graduated in the class of '00.

Rev. Mr. Lawford, of the Methodist Church, and Miss Jackson, recently visited our school. Miss Mabel Whitney, daughter of Rev. E. C. Whitney and Miss Edith Richardson, a former teacher of our school, also visited lately.

Miss Gertrude T. Pratt '98, and Mr. Frank H. Thompson, were married at the home of Miss Pratt's parents, on October 26. After a two weeks wedding trip, the couple will live at 100 Congress St.

Miss May Hughes, ex '06, now living at Worcester, visited Miss Louise Macuen for a few days in October.

Misses Eva Smith, '08 and Vera O'Connor, '06 were the guests of the former's sister, Miss Gertrude Smith, ex '06 at Bay View Seminary, Providence, where the latter is a student.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Miss Jenny Clarke '03, spent a few days with friends in Quincy and Braintree, lately.

Miss Eva Phipps '01, has left Milford for Los Angeles, California, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. Haley, our Superintendent of Schools, attended a meeting at Worcester, in regards to School matters.

Mr. Fred Walker '07, is now taking violin lessons in Boston.

Miss Florence Rockwood, ex '06 is substituting in the office of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Miss Eva Smith '08, is taking vocal lessons at the Milford Conservatory of Music, which is conducted by Mr. Williams.

At last we have a French and German teacher, in the person of Miss Hunting of Somerville. She shows herself most competent.

Mr. John McMahon '03 has moved to Lynn.

Mr. Thomas J. Murphy is principle of the Evening school. Mr. W. A. Clarke is the commercial teacher.

Mr. Allen Cooke '04, is employed in the Post Office.

Miss Vera C. A. O'Connor '06, is studying the piano at Cambridgeport at the Convent of Notre Dame.

VERA C. A. O'CONNOR.



LOCALS.

A LATIN—Sych—ae—um.
Sick I am.

Teacher in A Eng.—“Your paper on the beard is rather s ort, Miss C—.”

“Well, we don't have to have it very long, do we?”

Teacher—“What is the meaning of redoubted?”

Student—“Doubly doubted.”

1st Senior—“He could easily grow a beard over night.”

2nd. (Wise Senior)—“It would be more appropriate over his face, would it not?”

Teacher in D Com'l—“Where is India?”

Pupil—“Southern part of Africa.”

Teacher—“Who owns British Guinea?”

Pupil—“Georgia.” (Wonder who she was thinking of.)

Mr. K— in A Hist.—“Drake was the first man who carried his ships around the world.

A French—“On voit a peine une saile.”

Miss McK.—“One saw with pain a projection.”

Teacher in A Eng.—“And where did they seat Sir Roger?”

General response—“In the pit.”

Mr. Cl— says the pencils, paper, and pens aren't any good and the only good material in the school is the teachers.

Sim— in A Hist.—“The French found the land so becoming that they decided to settle in America.”

Miss D— would like to know the meaning of the Buggle Bug.



OCTOBER 7, Milford High was defeated by Upton High on Town Park, Milford by a score of 11-0. In the first half Upton made two touchdowns. Williams, the Upton captain making both of them. On one occasion he ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown. Milford was very weak in the first half, but finally worked together in the second half. Captain Dillingham, Smith, Laviollette, Foley and Cenedella excelled for Milford. Dillingham bucked the line with vengeance and Foley's tackling was always accurate. This game showed that both teams needed practice, especially the Milford aggregation. In the second half Milford might have scored, but for an unfortunate fumble. The game opened with Milford guarding the South goal, Upton kicking to them. Smith received the ball and ran 10 yards before being downed. Milford was gaining gradually, but lost the ball on an unfortunate fumble by Simpson. It was Upton's ball and they worked their men hard and succeeded in putting Williams over the line within five minutes play. The first half had been played. One touchdown being made by Upton. In the second half both teams put forth their greatest efforts; but Milford never succeeded in passing the 10 yard line. During the game Milford was penalized once and Upton once for off side play.

The lineup;

Milford—0

McCarthy l e
Wilcox l t
Dillingham (Capt.) l g
Hilton c
Ewing r g
Foley r e
Cenedella q b
Simpson l h b
Laviollette r h b
Smith f b
Tompkins r t

11—Upton.

l e Fiske
l t Morse
l g Turner
c Urbin
r g Baldwin
r t Morey
(Capt.) r e Williams
q b Ogeden
l h b Nelson
r h b Jencks
f b Bailey

Touchdowns, Williams 2. Goal from touchdown Urbin. Referee, Ewing of Milford. Umpire White of Upton. Linesmen, Bailey and L. Smith. Time, 15 minute halves.

Wednesday, October 12, the team went to Needham to line up against Needham High. The game was played in a drizzling rain and fumbles were frequent.

Neither team could make a touchdown or even get to the 10 yard line. Both teams were evenly matched. Needham was penalized three times and Milford once for off side plays. For Milford, Smith, Foley, Simpson and Cenedella ex-

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

celled. Two of Needham's men did not show up, so they played with nine men.

The lineup:

Milford 0	Needham 0
Foley l e	
Tompkins l t	Rogers r t
Ewing lg	Wable r g
Hilton c	Leighton c
Dillingham r g	Weeks l g
Rogers r t	
Laviolette r e	A. Wyeths l t
Cenedella q b	Stanwood q b
Simpson l h b	Adams r h b.
Phillips r h b	Berry l h b
Smith f b	N. Wyeths f b

Referee, F. Bean of Needham, Umpire, W. Ewing of Milford, Timers, Adams of Milford, Clark of Needham: Time, 10 and fifteen minute halves.

October 15 Milford High defeated Millbury High on Town Park, Milford by a score of 28-0. Milford's team was too heavy for their opponents. Millbury received the ball about four times during the whole game. Milford kicked to Millbury. The latter ran ten yards, but lost the ball after five minutes play. Smith, Milford's full back was worked hard and often during the game. He made three touchdowns in the first half.

Rogers made a 35-yard run in the second half and succeeded in making a touchdown. Simpson succeeded also in making a touchdown after a 25-yard run around the right end. Dillingham kicked three goals out of five chances. During the game Millbury was penalized once for off side play.

The line up:

Milford 28	Millbury 0
Laviolette l e	Aubin r e
Tompkins l t	Kelliher r t
Ewing l g	Chase r g
Dillingham r g	Lunbiard c
Wilcox r t	Cannon l g
McCarthy r e	Willard l t
Cenedella q b	Shannon l e
Simpson l h b	Lacontune q b
Smith f b	Welch l h b
Hilton c	Sweeney r h b
Rogers r h b	Sullivan f b

Touchdowns, Smith 3, Rogers 1, Simpson 1. Goals from touchdowns, Dillingham 3.

Referee, Burrill of Milford, Umpire, Ewing of Milford, Timers, Mellin of Hopedale, Hall of Millbury, Linesman, Foley and Johnson of Milford, Time, 20 and 15 minute halves.

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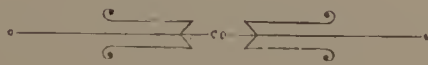
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MILFORD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 3.

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WE regret that inadvertently no Exchange column appeared in the November issue of the paper. At the publication of the October number, there had been no Exchanges received and there was consequently no Exchange column, but we intend to have one. We apologize to our editor of this column for his works not being given a place in last month's issue, and promise that it will not occur again.



Subscribe for the Oak, Lily and Ivy! Perhaps you are tired of this cry, but it shall continue and with a vengeance until there is no longer any need of it. Avoiding unpleasant personalities, we would suggest that there is one class in the school whose members are not doing their share in supporting the paper. We trust that it is only thoughtless negligence which compels this condition and appeal to them to redeem themselves.



No, Juniors, you have not yet earned the honor, if honor it be, of having your picture as a frontispiece in the Oak, Lily and Ivy. That has been reserved

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for another time. The foot-ball team has usurped your place; compose your countenances and look pleasant, for you know not when it will be your turn to pose before the photographer.



It may not be amiss, although at this late date, to give a few details concerning this volume of the O. L. and I. Its dimensions this year are less than in previous years, being $6\frac{3}{4}$ by $10\frac{1}{8}$ instead of $7\frac{1}{8}$ by $10\frac{1}{4}$ as in former years. It is intended to be a sixteen page paper, an increase of four pages over last year's edition. It has a new cover design for which we are indebted to Miss Eunice D. Hussey '05, and in the near future we hope to obtain cuts for the Local and Exchange columns, the Personal, Athletic and Editorial columns, already being provided for.



We note with pleasure that the foot-ball field has been roped in and that the combatants are afforded better facilities for playing and further protection from the onset of wildly enthusiastic spectators by the services of two policemen delegated for the occasion.



And apropos of foot-ball. Is the interest in Athletics waning? Emphatically no. On at least two occasions lately this fact has been manifested. Did not the followers of our gallant eleven rally loyally around their standard, strong in numbers and in faith in their heroes' ability. Both games of which we speak were played out of town and the pupils deserve much credit in supporting the team.



Is there a secret society in school or were the Senior girls merely endeavoring in vain to recall their lost youth? One morning not long ago a number of them trooped into school some with braids long, short or medium length, others with curls, natural or artificial, giving them a rather childish appearance. We are waiting for an explanation to the mystery.



A carefully formed plan of the Freshmen to have the foot-ball warriors "take the cake," fell through for some reason. Was it because of the lack of baking powder girls?



No, there is no one seriously injured! All the buzzing and excitement is over the first reports. That's all!



We would like to surprise our subscribers by having the Oak, Lily and Ivy appear on the first day of December.



It is well-known that the last word or thought is longest remembered. Read the following and take its advice:

Subscribe for the Oak, Lily and Ivy!

MY NOBLE DOG.

ONE is frequently surprised by the intelligence which the lower animals show. When I was traveling in the Alps, I had my large St. Bernard dog which I had named *Alpus*, because of his fondness for running around in the snow-capped hills.

One day he and I, after fastening the door of our little rude hut, started off intending to climb up the *Wengern Alp* as far as we could. It was a beautiful day, and the snow capped peaks were dazzling. Everywhere around were green hills covered with sleek cattle, grazing to their hearts' content; the bells attached to them making very pretty music. The slender falls through which the sun shone making beautiful colors, rushed down the mountain side; and as *Alpus* and I gazed on beautiful nature, we felt that never had there been a more perfect day and a more perfect day for a climb. It certainly was as beautiful a day as I had ever seen, and nothing warned us of the coming storm.

Up and up we climbed until the heat of the sun told us that noon was nearing, and that it was time for us to eat the lunch we had brought with us. I sat down on a rock and *Alpus* lay at my feet, and as our climb had made us very hungry, we soon devoured our lunch, and then resumed our climb. I noticed that we had made very good progress and were quite far up the mountain.

I think it must have been about two o'clock when I first noticed that the beautiful blue sky had become overcast, and that the air was growing colder, also that the cattle down the mountain side were huddling together as they do when a storm is approaching. Surely a storm was approaching. *Alpus* seemed to agree with me. The air grew colder and colder every minute, and as I had neglected to bring my heavy coat as I usually did, and as the one I had on was rather light, I began to feel cold and wish I had my other one with me. I whistled to *Alpus* who had just run ahead, and we immediately began to retrace our steps. But it grew darker and darker, and I felt a great drop of rain on my nose. It grew so dark and the rain beat so in our faces that we were unable to see and thus lost the path.

I cannot tell how long we wandered, but I know that I was pitifully cold and wet and at last became so exhausted that I sank down, entirely overcome. When I recovered consciousness I was in a little hut like my own, but it was not my own. A woman was standing by me, and on seeing me move, my dog *Alpus* began to jump and bark joyfully. On seeing him I remembered where I had last been and asked the woman how I came in her cottage.

She told me that about six o'clock she and her husband had been startled by a loud bark at the door, and opening it, they saw a large St. Bernard dog who, on seeing them, barked joyfully and then started to run away. Soon he came back and repeated the same performance and kept doing this until her husband, wondering what the dog wanted, and fearing that someone was overcome by the storm, put on his rubber coat and followed the dog. He returned in about half an hour carrying me in his arms. Soon the warm fire had revived me.

"Your noble dog saved your life, sir," she said. "Had it not been for him you would have died on the mountain side."

Yes, what she said was certainly true. *Alpus* had surely saved his master's life. He had done one of the most noble deeds which can be done by man or beast: saved a human being from perishing.

IRENE SWEET, 1906.

EXPERIENCES AT COOKING SCHOOL.

COOKING school! How suggestive that is, and how it makes one's mouth water, to think of the goodies made there. Yet it is very aggravating to make these goodies and not be able to taste them, as, I have no doubt, any one who has been there will testify.

What a fine thing it is to have these schools where scholars may learn the useful art of cooking, and it is an art, not like drawing and painting, perhaps, but still an art, and a difficult one to master.

My reminiscences of cooking school are both pleasant and humorous.

Cooking was a branch of the school-work at the school where I attended, and a section of the basement was set off for this purpose and was supplied with all the utensils necessary for such an institution.

For two hours, once a week, we had cooking and anxiously we watched for the time to arrive. We would march bravely in, decked in cap and apron and armed with a towel ready to show our skill.

There were five tables in the room, eight girls being seated at a table; there were cup-boards and drawers in the tables in which to keep all the small articles, as spoons of all sizes, knives, bread-board and rolling pin and dishes. On the tables were four very small gas stoves for cooking, and there was also a large stove. At the back of the room was a dining table used on state occasions. On one side there was an extensive cupboard filled with every material one ever thought of in connection with cooking. And, oh, what books full of directions there were to be learned, where this is kept and how that is made, and if by chance one did not know these when called on, woe be to her.

Each day three girls were called to be house-keepers; their duties were to care for the stove, cleaning and making fires and caring for them, washing dishes as fast as they were brought forward by the cooks and doing sundry other disagreeable tasks not half so pleasant as cooking.

After the house-keepers had been allotted their various tasks the teacher would tell us what we were to make and how to set about it. We would start in, bravely conscious of our ability and power as cooks, although nine times out of ten, I say with all humility, the attempts proved failures, but we were blissfully ignorant of this and ate with great satisfaction and much smacking of lips the little morsels we received, which by the way is all we ever received. We always wondered where the rest went to. However we were delighted with even a spoonful, although I have no doubt an outsider would have wished his life well insured, before he dare taste even that tiny bit.

We were not supposed to communicate during cooking hours, but what bevy of girls working in groups can keep their tongues still, and especially when cooking where there are so many instances to create jokes and laughter.

We made all sorts of soups, stews and side dishes, not to mention the bread, biscuit and pastry which for richness and lightness made one long for just one more bite.

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Once a month we had a big dinner, as we called it, when we cooked a regular course dinner. Then the large table was set with all the style of which we were capable—snow white table cloth, dishes arranged in the most artistic manner, shining glass ware, napkins and if the season allowed we had a bouquet for each place; when all was ready we would seat ourselves according to the wishes of the teacher, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the dinner disappeared. This was a gala day and one to be remembered.

Then came a non-gala day as one might say, when we had examinations. We much preferred dabbling in flour and water to bisecting animals and telling whence came every piece of meat of which one ever heard, the particular animal and part of aforesaid animal. Therefore we called this the non-gala day and one which we were not desirous of remembering, but unfortunately this was the one the teacher saw fit to keep in our minds.

Some times the period was taken up by the teacher's explaining to us different points in connection with cooking. For instance, one day a lobster was brought into class, and the teacher bisected this, showing us the parts to be used and the parts not to be used, how it is broken up and where the different parts are to be found, it was there I learned in what part of the lobster the poisonous portion is found, and you may be sure that ever since then I have kept a close look out for that when lobster is to be served in my home.

In order to be certain that we forget not how to cook, and the ingredients used in the several things, printed receipts were given us to be pasted in our books. This book I retain to-day with much pride.

I have said nothing about the candy we made, fudge; think of it girls and caramels and peanut taffy. Never mind if there was too much sugar and that they were boiled too much! To our egotistical minds they were simply delicious. Then there was the ice cream of which we each received quite a plate full, but I am sorry to say there were many who longed for more, but they longed in vain.

I look back on my year spent at the Cooking School with great delight and a wish that I might attend one again.

EUGENIE S. KIRBY, 1905.



THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

IT was the day before Thanksgiving. It had snowed for two days in succession and the snow was still falling softly. It was growing dark and the air was frosty and cold.

The lights were beginning to show from the windows in the small village. In the kitchen of one of the houses were four children. Millie, the oldest, was answering questions asked by the twins, Harold and Helen, who were excitedly talking over what was going to happen the next day. Ted, the baby, was creeping after the kitten. Mrs. Brown, their mother, was bustling about making preparations for the morrow, for they were going to grandmother's to spend the day. Their grandparents lived on an old fashioned farm three miles out in the country.

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After supper, the twins tried to amuse themselves, but found the hour before bedtime the longest one they had ever waited for. It came to an end at last and they went to bed.

All were up bright and early on the morning of the day that held so much pleasure in store for them. It had stopped snowing during the night and the roads were in good condition for sleighing, so the horse was brought from the stable and hitched to the sleigh.

An hours ride brought them to their grandparents and they found that their cousins, Frank, Maude, Charles and Nellie Williams, from the city, had arrived only a few minutes before.

After laying aside their wraps they all went into the sitting-room where a bright fire crackled on the hearth. When they had warmed their fingers which were somewhat chilled from their drive in the cold morning air, all but the baby went out to slide on the hill back of the house. When they had had sliding enough they returned to the house and trooped into the kitchen where their grandmother was carrying on preparations for the dinner with the help of their mothers.

Returning to the sitting-room they found their grandfather and fathers seated around the fire and the baby amusing himself with a gaily colored picture book.

Soon their grandma came to the door and announced that dinner was ready. Grandma picked up the baby and they all went into the dining room where they seated themselves at the table.

They ate heartily of the turkey which was nicely browned and done to a turn. But having in mind the plum pudding and the mince and pumpkin pies which were to follow they declined a second helping to the turkey and vegetables which grandpa offered them.

After doing justice to this part of the dinner they finished by eating freely of the fruits and nuts.

When dinner was over they played games until dark when the younger ones soon tired of such active sport and they settled down to a more quiet way of amusing themselves.

Late in the evening they took their departure all declaring that there never was so nice a Thanksgiving.

ALTHEA ROBERTS, 1908.



FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Worcester, Mass., U. S. A., Sept. 30, 1904.

Amenemhat I,

Your Majesty:—Your long letter was received and I thank you most sincerely for the kind invitation, you have sent me to visit your beautiful, warm country.

As the cold and tiresome winter is at hand, and for almost three months in this part of the country we shall have nothing but strong wind and snow, with

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streets so slippery, that you can hardly walk without falling and injuring yourself, I think I will fulfil my long desire by accepting your kind invitation to pass the coming winter with you.

Here everything goes on as usual. The farmers in this section are busy gathering the products of the past months' hard labor. Some of them have brought their products to the county fairs and have been successful in winning a prize which makes them proud of their hard labor. This morning at 1.35 o'clock after a long lingering illness our senator and distinguished statesman, George Frisbie Hoar, passed away at his home here in Worcester.

I am glad to hear that you are getting along well, and that you have succeeded in improving Fayum with an artificial reservoir, with Lake Moirs to distribute the waters of the Nile so as to flood it when it shall be necessary. This I assure you will greatly increase the productivity of the region, and I hope soon to see how you have been so successful in constructing it. It seems to me a most wonderful and needful work.

It will be a great happiness to me when my long desire of visiting your country is fulfilled, and I can see all the ancient things of your land, such as the temples, the Sphinx of Gizeh which covers thirteen acres and stands about four hundred feet high; it seems to me an impossible structure, and I can hardly believe it until my eyes have rested upon it. The high obelisks too must be a fine sight and when people ascend them I suppose they are able to see all over the surrounding country.

I shall also like to see during my visit one of the grandest sights the world contains, which is the Hall of Columns laid in the Temple of Ammon. Many have laid their eyes upon it, and wondered much at the long columns which once supported the lofty roof. Many also think that it is the most splendid single chamber that has ever been built by any architect.

I again thank your Majesty for having taken the trouble to send me so large a variety of the things that you manufacture in your country; the kindness you have shown I shall never forget.

Your Majesty, the exact time when I shall leave my home for the long sight-seeing journey, I have not yet planned, but I assure you that I will let you know soon, so as not to surprise you.

At present I shall conclude this by sending my best regards to you and all the members of the house. Hoping to have a long chat with you soon. I remain

Your most sincere friend,

MARGARET A. PIANCA, 1908.



Milford, Mass., U. S. A., 606 B. C

Neluchadnezzar,

Your Majesty:—Hearing about your trouble with the Medes, I thought I would write and see how you were getting along.

I hear that the Assyrian king is to build a palace. It is to be built on a mound, and have for the foundation a rectangular platform of sun-dried bricks,

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which will be surrounded by a stone wall.

On one end there is to be flights of steps for people only, on the other side an inclined road for animals and carriages. Inside this palace, there will be court rooms, a number of small rooms, besides halls of state. I think it is to be one story high and the roofs will rest on wooden rafters. At the gate he is going to have a pair of bulls or lions of some Assyrian style. I suppose this palace will be very fine. What was his idea in building a new one; why didn't he repair that of his father's?

Have you completed those hanging gardens that you were planning? If not let me know when you do, and perhaps I will go over to see them.

I see by the paper that the Assyrians are advancing very rapidly in their government. They hold armies so strong that any other empire dare not interfere with them.

I presume you have used some of the Pheonician's purple dye made from that wonderful shell fish, and probably seen how they obtain tin from Britan, also amber from the Baltic shores. Now I shall have to close, hoping I shall be able to write in the new phonetic alphabet next time, I remain

Your sincere friend,

LETA B. LAMONT, 1908.



Milford, Mass., October 3. 1904.

King Nebuchadnezzar,

Dear Sir:—I hope you will not take offence if I tell you that you are lacking in originality. For instance, in using brick you followed the example of the Chaldeans. Why didn't you use stone? The histories tell me that there was plenty of it in your land. You must have had many laborers to complete your wall in so short a time. As your hanging gardens were one of the seven wonders of the world, they must have looked fine, and certainly showed great engineering ability. Your manufactures of metal, glass, clay, tapestries, muslin and linen also show fine workmanship. This is a very short letter, but I must now close.

Yours respectfully,

RAYMOND A. PECKHAM, 1908.



MEMORY, THOU ART A GIFT.

IS this not so? Is not memory a gift, yea, even a priceless gift? I dare say you agree with me. But is it appreciated in this light? Is it really regarded as a gift?

How often we hear the expression, "I forgot." Why do we forget? lack of memory.

What would the world be if memory were lacking? Certainly it would not prosper, in fact, it could not prosper.

A world without memory is nothing, absolutely nothing. Do we think of this? No, the thought never enters our minds, or at least never occurs to some of us.

Then let us appreciate memory, that divine virtue which the Almighty One has given us, by using it and prizing it to the best of our ability.

EDNA G. SHEA, '05.

A TRIP IN A STANLEY.

IT was nearly eleven o'clock when I returned from the graduation exercises. I had made many plans for a jolly good time next day and consequently went into the house in good spirits. But in a minute my hopes were dashed, for my mother was busy piling miscellaneous articles into a dress suit case.

She briefly informed me that father had decided to go to Hursdale, N. H. and that I must be ready by six the next morning.

My father is not exactly eccentric, but he has a habit of making up his mind to do a thing and then doing it. For a long time he had promised me a trip to his old home in New Hampshire and now I was to have the trip.

We did not start at six—no, it was nearer seven when we started. At that time my father possessed a Stanley steam carriage, sometimes now he wishes he did—Wintons aren't always kings. Our dress suit cases, blankets, rain-coats, and a fur cape—it was in June, but mother is precaution itself—were piled in and we started. Our first stopping place was Worcester. We started from Worcester about noon, but only to stop for something leaked that ought not to. To me these little stops by the wayside are great sport, when they are not serious and electricians are handy. Father worked on the leak a while in vain, long enough to get a few highly ornamental spots of grease on his cuffs and then went in search of a telephone.

Now, if anyone wants to become wealthy quick, let him start in the automobile repair business. In answer to our telephone call, a dirty greasy looking man came whizzing up to us in a rickety little car, which he modestly admitted having built largely himself, and it looked it. He immediately got under our auto, and after working around for about an hour, demanded a dollar and a half. It was considerably after noon when we once more got started. We went about five miles when the car again showed visible signs of a weak heart. This time there was no telephone, no electricians, nothing but a dusty road under the warm summer sun, back to the nearest farm house. But father put on a brave face and walked the distance. Mother and I picked daisies for a while and then spread out blankets and sat down by the wayside. It was four o'clock before the break was mended and we were once more on our way—I forgot to mention that this time the same man came to our rescue and relieved father of two dollars more. Again we started on at a some twenty-nine-and-nine-tenths-miles-an-hour rate, I should think. As we rolled off the miles, visions of policemen, fines, and jails floated through my head.

We went through Cold Brook Springs, Petersham, Athol and Orange without an accident, and hardly slacking speed.. Just beyond Orange, as we were skimming along enjoying the scenery, air and bumps from the uneven road, I spied a horse-shoe just ahead in the road and cried out "good luck." But it was a funny kind of good luck, for the forward wheel on the drivers' side passed over the horse-shoe and took away with it a nail which had gone through both the inner and outer tubes. That meant another wait. I have become so used to helping to take off and put on tires that I almost believe I could do it alone. So this time I got down to business and helped rip off the tire. While we were working, two men came along who were friendly to automobiles and one of them relieved me of

my job. They informed us that a state road was under construction ahead of us, and where the road was most cut up they doubted if we could get through, but father didn't share their doubts, oh no—he could do anything, go any where with his automobile. Finally we had started on; we had reached the foot of a steep hill when mother grew nervous and insisted upon getting out, for she feared the brake might not hold, or else we would fall off the steep bank alongside, or else we should come too close to the steam roller. All father's assurances were in vain and she got out and made me get out too, and walk up that hill. We reached the top of the hill in safety, lighted the lamps, got in and started off. It grew colder with coming night and I wondered if we would ever reach Hursdale that night. It was very dark when we reached a fork in the road, where father was undecided as to which way we should go. Ahead in the darkness we could see dim outlines of a house and from a window a light streamed out; a man's voice was heard singing. Father gave several loud 'halloos' and inquired the way to Warwick. A man came to the window and told us to take the road to the right; we did, only we took our right which was the speaker's left and really a bad road, still, fortunately both roads led to Warwick. The one, as we soon found out, was over a long steep hill. About half way over the hill we found we were low in water and father did not dare go on, so he got out and marched ahead in search of water. It was extremely lucky for us that there was a little house nearby, for we should have very much disliked to encamp on that hill for the night. It was after nine when we left those hills and arrived in the little town of Washwick. It was impossible to go farther; the roads were unfamiliar, and mamma was extremely tired. So we spent the night at a little antiquated place which boasted the name of "Washwick Inn." I arose early in the morning and helped father to clean up and fire up. Immediately after breakfast we started out, passed the line, and found ourselves in New Hampshire.

Without further accident we reached Hursdale. The day was perfect, the scenery beautiful. For miles we drove on smooth roads that curved and followed every turn of the river far below us. On the other side thick woods hemmed us in.

In coming home we had no accidents worth mentioning, making the trip in little over half a day. It was a splendid ride both ways, and one not easily forgotten.

LOCALS.

MR. DIL.—Translating in A. Latin—Cupid the God of Misery. Evidently he has been disappointed.

Teacher in A. Eng.—Can't I open my mouth without some one jumping in—and interrupting me.

Claude—A dignified senior shouldn't be writing notes to the pretty freshman girls.

Miss K—in A. Eng.—They were going to dethrone James II. so he died.

Miss Sh—Trans. in Latin—He passed with the gate (gait) of Julius.

Some of our junior young ladies better stop wearing French Heel slippers or else the ambulance will be called.

Wonder what was the attraction outside of the Framingham Depot—Lillian.

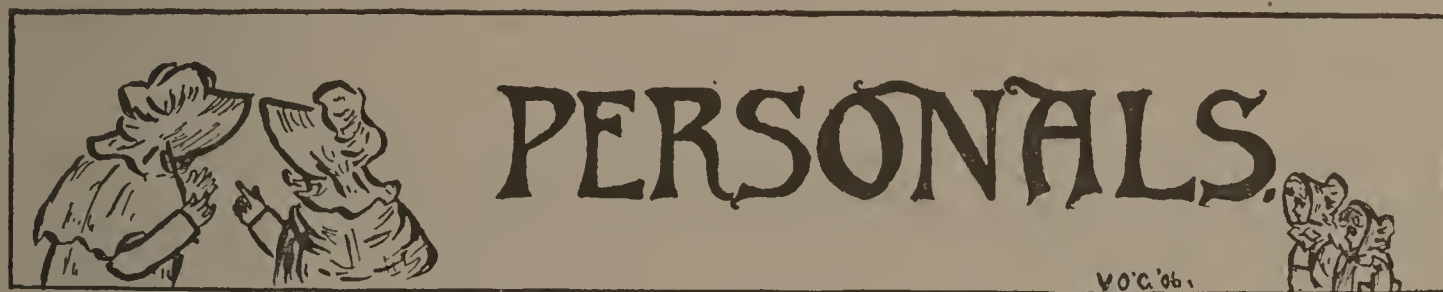
Dillie to a little chap—Will you please go down to the Y. M. C. A. and tell Mrs. D—that her boy wants the keys.

Teacher in Chem.—Why do people who have diamonds like to wear them, Miss C—?

Miss C—Because so few people have them.

Gertrude, it isn't getting as serious as all that, is it?

One of our senior boys is seen hurrying down Main Street as if running to a fire and then quickly stops at the post-office where he meets a—friend.



THE wedding of Miss A. Louise Whitney '89, and Mr. George Staples, occurred at the home of the bride's parents on Grant St., November 3. Mrs. Staples has been employed in Avery and Woodbury's furniture house, as book-keeper, for some time, and is a very popular young lady. Mr. Staples, a former resident of South Framingham, is Superintendent of the Carrol, Hixon, Jones straw factory, and is known as an estimable young man. The couple resides in this town.

Classmates of and friends of Rev. Fr. David McGrath '65, will be glad to hear he has been appointed and has commenced his duties as pastor of St. Mary's Church, succeeding Rev. Fr. Canavan, who died last August. Father McGrath came here from Holyoke, where he has been pastor for twelve years.

We all are glad to greet our Commercial teacher once more, after his trying illness. Mr. Clarke has been suffering from a broken collar-bone, received while practicing foot-ball with our boys. Although he has not entirely recovered yet, he has commenced his duties, and we trust it will be but a short time before his injury has got all better.

Miss Agnes Nealon, '06, was very pleasantly surprised, on coming to her house on October 31, to find a party of her friends seated comfortably in her parlor. A very pleasant evening followed and Miss Nealon received a good sum of money and a very handsome gold watch-pin.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saunders of Hartford, Conn., were visitors at the home of Mrs. Saunders' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walker in November. They were present at the wedding of Miss Whitney and Mr. Staples. Mrs. Saunders was Miss Lelia Walker and graduated in the class of '98.

Mr. and Mrs. William Small of Somerville, visited Mrs. Small's parents during the Thanksgiving holidays. Mrs. Small was Miss Daisy Rockwood '00.

Dr. Horace E. Whitney '80, while on a hunting trip through Maine sent home two large deer, which he shot while there. He often goes to Maine and never comes home without capturing something.

At a dinner party at the home of Miss Charlotte Perkins, in honor of her twenty-first birthday, it was announced by her mother, Mrs. Joseph Cutler, that Miss Perkins, was engaged to Mr. Andrew L. Morse '00. Mr. Morse was second Lieutenant of the High School Cadets during its last year. He is now employed in the office of the Draper Co., Hopedale.

Messrs. Elmer Thomas '03, and Sumner Reynolds will hold a dance on December 3.

Mrs. J. A. Clark, mother of our Commercial teacher, visited the school recently.

Miss Kelton substituted as Commercial teacher during Mr. Clark's absence.

Miss Angelique Foster has left school.



OCTOBER 25, The Milford High foot-ball eleven and its many rooters journeyed to Grafton to line up against the foot-ball warriors of that town. The Milford boys succeeded in "white-washing" their opponents, the score at the wind up was Milford 5— Grafton 0. The Milford team was much heavier than that of their rivals, but they also knew the game better and, except in the last few minutes of play had the ball in their possession most of the time, Cenedella's tackling was a feature of the game, as he several times broke the Grafton boys interference. Smith as usual was a tower of strength to his team. Rogers also bucked the line very hard. He was pushed over the line for the only touchdown of the game after 13 minutes of play. Dillingham missed the goal. In the first half the Milford boys had their own way although, several plays were blocked which might have given Milford another touchdown.

October 31, Milford High's foot-ball warriors met the Upton aggregation on Stoddard field, Upton, and succeeded in defeating them in a very interesting game. The game opened with Dillingham kicking off. Nelson received the ball on his 10 yard line and succeeded in rushing it back 10 yards before being downed by their opponents. Upton lost the ball however within two minutes. Milford took the offensive strongly and sent Smith through the line for great gains. After one minute play Rogers hurdled the line for a touchdown. This closed the first half. In the second half neither side succeeded in scoring, although the Upton team strove hard to make a touchdown; but each time was forced back by the punts from our little quarterback's toe. The Milford contingent went to Upton in a special electric car and the return trip was made with much rejoicing, cheering and waving of the school banners.

Touchdown, Rogers. Goal, Smith. Referee, F. B. Williams. Umpire, Walter Ewing. Timer, F. A. Burdick. Linesmen, H. Tompkins, Roy Hixon. Time 15 minute periods. Attendance, 500.

November 2, Milford High School team succeeded in defeating the Needham High team by a score of 10 to 6. It was a very interesting game the home team showed its superiority, both in gaining ground and in their defensive work. The roping off of the field and the presence of policemen kept the crowd off the field, giving the players the entire space on which to play. Needham was in mid field and succeeded in carrying the ball ten yards from their goal. It was up to the local team to hold them, which was done in fine style, forcing Needham to have Stanwood drop back and try for a goal from the field. The ball rose high in the air from his toe, but fell short of the bar and Cenedella held it for a fair catch, and in so doing he was tackled by a Needham man. For this offence

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Needham was penalized 15 yards and Milford continued to take the ball up the field until time was called. The home team made their first score on a fumble made by Needham on their 20 yard line. Smith was sent over the line for the touchdown.

In the second half Needham got its machinery into play, but could not gain. Both teams played with might and main to score another touchdown. The tackling of Cenedella for Milford was wonderful. He always picked his man and downed him with great force. Smith's rushes were very hard and frequent. Simpson made a few end runs always gaining his distance. Milford played the better game of the two teams. Maloney was the feature.

November 17, Milford High lined up against Needham High on Town Park, Milford. It was the third game between these two teams, and was played with snap and ginger. Milford had a good chance to tie the score after making their first down, but Smith did not kick the goal. The score stood, Needham 6, Milford 5. The game was very interesting and hard fought. The visitors came determined to win back their laurels lost in the last game, and the local school boys were almost sure of victory over their opponents. Needham had a heavier lineup this time and the new men were towers of strength to their team. The Milford team was slightly handicapped by Smith's inability to play in his regular position as full back. Phillips put up a fine game. Smith played with a sprained wrist and could not play the snappy game without great difficulty. Rogers carried the ball most of the time and handled it with great care, always gaining ground. He was pushed over the line for Milford's only touchdown. In the first half both sides tried to score, but their many fumbles lost their only chances to score. Milford making six fumbles in first half and two in the second. In the second half Needham's machinery began to move and sent Webb over the line for a touchdown. Milford repeated the play, but failed to tie the score. For Milford, Cenedella was the feature of the game, his tackling being a specialty. Mahoney, Needham's left end was the feature on that side.

November 19, The team went to South Framingham to line up against the High School boys of that city. Both teams played an exceedingly interesting game. The game was played on the agricultural grounds, which were in a very bad condition. Milford could not beat their rivals, but succeeded in tying the score. The touchdown was made in the last minute of play, but Dillingham failed to kick the goal. Many fumbles were made during the game, Milford doing their share of them. Milford played the best game and should have won, but the fumbles and mistakes were the cause of their downfall. Both touchdowns were made by Smith and Mayo. Touchdowns, Smith, Mayo. Goals missed, Dillingham, Wright. Referee, D. C. McCormick. Umpire, Walter Ewing. Linemen, Wilcox, Jordan. Timers, W. A. Clark, Dean. Time, 20 minute periods. Attendance, 400.

I would take this means to express my appreciation to all those who have assisted in any way toward the Benefit Game played Thanksgiving Day. I would mention particularly the pupils of the school. The Alumni and the Principal of the school who was chiefly instrumental in promoting and conducting the affair so successfully.

W. A. D. CLARK.

EXCHANGES.

ONE of the most interesting high school papers received is the Herald from Holyoke, Mass.

Add an exchange column, School Bell Echoes.

Those interested in the college foot-ball games can find detailed accounts of them in our college exchanges.

The College Signal, Amherst, Mass., is a very neat and interesting paper.

The Tech, from Cincinnati, Ohio, could be improved by filling out the last page.

The Criterion, Macomb, Ill., would present a neater appearance if published in book form.

Some good cuts would improve the Capitoline, Springfield, Ill.

The editors of the Aegis, Beverly, Mass., have made the October number the foot-ball number. It is a most interesting paper.

Read "A Reverie," in the October number of the Roaring Branch.

The Index, Haverford, Pa., contains some interesting stories.

We think the cover design of the Red and Black inappropriate for a high school paper. The music department and exchange column are both good.

The Milford High School Paper

Has a rather odd name

But it's a very fine paper,

And it gets there, just the same. —Center.

The members of the sophomore class who study Latin should read the story in the Racquet entitled "The Thompson's Burglar," and they would probably study the Latin with more energy. The headings of the different departments in this paper are very good.

We see by the Watch City Bulletin that the Waltham High School foot-ball team defeated Framingham 83-0. Milford tied Framingham 5-5.

We would suggest that the Watch City Bulletin add to their exchanges.

The Comet, Reno, Nev., has a very good cover design.

Those interested in politics should read the Protectionist. It has in the November issue General Draper's speech on the reciprocity plank.

We hope to again welcome the Lake Breeze from Sheboygan, Wis.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass., is a very good little paper but has a poor exchange column.

The October number of the Herald contains an interesting and instructive article entitled "The Universal Exposition."

Acknowledgements:—Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.; Climax, Beloit, Wis.; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Maine; Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.; Latin School Register, Boston, Mass.; Beacon, Chelsea, Mass.; Student, Swanton, Vt.; High School Gazette, Lynn, Mass.; Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass.; Flickertail, Lisbon, North Dakota; Huisache, San Antonio, Tex.; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.; Legenda, New London, Conn.; Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.; High School Sentiment, Parsons, Kansas.

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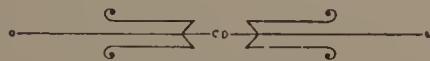
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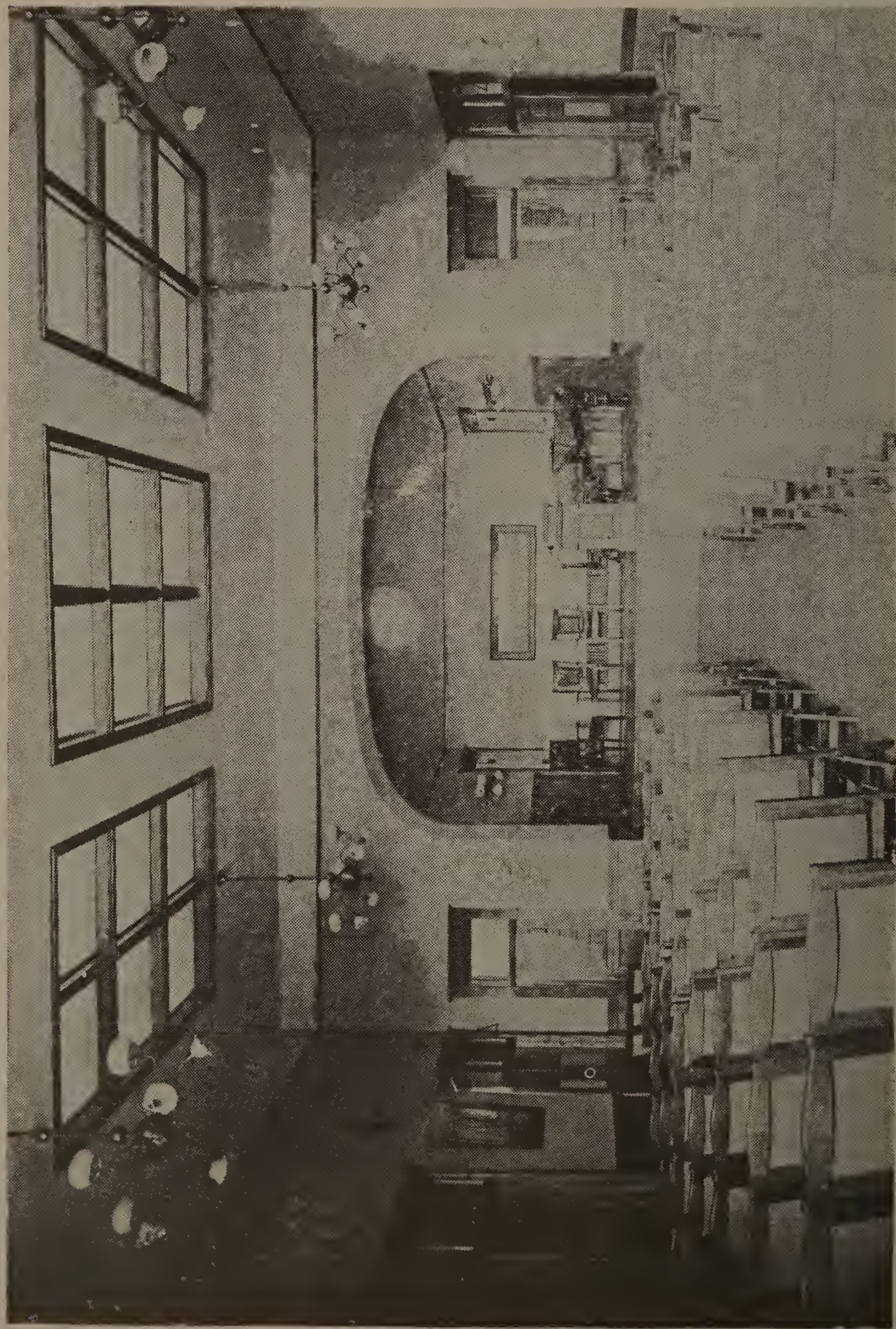
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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XXI.

MILFORD, MASS., JANUARY, 1905.

No. 4.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF THE MILFORD
HIGH SCHOOL.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, Hannah E. Callanan, 1905. BUSINESS EDITOR, Frank E. Gilmore, 1905.

SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, John E. Doherty, 1906.

EXCHANGE EDITOR, Alfred J. Walker, 1907. PERSONAL EDITOR, Vera A. O'Connor, 1906.

LOCAL EDITOR, Helene M. McConnachie, 1905. ATHLETIC EDITOR, William A. Curtin, 1907.

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Christmas holidays are over and the year of 1905 has been ushered in, with all its resolutions and opportunities for better efforts. With the coming of the New Year, let each and every one of us endeavor to make some material progress in our undertakings. If we may be granted the privilege of suggesting some resolutions, here are a few things to be considered. There is a movement for organizing teams among the girls for the purpose of playing basket ball. If you are a girl, lend your aid to this enterprise, that it may be a success. On the other hand, the subject of a boy's basket ball team is receiving the attention of the boys. We think it hardly necessary to urge enthusiasm here; there has never been any question of the boys' interest in Athletics. Then there is the lunch-counter—patronize it. Last but not least—there is the School paper. If you have not already done so, subscribe for the Oak, Lily and Ivy, and contribute anything and everything of interest that you can find.



Again it has been brought to our notice that there is ample talent in the

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

school to form a high school orchestra. We find the members of lower classes especially musically inclined. This fact was well manifested at the recent rhetorical exercises held in the Assembly Hall.



Now that the rhetorical exercises of the first term have ended, the Seniors feel privileged to step "down and out." The opportunity will soon be given the Sophomores to show their forensic powers. We wish them the best of good fortune in their efforts.



The Athletic Association may well be gratified with the proceeds of the Fifth Prize Speaking Contest held in the Assembly Hall of the school, Dec. 16, 1904. We trust that the contest was a success from the artistic as well as the financial stand point.



We are grateful to one of our exchanges for its thorough and helpful criticism of our paper. Such comments are pleasing because we feel that they are given in a spirit of good-will and with the intention of aiding rather than embarrassing us in our work. We would encourage this idea of criticism among the pupils of our school. It need not be unfavorable criticism, but nevertheless we shall feel well pleased to receive any suggestions for the improvement of the paper, for criticism of any kind shows an interest in what is criticised.



Some of the Juniors have made a lunch-room of room 5. You knew that before? We suppose you did, but show that you are interested in it by patronizing the lunch counters. Remember that great things out of little grow.



Why is it that the clock in room 15 is not in harmony with those in the other class rooms? It is often very annoying to find when the first period is almost ended that it is not yet eight o'clock by the time piece in this room.



Since there seems to be no prospect of having dances this winter, we have been reminded many times of the feasibility of having a play in the Assembly Hall. Also, we think a Glee club would be an enjoyable adjunct to the school life. Perhaps one might be formed among the boys and one among the girls.



Those who, in returning home from school, have to pass the Spruce Street corner have been much annoyed by the snow balls thrown by the boys of the Spruce Street school. It is strange that no serious accident has happened. We trust that an end will be put to this nuisance.

A MAN AND HIS VIOLIN.

DUSK is falling over Venice. The great fiery sun drops below the horizon. Twilight comes on. A soft, delicate, violet light falls about all, growing deeper and deeper. The water of the canal is gray and darkening each moment. The gondolas are gradually becoming black, their tall gondoliers throwing longer and longer shadows. The violet light has turned to a deep purple. Only a golden light flashes from the tower. Now this has faded away. The purple is black. Bright stars appear, twinkling and winking. The silent silvery moon rises higher and higher. Lights become more numerous along the canal. The palaces are blazing forth their splendor. Everything reflects in the water, which makes all so beautiful. Occasionally a gloriously illuminated barge passes, its occupants singing softly and dreamily some fantastic Italian melody. Now all is still.

On the bridge stands a man. His appearance, his clothes, his very air proves him an American.

A soft sound of music breaks the stillness, coming nearer and nearer. A gliding gondola comes into view. The music sounds more distinctly. The American feels his heart beating. It seems as though it must surely break. The gondola stops at the bridge. A man, standing erect, is playing upon a violin. The soft strains, clear and full of expression, float up to him. It is Rubinstein's "Melody in F." The last note dies gradually away. The player's face expresses all the harmony and sadness of the tune. His eyes are shining. Tears course down his cheeks. His head is thrown back. The man on the bridge heaves a long, deep sigh, and hastily brushing away a few teardrops, he empties his pockets into the apron of the woman in the gondola. Now the gentle swish of the paddle sounds, and soon all passes from view.

Two years have passed. Antonio Scala, the artist, is employed as first violinist in an orchestra in a fashionable Boston restaurant. The American of the previous scene had sought out the wonderful musician and had finally engaged him to come to America as a soloist.

Antonio found himself alone in a strange city, Boston, friendless and, worse yet, penniless. His naturally reserved and shy nature was unsuited to the task of securing work, especially well paid work. So, when the position as first violinist in a small orchestra, playing at a fashionable restaurant was offered him he gladly accepted it. Antonio boarded in an Italian district. His living cost him little. His one ambition was to save, that his wife and two boys might join him here. Uncongenial as were his surroundings to his delicate temperament, the thought of returning to Italy never visited him. He knew of but two things: to play and to save.

At length, one day early in January, he decided that he had enough money to send for his family. With trembling haste he purchased the ticket and immediately wrote to his wife enclosing the passage, and entreating her to make all possible speed. Having mailed the letter, he returned to his room, and taking up

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

his old friend, he played softly the "Melody in F"—the one which he had played more than two years before, and which had been the stepping stone to his present life. Yet he felt no regret, for Rosa and Georgio and Luigi were coming soon—very soon.

"Antonio—he grow thin. He no spenda the mon. He justa spend a littlea bit! He save—that is all." Antonio steadily grew thinner. His cheeks became strangely red; he contracted a slight cough, a mere scratching of the throat, but thought no more of it. At night he would become restless and feverish; on such occasions he would take up his violin and play some soft, caressing air, and thus calmed, would fall asleep. Once in a while nothing would accomplish the desired result but that same sweet, sad "Melody in F."

About the middle of February came a letter from his wife telling of her plans to set sail on the sixteenth of the month. If fortune favored them, they should arrive some time near the end of the month. Antonio's joy knew no bounds; he snatched up his old companion and kissed it and danced about the room. Soon, however, he sank back on the bed, exhausted. A severe fit of coughing racked his frail body from head to foot. The slight cough had become steadily worse. When the coughing ceased he was so weak that he was unable to rise, and, lying on the bed, fell asleep. At the restaurant people wondered. This was the first night Antonio had failed to appear.

The days passed on, and Antonio, still unaware of it, grew steadily worse. The last of February arrived. Antonio haunted the wharf, and his inquiry as to when the ship would arrive had become part of the daily routine of his life. After much uncertainty, he learned that it would probably reach port about the third of March. On the first and second days of March, Antonio was so weak that he could not eat the food which the landlady kindly brought him. The third day a fearful snow storm raged, and early in the morning Antonio walked to the wharf. His breath came hard, but he kept on. Upon his repetition of the usual question, he was told that the boat was expected in the afternoon. About noon he returned to the wharf. When he came to the wharf he sank into a chair in the waiting room and fell into a troubled sleep.

Crowds were gathered about the wharf. Near the front of the crowd stood Antonio. Now the ship comes nearer and nearer. Now it is almost here. Its decks are thronged with people, talking, and waving their hands. The women are dressed in all sorts of brilliant colors, red, green, pink, yellow, and blue, and crowded about them are children. The men are guarding the few possessions they have brought with them. The people on the shore are eager and impatient to see their friends, but the authorities give forth the orders that no passengers are to land that night, and the crowd, after vain mutterings, departs.

Night has by this time come on. Antonio moves homeward slowly and more slowly, and finally drops down on a bank of snow.

A policeman passing some fifteen minutes later, found the lifeless body. He called the ambulance and Antonio was taken to the hospital, and on examination, his was found to be a case of advanced consumption.

During his sleep, he kept moaning and tossing, muttering in a strange language. The name Rosa was continually repeated. First he would act as if in

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severe pain. Then he would throw his arms around an imaginary person and grow gentle and caressing, then his face would light up with a sweet smile as if he were listening to beautiful music, then all would change and he would struggle as if against some unseen force.

Toward morning he gained consciousness. He told the nurse his name and related his affairs, begging to have his wife and children brought to him. The nurse was moved by the touching tale, and in her free time went to the immigration commissioner and explained the case to him. He listened, then shook his head sadly. "I am very sorry, my dear madam," he said gently, "but you know law is law, and my duty will not permit my granting such a request. She pleaded with him to no avail. She then went to an Italian to ask him to give bonds for the family, and the consul promised to do all he could but it was, by this time, too late.

Antonio was unconscious. A priest had been sent for. Within an hour he passed away. The consul went to the ship and told the wife and children the sad story and explained the situation to her. The woman was overcome with grief. She wished to return to Italy and take his body with her, if there was means enough to do so.

On visiting Antonio's boarding house, the consul found a sum of money, a few belongings, and the violin, which he conveyed to the wife.

Two days later, a sorrowing woman and two little boys, accompanied by the body of the husband and father, took passage on an ocean steamer and returned to Venice.

MARIE E. CENEDELLA, 1905.



A THANKSGIVING STORY.

THAT Thanksgiving was near was surely evident. The lordly turkey strutted proudly about the barn yard, all unmindful of his approaching fate. How fat he was! His sides fairly shook as he strutted along giving a "gobble-gobble" now and then as he passed some of the less pretentious fowls. He was indeed a bird fit to grace any Thanksgiving feast. But we will leave him, all unconscious of his impending doom, and turn toward the house.

It was a large, white, comfortable looking farm house. The windows shone and glistened in the sunshine of that November day.

Inside, great preparations were going on. The big brick oven gave out a delicious odor which made one think of mince and pumpkin pies; while the eggs, sugar, spices, raisins and other fruits gave one some idea of the cakes, puddings and other good things which would be forth-coming in the near future.

And if one chanced to get a peep into the pantry, his mouth would water at the sight of numerous good things to be seen on its commodious shelves.

The sight of Mrs. Elden's cheerful, happy countenance, as she bustled about the house, was enough to warm one's heart.

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This was to be an especial thankful Thanksgiving for Mr. and Mrs. Elden, as all the children and children's children were coming to spend that happy day at the old home.

John and his wife and children were coming that very day from Boston. Mary, her husband, and their little brood, from New Haven, Jennie, who was away at school, and Albert, who was a prosperous young dentist, were expected that evening; and best of all, George, who had gone West for his health a number of years ago, was to be there with his wife and children whom they had never seen.

"Well Mary" said Mr. Elden, as he arose from the dinner table, "if you've finished your cooking you'd better put on your wraps and come to the village with me, I suppose you want some goodies to top off with to-morrow."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Elden, "I guess that you can get what's needed without my help, seeing as you've done so every year before. Besides, I want to get everything done to-day that I can, as I don't want to be in a rush to-morrow."

So Mr. Elden harnessed the horse and started for the village. While he was gone, Sarah, the work-girl, and Mrs. Elden took down the best blue china, polished the silver, got out the table-linen, and had everything near at hand for the morrow. Then they took a last look at the guest-chambers to see that all was in readiness; kindled fires in the parlor and hall; and were on their way to the kitchen to see what more was needed to be done when they heard the jingle of bells.

"Land sakes alive, Mrs. Elden, do come here!" called Sarah from the window. Mrs. Elden hurried to the window and what should she see but John helping his wife to alight, while Father Elden lifted out the two little girls, Alice and Emily!

"Well, well" said Mrs. Elden after the greetings were over, "you seem to have had pretty good judgment in selecting goodies this time, didn't you? How did you get here so early, John?"

John replied, "We made better connections than we expected, and arrived at the village about half-past three instead of at six, as we wrote we would."

After supper John and his father went to the village again, this time to meet Jennie, Albert Mary and her family.

They had made just the connections that they had planned. Jennie and Albert had met Mary at Bangor and from there they had all come together.

Tom and Ned, Mary's two boys, were wide awake when they left the train, but Baby Mary was fast asleep.

Mrs. Elden and John's wife had put the two little girls to bed, and sat by the fire wondering what George's wife would be like, when the folks drove up to the door.

"Well, I declare," said mother Elden, as she helped them unwrap, "its snowing isn't it?" "Yes" said her husband, "and I'm afraid we'll have quite a storm before it stops."

Just then Emily and Alice, who had not gone to sleep, appeared at the head of the stairs. "Halloa, Tom and Ned," they called. The boys rushed up stairs to see their cousins but were soon called down to supper, after which everybody retired as it was quite late.

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All were up bright and early the next morning. John and Albert helped their father do the out door chores while the women did the work in the house, talking to the accompaniment of the rattle of dishes, the crackling of wood fires, and the sound of children's happy voices.

At ten o'clock it had stopped snowing, but the wind still blew, piling high drifts in some places while it left others bare. Mr. Elden and his son Bert started for the village, with snow shovels and plenty of wraps, to meet George and his family who were to arrive on the eleven o'clock train.

When they reached the station, there was no sign of a track. The station master heard them drive up and called out, "How do you do Mr. Elden? Looking for more company?"

"Yes," said Mr. Elden, "George and his folks haven't come yet. We expected them on the eleven o'clock train. It's about time for it, isn't it?"

"Well," said the station master, "I guess there won't be any train in to-day. You see it was stalled about twelve miles below, and I don't think it can get here before night,"

As there was no use in waiting, Mr. Elden and Bert departed for home, this time carrying disappointment instead of joy.

Mrs. Elden and her daughters were busy in the kitchen when they reached the house. They were all very much disappointed, but as they could do nothing to change matters, they finished getting dinner and everybody sat down although they were far from merry.

Mr. Elden was carving the turkey when a shout was heard, and everybody rushed to the door. There they saw George, his wife and two children.

Everyone was anxious to know how they got there so early, so George told them that as soon as he knew how matters stood, he hired a farmer to drive them over, as he had no intention of missing his New England Thanksgiving dinner.

George's wife was heartily welcomed by all. Everyone was prepared to like her for George's sake, but they soon loved her for her own. The little girls soon found the warm spot in their grandma's heart and when they sat down to dinner were placed, one on each side of her.

George was in perfect health as he proved to everyone's satisfaction at dinner.

But we must leave them now, a gay, happy company, every one of whom was thankful for that Thanksgiving Day in the old home.

EDITH K. JOHNSTON, 1908.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

AS Marion Wallace was going through town, trying to get rid of the basket of goods that she was selling, she would stop and look in the windows; she saw all the turkeys and cranberries piled high on the counters. As she stood gazing at them, she wondered when the time would come when she would enjoy a Thanksgiving dinner.

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Just as she was about to turn from the window, a young man accosted her and asked her what she had for sale. Where upon she uncovered her basket and disclosed various things. The young man relieved her of some of them and asked her where she lived and she told him in a small cottage outside of the town and she had a mother and a younger brother and sister to support.

When Marion arrived home that night she was surprised to see a happy smile on everybody's face. Upon asking the reason, she was conducted to the pantry where everything was arranged, turkey, cranberries, pies, cakes and all kinds of fruit and large bags of candy.

Marion stood in astonishment looking at the grand display before her. Turning to her mother she asked her who had brought the things. Her mother said they were brought in a grand carriage and that a young man had come with them. Then Marion suddenly thought of the young man that had bought some of her wares and she told her mother about him; that night every one of them went to bed with a happy smile, thinking of the good time they were to have to-morrow.

All were up bright and early and Mrs. Wallace got the turkey and all the fixings ready. A white linen table-cloth was spread on the table and everyone made ready for the feast. Just then came a knock on the door and Marion upon opening the door was surprised to see the young man whom she had met yesterday. "Just in time for dinner," he said. Marion asked if it was he who had sent the things, but, this question was unanswered by Mrs. Wallace saying, "Won't you stay for dinner"? By this, Marion knew that it must have been he who sent it.

Asking all to sit down to dinner she said Grace and the dinner proceeded with joy and laughter. I don't think Marion's first Thanksgiving will ever be forgotten.

GEORGIANA ELIZEBETH McCONNACHIE, 1908.



NOVEL READING.

MOST people are very fond of reading novels yet some finish reading a book in a day while others take a week to read one. Now the person who reads it in one day doesn't receive as much benefit as one who reads it in a week. The former skims through it, as we may say, while the other reads it intelligently and thoroughly.

The latter will be able to criticise what he has read, but the former will only be able to reproduce the simple facts of the plot and sometimes is unable to do even that.

If a person begins reading good novels written by some of our best authors, he will not want nor even think of reading those cheap five and ten cent novels.

We are sorry to see and hear of so many of the young men reading those dime novels. We have a public library from which the best novels can be obtained without cost. If (the) a person is poor, he has many sources from which he can secure good reading of all kinds and good novels if he finds them agreeable.

Some people misuse good novels. They read them, but do not study or even

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think of what they read; they just read them to take up time and never think of the good moral lessons that may be derived from such reading.

A person who has read cheap novels and then commences to read good novels will often be heard say, "I don't like that. I can't make any sense out of it, I cannot tell who are the hero and heroine".

If that person would only read carefully and consider what he reads he would be able to decide who were the principal characters and what were the most important incidents and what the personal lesson.

There are people who enjoy reading the works written by such authors as Shakespeare, George Elliot, Cooper and others. They say that the more they read them, the more good they derive from them. Some prefer one writer to another and most everyone has one writer whose works he prefers to all others.

There are others who read a book and then lay it aside when through and never think any more about it. Then when they are engaged in a conversation and some one talks about the same book, the other is really dumbfounded; he does not remember a certain part of the novel; he has read it, but still can not seem to recognize what has been said. He then finds out that he has not carefully read the novel, and if ambitious enough he will re-read it.

We hope that our young people will be as eager to secure good novels and good reading matter as Benjamin Franklin was. Every one knows what a great reader he was and that he secured his books only after a great effort.

By careful consideration and good thinking, every one will be able to find out for herself or himself, how to profit by reading good novels and discontinue to misuse and abuse the same.

MARGARET HELENE McCONNACHIE, 1905.



MY VISIT TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

THE day had arrived on which I was going to see my first Olympic Game and I was very glad.

We started about two o'clock in the morning for the stadium which was not very far from my house. When we arrived, there were quite a few people there, but we got a good seat.

The stars were out, but soon we saw the sun rising over the east walls of the stadium. I was very busy looking at the horse that had just come on the track for practice, so I didn't mind the long wait.

At about ten o'clock the stadium was filled to its seating capacity and soon after, the games began.

The first event was the throwing of the discus, which was won by one of the boys from Northern Greece.

Next, came the chariot race which interested me most of all; there were four chariots, all sparkling in the sunlight on the starting line ready for the signal. The chariot drawn by the four black horses won the race after much excitement.

They were also standing broad jump, and running jump, foot races and boxing and wrestling contests.

I missed the last Olympia Games in Greece, but I shall go to the next ones that are held.

ROBERT LAMB, 1908.

CAESAR'S MURDER.

THE conspirators in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" were in no way justified in their action when they treacherously murdered the head of the Roman state. All, with the exception of Brutus, perhaps, were concerned not with safety of the country, but with their private hopes of advancement; not with the welfare of their fellow-citizens, but with base jealousy of Caesar's power. As for Brutus, he was weak-minded and pliable, when he could be won by flattery. The conspirators, even if they had been in earnest, could hardly be justified, as they might have foreseen that the rule of the country would fall to weak and dissolute nobles, who, instead of elevating the state, would carry it to destruction in their own downfall. Caesar had always been successful; he had never been harsh with the people; he was zealous for the welfare of the country. If he were ambitious for royal power, the same may be said, in a much greater degree, of his murderers; and indeed his firm rule would have been the only thing to save the state from destruction.

JOHN DOHERTY, 1906.

LOCALS.

TEACHER.—"Is that your seat, young man?"

Pupil.—"No, my seat is occupied."

Teacher.—"Well, remain where you are and don't move the radiator."

Teacher in A Eng.—"Swilled insolence." Milton always liked to use strong words.

Voice from the rear.—"We l, swilled is strong enough."

Teacher in C Geometry.—"How long should a man's leg be?"

Answer.—"Long enough to reach the ground."

Cu-t-n in C Eng. II.—"The Indians seized their bustles and ran."

Teacher.—"Read it over again."

Who is the Sophomore girl who likes to put her fingers in the ink-well?

A Eng.—"What is the meaning of Naiades, Miss D?"

Miss D.—"Oh, They were the people who wore girdles."

Teacher in C Eng. II.—"It would be fine if an organ could be obtained such as are used in Europe, for our local churches."

M-d-en.—"Get one on the installment plan."

Miss K—in A Sten.—"Well, I just had plain "Will" at first."

S-m-th says "The foot-ball boys took the "cake"—and they knew how to eat it.

Miss McK—in B. Sten.—"I had der for dear."

Teacher.—"Well, how did you say you had it written——dear?"

Teacher in Music.—"Well, girls, you seem to be a little off this morning."

"Have you seen the man with the axe?"

Wanted.—Some one to clean my books!

How about that hypnotizing act, Bill?

A Hist.—They left the harbor. They didn't take it with them then.

Bertha is diligently searching for a pair of sleeve holders. Are they for yourself, Bertha?

Found—A "bluffer or two" in A Latin.

A Eng. "What's the meaning of "Moly," Mr. Sim—?

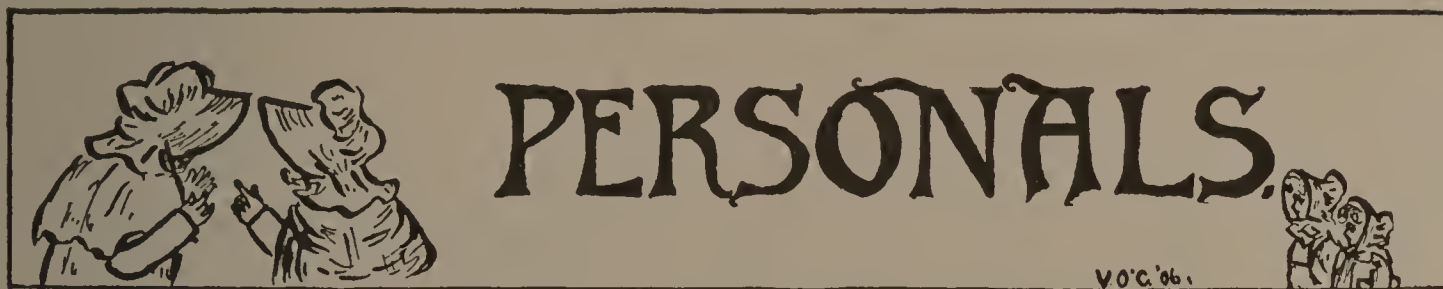
Claude.—" 'Moly,' er—she's—! How "charming," Claude.

Wanted in A Eng. The meaning of "huddled." Young ladies send their answers to the English teacher.

A Civics.—Dedham—the home of the dead ones.

Teacher in A Eng.—Comus had an attractive exterior.

How did the "fudge" taste, Vi? Evidently it was stale.



SCHOOLMATES of Miss Gertrude Welch, '05, wish to say that they deeply sympathize with her on the death of her father. Mr. Welch has been proprietor of the Milford Iron Foundry for some years, and was a highly respected citizen. Miss Welch and her relatives certainly have cause for their great grief, Mr. Welch being sick but three days. His death came as a great blow to his family and friends. Pneumonia was the cause of his death.

At the final rhetorical contest in our school hall on the night of December 16, Miss Hannah Callanan and Mr. Claude Simpson were the successful contestants, and were awarded the medals. All the speaking was remarkably fine and the judges had a difficulty in deciding who should get the medals. During the evening musical solos and duets were rendered by pupils of the school. The judges were : Principal H. A. Taylor, Hopedale H. S., Miss Agnes Safford, Westbrook Academy, Maine, Principal Cushing, So. Framingham H. S.

Mr. Martin Cooney, , a student of Georgetown Medical College spent his Christmas holidays at his home here.

Miss Helen Gilmore, '01, now teaching commercial at Littleton High School, spent two weeks at the home of her parents on West Street, around Christmas.

Mr. Allen Cooke, '04, is employed as reporter for the Milford Daily News.

Mr J. Frank Curtin, ex '00, a student at Baltimore Medical College spent his Christmas vacation with his parents, Leonard Street.

Miss Gertrude Smith, ex '06, of Bay View Semenary, Providence, R. I., and Charles Smith, Jr., ex '00, a student at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., were the guests of their parents during their two weeks vacation at Christmas.

At a recent meeting of the High School Athletic association, Mr. Charles Moriarty, '04, was elected Treasurer, and Mr. Allen Cooke, '04, a member.

Mr. James Luby, '04, spent a few days with friends at Hopkinton recently.

Mr. Hull, our principal, recently gave President Charles Moriarty, '04, a check for fifty dollars; the proceeds of our Speaking Contest, which is to go towards the Athletic Association.

Mr. Benjamin Clancy, ex '06, has arrived home from Phillips Exeter, bringing with him a scholarship of one hundred and fifty dollars.

Miss Helen Mead is enjoying her vacation at her home. She is a pupil at Wheaton Seminary, Norton.

The wedding of Miss Edith Wires, '91, and Mr. Harry T. Hayward of Franklin, has been announced. The ceremony will be performed January 11, '05.

Mr. James Clancy, '02, spent the holidays at his home, Main Street. He is studying at Cincinnati, Ohio.

A dance was held on Thanksgiving night by the Social Club, which was a huge success, in the way people attended, and also the financial outcome. Mr. Charles Moriarty, '04, is president of the Club.

Mr. Wendell Phillips, '07, shot a handsome fox during the Thanksgiving vacation.



NOVEMBER 22, the school team played the best game of the season when they lined up against the Framingham High school eleven on Town Park. The field was in fine condition, being roped off so as to keep the rooters back. Officers were also present and kept the field clear at all times. The game was very interesting, Milford having the better part of it. The local school had their rooters on the field with them. Not being satisfied at the work which the rooters did on the field, many proceeded to Main St. and secured the bulletin of one of our local papers and marched the street to show their interest in the sport. In the first half Framingham succeeded in making the first touchdown after five minutes of play. Wyght kicked the goal. Smith repeated this play with a touchdown for his team and Dillingham made the second. Simpson, who was picked from the local eleven showed that he could kick goals. It was his first time to try this play. He scored two and missed two. The first half ended Milford 12, South Framingham 6. In the second half Simpson scored two touchdowns. He missed both goals. Score at this time was, Milford 22, South Framingham 6. Capt. Frost made a touchdown, but Wyght could not kick the goal. The features of the game were the open field tacksels of Cenedella, the rushing of Dillingham, Smith and Simpson. When carrying the ball they always gained their ground, as did also Rogers. The playing as a whole on the Milford team was excellent. Hastings and Mayo were the stares for the visitors.

The lineup:

Milford-22

Foley, l e
McCarthy, l t
Dillingham, l g
Hilton, c
Ewing, r g
Phillips r t
Laviolette u
Cenedella q b
Rogers l h b
Simpson r h b
Smith f b

11-South Framingham

r e Hastings
r t Douglas
r g Ducey
c Waterhouse
l g Videtto
l t McPherson
l e Hilton
q b Wyght
r h b Harmon
l h b Frost
e b Mayo

Touchdowns, Mayo, Frost, Simpson 2, Smith, Dillingham. Goals, Simpson 2, Wyght. Referee, J. C. Hull of Milford. Umpire, Houlihan, Framingham. Linesmen, Ewing and Jordan. Timers, Clark and Bean. Time, 20 minute periods. Attendance 400.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

November 24, the school team lined up against the Alumni on Town Park Milford. The Alumni succeeded in defeating their opponents. The graduates succeeded in making two touchdowns, but their quarter-back was unable to kick the goals. The score at the windup was 10-0 in the graduates favor. The game was very interesting from beginning to end.

The lineup:

Alumni	High School
Holland l e	l e Foley
Kavanaugh l t	l t McCarthy
Moran l g	(Capt)l g Dillingham
Hixon c	c Hilton
Wires r g	r g A. Ewing
Reynolds r t	r t Phillips
Cook, Johnson r e	r e Laviolette
Godfrey q b	q b A. B. Cenedella
C. Hilton l h b	l h b Rogers
A. Cenedella r h b	r h b Simpson
W. Ewing f b	f b Smith

Touchdowns, A. Cenedella, 2. Goals missed, Godfrey, 2. Referee, J. C. Hull. Umpire, Roy Tucker. Linesmen, Jackson and Butler. Timer, W. P. Foley. Time, 20 minute halves. Attendance 500.

The football team has led a most successful career during the past year, as can be seen by the football schedule which was arranged with the football teams of surrounding towns through the kindness of our manager, Mr. Clark.



The schedule of games for 1904.

Date	Opposing team	Played at	Score
Oct. 7,	Upton	Milford defeated	11-0
“ 12,	Needham	Needham tie	0-0
“ 15,	Millbury	Milford won	28-0
“ 25,	Grafton	Grafton “	5-0
“ 29,	Upton	Upton “	6- 0
Nov. 2,	Needham	Milford “	10-6
“ 5,	Millbury	Millbury cancelled by Millbury.	
“ 11,	Grafton	Milford “	Grafton.
“ 15,	Framingham B. C.	“ defeated	6-0
“ 17,	Needham	“ “	6-5
“ 19,	Framingham	Framingham	5-5
“ 22,	“	Milford won	22-11
“ 24	Alumni	“ defeated	10-0

We are glad to note that it was not necessary for us to cancel any of our games, and also to hear that our football players have received M's for their hard and earnest work.

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to again welcome the Dean Megaphone. It contains an excellent cut of the Ray Memorial Library.

The Corona contains some good stories.

We see by the Bowdoin Orient that Bowdoin has turned out a president.

The Owl would present a neater appearance if no advertisements were put on the outside of the cover.

The Leavitt Angelus contains a poor exchange column. It is a very interesting paper in every other way.

The Phoenix contains an interesting story entitled "John Henry".

More criticism, less jokes in your exchange column, Arms Student.

The exchange editor of the Herald, Holyoke, Mass., says, "We consider the exchange column the place in the paper where our various exchanges are to be praised, criticized and commented upon, as the case may be. We do not consider it as the joke column, in which such papers as Life and Puck are reproduced.

Let every paper have an exchange column, and if the students of that school do not get a chance to see Life or Judge, then have a separate josh column." We agree with the editor and hope this piece will be read by all exchange editors who receive the Oak, Lily and Ivy, as well as by those who receive the Herald.

The best and most instructive paper received is the Journal, published by the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass., contains the poorest exchange column yet seen by the Oak, Lily and Ivy. You have an altogether wrong idea of the mission of the exchange column.

A few good cuts would improve the Cherry and White.

The Register contains some interesting stories.

The Climax contains an interesting story entitled "A Tenderfoot's Yarn."

Every student should read the article in the College Standard entitled, "Advice to Students."

The Watch City Bulletin has an excellent sketch on Westminster Abbey which should be read by all the sophomores.

Very original headings, Racquet.

We think you have a poor cover design, Student.

Have headings for your different departments, High School Sentiment.

Those who intend to go to college should read "Technology" in the Crimson and White.

Apparently they like poetry in Warren, O., where the Cauldron is published.

Why not publish in book form? editors of the Criterion and Student.

Acknowledgements:—Center, Yates Center, Kansas; Agnetian Monthly, Mount Washington, Md.; Student, Columbus, Kansas; Tech, Cincinnati, Ohio; Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass; Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me; Signal, Amherst, Mass; Legenda, New London, Conn; Climax, Beloit, Wis; Russ. San Diego, Cal; Red and Blue, New York, N.Y; Flickertail, Lisbon, N. D; H. S. Gazette, Lynn, Mass; Cauldron, Warren, G; Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S; Hanoverian, Hanover, Pa; Advance, Central City, Neb; School Bell Echoes, Merrill, Wis; Student's Arena, Cobleskill, N. Y; Egypti, Cairo, Ill; Red and Black, Reading, Pa; Squib, Golden, Colo; Tooter, So. Omaha, Neb; Gates Index, Neligh, Neb; Phi-Rhonian, Bath, Me; and Opinion, Peoria, Ill.

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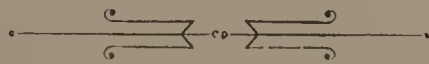
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Rhetoricals are again crowding upon us. The Sophomores think that the suspense has been quite long enough, and are anxiously watching the bulletin board in order that they may find out when they are to appear "on the boards." This term the Freshmen are permitted to take part in the rhetorical exercises if they wish. It is seldom however that the Freshmen take advantage of this privilege, evidently believing that it is better not to go to meet trouble half way.



So basket-ball is here at last and evidently in earnest, too. We believe that those who have become members of the different class teams will not regret it. The only lament now is that so little time is left for playing the lively game. The Seniors in particular are aggrieved at this, for if the game proves to be a permanent winter past-time among the scholars, as we trust it will, they will not be allowed the opportunity for enjoying it that the lower classes will be granted. O how fortunate are the Freshmen! Let them appreciate their advantages and profit by them.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

How pleasant it is to hear that the school will possess a glee club. What an addition this should be to school life. Not many years ago the school possessed an excellent musical club and a very successful cantata was presented. Let us aim for progression and prevent retrogression. "What a man has done, a man can do" is an old proverb. May we all endeavor to prove that our high school of to-day can retain and even surpass the reputation it has hitherto enjoyed. If we have any pride in our school affairs, we will unite to make them profitable; union gives strength, and strength exerted in the right direction will bring success.



There is much talk concerning a play which is to be presented by the members of the school for the basket-ball fund. At present the basket-ball players are assessed weekly payments for the use of the hall in which they practice, and the services of the instructor. The proceeds of the proposed play will be used to defray the basket-ball expenses, and it is thought that thus the play will serve a two fold purpose, for while giving pleasure to some, it will benefit us. Few arrangements have been made as yet, but it is thought that with all the members of the school showing the proper spirit, the undertaking will meet with the favorable reception which it deserves.



It has been suggested that the Senior history class make up a party to visit the scenes of historical interest in and around Boston. This plan was proposed some time ago and has been much discussed by the individual class since that time. It is an idea that is worthy of consideration and we take the liberty of urging the history class to decide to take the trip for undoubtedly it will prove both pleasant and profitable.



By the way, the Seniors need a little rousing. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed at their slowness in organizing. Let us now try to make up for the delay, by organizing immediately and set to work with a great and unflagging interest in school affairs. They want class-pins and they should have them before graduation. Wake up, Seniors! Time is slipping away. Make the most of what is left.



Our Local editor has received a communication from the Business Manager of the Squib from Golden Colorado, referring to the Oak, Lily and Ivy. It is gratifying to feel that some one so far from home is interested in our editorial efforts, and should be an incentive to those nearer home to show greater enthusiasm for the success of the O. L. and I.

WHAT A GIRL CAN DO.

IT is not given to girls, as it is to young men, to work their way through college. They have not the physical strength, and there are fewer ways of earning money open to them. Nevertheless, there are colleges which claim that no girl has ever been turned away from their doors through lack of money, while nearly all offer a number of methods by which they can help themselves through.

There are, of course, the scholarships and some institutions have a special fund, the income of which is given to needy and deserving students. But there are a number of minor ways in which a girl may meet at least a part of her expenses.

The college itself generally offers employment to a number of students. For instance, the hundreds of letters that are received daily must be sorted and distributed; by doing this many girls earn quite a little; indeed the chief mail clerk may sometimes earn as much as a hundred dollars in a year and that certainly is a large sum in proportion to the expenses of college life. A girl may earn sixty or seventy dollars a year simply by taking care of the college chapel; seeing that it is always properly warmed. Students are constantly employed as assistants in the libraries and laboratories.

Among themselves, the girls have various ways of making money. Some of the more advanced ones, for a small fee, assist those who are not so learned, they thus act as tutors and gain by it experience as well as money, if it is their intention to become teachers. Then again many of the wealthier students are glad to pay for having their men ling done and their rooms properly dusted and cared for and a capable girl may perform these duties and derive an income therefrom, without losing any of her social standing, for the wealthy girl has no more prominence than the girl who is working her way through college.

In certain colleges a labor bureau has been established among the students. If a girl wishes to have a skirt rebound or some sort of mending done she applies to the manager of the bureau, who supplies her with a suitable person; a fixed price is charged for the work. Packing, shopping, embroidering and all needs are provided for in the same way; and although the price for each particular service is small, the amount a girl can earn plays a very important part in her money affairs.

Two and three hundred dollar scholarships have been won by many young ladies as well as by young men. When we hear of a young man winning a scholarship we do not think much of it but when we hear the same of a young lady we think it an extraordinary thing. These prizes of course are awarded those who receive the highest rank not in lessons alone but in neatness and punctuality as well.

Sometimes the girls help to support themselves by money earned from the outside world. A girl who is a good writer can earn a large sum as correspondent of a newspaper, writing with the permission of the college authorities. Some make profits as book-agents and occasionally a student fixes up a sort of a store and sells stationary and other college necessities.

Performing all these sundry duties means, I dare say, a good deal of self denial to the girl who does these things in addition to her regular college work; she must be very ambitious to keep up this double work.

But a college education means a great deal to a girl and after leaving it she does not think that her efforts were ever too great. After her four years training she comes out with new resources, new ideas and new interests.

MARY O'CONNOR, 1905.



Athletics : Their Educational and Other Values.

THE subject of athletics is a broad one and an apt one for serious thought and consideration. In fact, if one were to make of it a topical annals, he could doubtless fill many sheets of paper; but as such is not our intention we will discuss it from a broader point of view. Moreover, as the athletics of our own time and country will furnish ample material for consideration we will refrain from touching upon the sports of our ancestors or those of foreign countries and confine ourselves to some of the principal ones of our own United States.

That athletics are a popular and strong feature of American life is very evident to even the most prejudiced observer. Why is this? Is it because of the pleasure alone, afforded by athletics that they play such an important part? No not wholly. They have another value,—an educational value and a value as a physical developer.

It is universally acknowledged that now a days a proper physical development is almost as important as a sound educational training. Indeed the former is a valuable aid in obtaining the latter. Athletics besides training the mind test and strengthen the nerves. The successful is, as a rule, a careful worker, hard thinker and level-headed youth. Athletics, to be properly executed require good judgment, care and serious thought. Hence their educational value. Moreover as the interested observer knows, to obtain an honorable position in the ranks of our modern college a student must qualify mentally, so to speak, as well as physically,—that is, he must obtain a certain per cent in his studies before being allowed to participate in the college sports. In this way athletics very often prove a stimulant to the would be idler who desires to take part in the college games.

Now let us consider the value of athletics as a physical developer. As the modern college furnishes a good example of this, we will use it as our field of action. To be a successful athlete a sound, well-developed physique is, of course necessary. To obtain a position on the Varsity foot ball eleven, base ball team, or the "crew," a certain physical perfection must be acquired. Figuratively speaking, one must be in the "pink of condition." Now, as a well-developed and sound constitution is not only, as before stated, a valuable aid as a mental training, but an important requisite for an enjoyable, helpful life, its value cannot be questioned. Hence the value of athletics as a physical developer.

Though not bearing strictly upon the subject of their value perhaps it would be well to now consider the manner in which they are looked upon in our country.

Take for instance base-ball and foot-ball. Every town or village,—no matter how small—is, every spring and fall, the sight of more or less base-ball and foot-ball enthusiasm. And the General public! In what country do the people so zealously greet and support a cause as the American people do that of athletics? A modern foot-ball or base-ball field is indeed a revival of the ancient Olympic games, as to universal interest and enthusiasm.

A foot-ball gladiator is to-day looked upon as a greater hero than the old Spanish bull-fighters. In the estimation of base-ball enthusiasts, or “fans,” Capt. James Collins of the Boston American Champions, is the “Napoleon” of the base ball world. Consider for a moment the interest and enthusiasm manifested in the recent struggle between the New York and Boston base-ball teams, for the coveted championship penant of the American league. See the annual attendance at the Harvard-Yale foot-ball game. Athletics, play an important part in the affairs of the American people,—and deservedly so!

In this brief sketch we have said nothing concerning the financial side of American athletics yet if we were to investigate we would see what an enormous amount is realized annually from base-ball in the United States. A good ball player now-a-days commands an excellent salary. But we are perhaps more interested in amateur than professional athletics. In our modern colleges a professional is barred from participating in the athletics.

Let us conclude by saying that athletics, when properly indulged in, are a profitable recreation for the people of any nation.

FRANK E. GILMORE, '05.



A Walk Through The Woods.

IT was a most beautiful spring afternoon, and a number of my girl friends and I were preparing for a walk in the woods. We took our cameras, for we knew we would certainly find many fine scenes that would make interesting pictures. We strolled along leisurely and at the end of nearly a mile we turned into a field where there stood an old pump which, fortunately had a tin cup attached to the handle, though much battered, and we refreshed ourselves with a drink of clear, cold water.

Then instead of returning to the road, we kept on to a path which we soon found would lead us through the woods. It looked as though it might have been a cart-path, for the ruts made by the wheels could be seen on the green earth beneath our feet. It was deliciously cool here among the trees and we felt much more comfortable than we had in the sun, for the weather was very warm for a spring day. This path led through the forest for quite a distance, when suddenly it opened into a large grassy field. This was a small hill and led down to a small brook we knew, for we could plainly hear the rush and roar of running water. We thought before descending the hill we would look around where we were and found that the woods we had just come out of were separated from the field by a low stone wall, and by traveling along the edge of this wall we accidentally came

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

upon a sort of camp, secluded among the bushes and pine trees, where some one had evidently been cooking, for there was a nicely built oven of rough stones, now slightly blackened by the smoke from the fire.

We did not disturb the haunt, but sauntered down the hill and there found a gurgling brook.

On either side were stones piled about three feet high and a few shrubs making their way through the spaces between the rocks.

The water fell pushing and tumbling over the rocks and we could hardly hear ourselves talk, it made such a noise. A few feet distant from here was a large, flat rock beneath a group of four or five large chestnut trees. Here we sat down to rest and while there we observed that two small squirrels were playing on the branches above us. They seemed to be trying to furnish us amusement. We naturally supposed that they made their home in these trees, for as they were nut trees they would surely be able to get their food for the winter. We soon started for home, but this time took a different path, crossed the brook by stepping on the steady stones, which led to the top of the opposite hill. This road was built of rocks and was called "Rocky Road." Here the trees began to close in around us again and a few violets and ferns grew in the path. We thought we would stop and pick a few flowers before going farther, but before we had scarcely spoken of doing so a scream came from the girl who was walking ahead, and on running to see what was the matter we saw the tail of a large water snake that had lazily been sunning himself go through the underbrush toward the brook. After a shorter walk than we had had before, we found ourselves in the same field that we had entered previously for water; and as we were again quite thirsty we took another refreshing drink and then plodded homeward, feeling greatly benefited by our pleasant trip.

MYRA W. LEAHY, 1908.



A Dream.

JACK was a golfing fiend; he belonged to six golf clubs, possessed enough golf sticks to set up a store and spent all his time on the links. Jack's mother was socially ambitious and wished Jack to become a social lion; he certainly could have done so easily enough, for he was a fine-looking fellow, but Jack only poohed at the receptions, dinners and balls. His mother, being no exception to the rule of ambitious mothers, scolded, fretted and teased her son, but all to no avail; he was absolutely wedded to golf. When his mother would scold, Jack would stand it just as long as he could and then he would make a dash for the woods and would spend the remainder of the day wandering around the woods and wishing all social events in Joppa.

One day after his mother had scolded herself into tears, the poor fellow made for the woods and after wandering around aimlessly for awhile, he came across an ideal place. In the shade of a huge boulder was a soft, mossy place and as it was high ground, there was a fine view in all directions. Here Jack threw himself down to rest and think. Suddenly he heard a sweet voice singing, softly, yet

distinctly, and he turned to see whence it came. There, down in the valley below him, he saw a beautiful young girl, tall and fair with hair the color of the sun. In her arms she bore a cask which was evidently heavy, yet she sang as she came.

When she had come a little nearer she perceived Jack lying at full length on the ground and she called to him to lift the cask for her. Jack found himself obliged to obey; he had never looked into such peculiarly beautiful eyes as those before him; they were fathomlessly deep and seemed to look him through and through. He lifted the cask from her arms and proceeded to follow her; he wondered how that delicate little maid had ever carried it, for it was very heavy and actually made him stagger. She led him on up the mountain-side and suddenly turned off through dense under-brush that scratched and tore his flesh. Suddenly they came upon an opening, a mossy circle in front of a large cave, and before this cave sat dozens of girls all exactly like the girl whom he had followed. They fixed their eyes upon him with a stead-fast stare. He felt himself suddenly grow weak and fall, but instead of striking the ground, he kept falling, falling, falling through space and before he could realize it, he was standing on a great golf ground, club in hand and beside him stood one of those girls. He felt compelled to play and made a strike at a ball, but felt sick at heart when he found that it was a pretty girl's head he had hit instead of a ball. Then he opened his eyes and it was fast growing dark, so he started for home.

GERTRUDE WELCH.



An Immigrant.

IT was a beautiful summer day when a large steamer entered the harbor. Many passengers on board were immigrants who had come in search of homes and industry in the new country. Among these was a young man who had apparently put up with many hardships in life. He was of medium height and wore a suit of a very coarse material, on his feet were a pair of heavy gray stockings which fell over the tops of a pair of clumsy shoes. In one hand he carried a small bundle which was carefully tied with a hemp rope. In this he carried his wearing apparels which was very scanty and not of the most costly kind. In the other hand, he carried an old battered violin case, inside of which was a very valuable instrument. He had come to make a living with his violin.

For some time he played on the streets in the city and the surrounding country towns until he thought he would like a more elevating position. Then he played on the stage and soon became a very popular and well liked musician, until at last he was no longer a common musician, but one of the most famous in the country. He took part in all the leading and best concerts, and people from far and near were enchanted by the divine music which came from the strings.

After many long and successful, though sometimes weary years, he decided to go back to his old home to share his good fortune with his family if there were any of them left.

He was not the rough hard looking man of long ago. He was well dressed and his long white hair was not that of worry and hard knocks; no, it was the

white of years. His face wore a very sweet and pleasant countenance over which wrinkles were slowly finding their way.

When he arrived at his old home the door was fastened and his knock struck hollow and echoed through the house. Was that a footstep coming in answer? It sounded more like the scamper of a scared mouse. He knocked again and again, wilder and more desperately each time. Were they all out? Would they never come?

He stepped over the box edging that had grown tall and rank and went to the kitchen window and with some difficulty he rested one hand on the sill and raised himself to peer in. The shutters were on the outside, and were open; no blinds, no curtains, only the blackness of a great emptiness. Desperately, he ran round the house to the window of his little old parlor. That, too, gazed out into the night with black eyes.

Gone! It was incredible that his own old home should know him no more. There was nothing for him to do but to make his way to the village to seek shelter and where he lived in great comfort for the rest of his days.

M. RAY DWYER, 1905.



Something About Ants.

WHO of us thinks, when passing along in the summer time, anything about the wonderful creatures which are hurrying "helter skelter" beneath our feet, sometimes dragging along pieces of food which are four or five times as big as they are. These wonderful little, yes tiny, creatures are said, by those who have studied the subject carefully, to be next to human beings in intelligence. It has been said that ant-hills contain many sights of miniature architecture which would do credit to our greatest workers in that line. Who of us thinks they may fight death, in order to keep their homes out of the enemies' clutches? Dr. H. C. McCook, who has studied this matter a great deal, tells us that among the many different kinds of ants there is a species of kidnapping ones which make attacks on other ants and their villages for the purpose of capturing slaves and booty.

Our minds imagine that before setting out upon an attack of this kind there would be somewhat similar proceeding to a secret attack of the Japs upon the Russians or vice-versa. The marauding little creatures have been assembling all day. It is now the appointed time and everything is dark and stillness prevails. At last the muster is complete. Mysteriously, but effectively, the signal "Forward" is given, and the great army moves slowly down the hill in one great dark colored mass. There is no general; there are no subordinate officers, but still it seems to move in response to one will and command. A hundred yards distant is an ant village. The route to this place lies across the edge of a grove, over a foot path, along the trunk of a fallen tree, under whose shelter they silently proceed towards the coveted goal. Upon reaching this place, assault, battle, and pillage follow. The inhabitants, surprised and outnumbered by their foes, make a feeble show of defence, as the marauders hurl themselves upon the hill, and plunge into the unguarded gates. Some of the villagers, who have not been al-

ready slain, flee at the first onset, through unassailed or secret passages. Some run the gauntlet through the assailing ranks. Others, too terrified to move, are slain mercilessly by the captivating army and still others are taken prisoners. All who can, carry a part of the family treasures such as eggs, larvae and pupae. But most of these are beaten down and trampled under foot. The fugitives who have been lucky enough to escape probably mount into nearby clumps of low wood plants, whence they look down upon the devastation of their homes—with what feelings? One mustn't suppose that these little midgets have no feeling just because they are small.

Meanwhile the invaders issue from the gates, bearing in their jaws the young of their enemy and sometimes an adult. After they have gathered up all their booty, they take the home trail, driving those ants whom they have captured, before them. They do not return in the same manner in which they went. It is go as you please now. They are welcomed back by their black confederates, who receive the captives and enslave them. All the hard work and drudgery of the ant-hill is forced upon these poor unfortunates. After all return home and the victory is celebrated by a feast, as is most natural, the army is dispersed until their is to be another raid, or they themselves are attacked.

C. R. SIMPSON, 1905.



Mrs. Carter's Christmas.

JACK dear, which are we going to do, have mother and the children come here to a tree or will we go to Mrs. B—'s reception?

"I want you to understand that we will do neither this year; think of the dirt a tree will make, your brothers and sisters are very careless children and they would be a great deal of trouble; and to Mrs. B—'s reception of course you won't go, why you will need a new gown and a carriage to take you; no you will stay at home, and you will not receive any gifts from me this year.

A few days after this, Mrs. Carter asked Jack to tell her the names and addresses of his friends who were traveling at that time. Jack not thinking anything of his wife's queer ideas gave them to her.

A few days after this Jack received a letter from Ben who was travelling on the banks of the Nile, telling him that in a few days in the express office he would find a tiger skin for his wife, in a few days another letter came from Rob, every day such letters kept coming from Africa, the Nile, Egypt, Italy and every where that they had friends travelling, and strangest of all the things that were sent were sent, were all for Mrs. Carter and none for Jack, Jack could not think what all these things meant but after awhile he remembered that his wife had all the addresses of the people who had been sending things. At first he was quite angry to think his wife had done such a thing then he knew to think his wife would do such a thing then he thought how very disagreeable he was.

A few days before Xmas Jack asked his wife if the night before Xmas she could go out with him.

She said "yes" and so on Christmas Eve a sleigh drove up to the door and there was Jack waiting for his wife in the sleigh, she came out and away they went first to Jack's office where spread about in every available place were furs from the Nile and Africa, rugs from Syria, Chinese Goods from China and heaps of Chinese silks, and pretty little things from gay Paris, all such things kept appearing and last of all Jack drew from its hiding place a seal skin coat and muff which Mrs. Carter slipped into as easily as if it had been made for her.

And Jack said that next year he would not be told to buy a present.

FLORENCE G. PRANCE, '08.



The Old-Time School Master and The New.

ALAS, how soon the time will have come when we shall no longer have with us this patriarch of the past—the old time school master. There used to be, in other days, a venerable old man with powdered wig who generally had in his possession or near at hand under his high old-fashioned desk a stout birch-rod, the object of terror to the young culprit, whose misdemeanors called for its use. What a dignified old personage the school-master was. Then as now, there were many contrasting figures in the profession. There was the clergyman sternly kind, appreciative, persuasive, giving encouragement but little flattery, administering rebuke and advice in a gentle, fatherly way. We hear of the old-time clergyman school-master in whose class room passages from the Bible were read every morning and then the scholars were called upon to discuss the subject and instruction followed. Doctor Arnold of Rugby, Tom Brown's old master, was a typical master of the old school, dignified, sociable, large-hearted, intelligent and sympathetic.

In the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Irving has pictured one of these pedagogues—one of the humorous characters. Who has not been amused at the relation of the trials of Master Ichabod Crane!

The long-legged, thin, awkward, pig-tailed, good-natured wielder of the birch rod was beloved of the pupils and well esteemed by the neighbors. It was then the custom for the school-teachers to board at the different houses, the children of which were attendants of the school which the respective teachers taught. We have heard how the attempt of old-time school-masters to make an innovation in the art of spelling was met by a storm of protest by three of the citizens of a certain town who had constituted themselves a committee to visit the schools and investigate matters as they were being carried on there.

At the opening of the Civil war, many of the school-masters enlisted in the army or navy and gave their time to the service of their country. The mothers at home taught the daughters of the family and consequently the girls became school-teachers. They have shown themselves very efficient in the work and now it is generally conceded that women make as good teachers as men. In the West, the thrill of patriotism seemed to have filled a greater proportion of male hearts than in the East, for a western man who was a recent eastern visitor has reported

that it is seldom that a male teacher is found in the schools of the west. Be this as it may, we of the east have still left a goodly proportion of male instructors. The school teacher is no longer enthroned on a dais, but occupies a seat in front of a desk on a level with the scholars' seats. The birch-rod has been replaced by the less clumsy, yet equally effective rattan stick. Wigs have long been discarded, though in a great measure more spectacles are worn by the pedagogues now-a-days than in the olden days when such men as Jonathan Edwards held sway in the country. Greater and more versatile talents are now required for a member of the profession to successfully perform his duties in this day of advancement than was the case in the good old methodical days, when a knowledge of the three R's, "reading, 'rithmetic and 'riting" meant the possession of a fairly good education. Ye is the up-to-date teacher who, having enjoyed more advantages than his fellow-worker of long ago, able to imbue his pupils with greater knowledge; is he to receive more praise than the other who labored with few and crude tools, (for books were not so easily obtained then as now,) to fashion the minds of the future citizens of the country?

HANNAH CALLANAN, 1905.



Getting Along With People.

○ NE should not be ready to take offence, if one wishes to get along with people. Often-times a remark is made and, although it may hurt our feelings at the time, it is better to let it pass unnoticed. Many times a remark is wrongly interpreted, and the speaker causes unintended trouble and disfavor. We should be careful to talk on a subject interesting to our listeners and to direct our conversation to them, in such a way that they will not have any chance for offence. In talking to our friends, we should not refer to their faults, or the faults of one of their intimate friends.

There are some persons who will argue and argue on a subject, and although they know they are wrong, they will not admit it. Why not give in at the first? If it is possible, one should avoid disputation. Even if we know someone is in the wrong, we should not dispute them, if it is going to result in a long, useless argument. Although there are some people who do not mind being disputed, there are a great many who do.

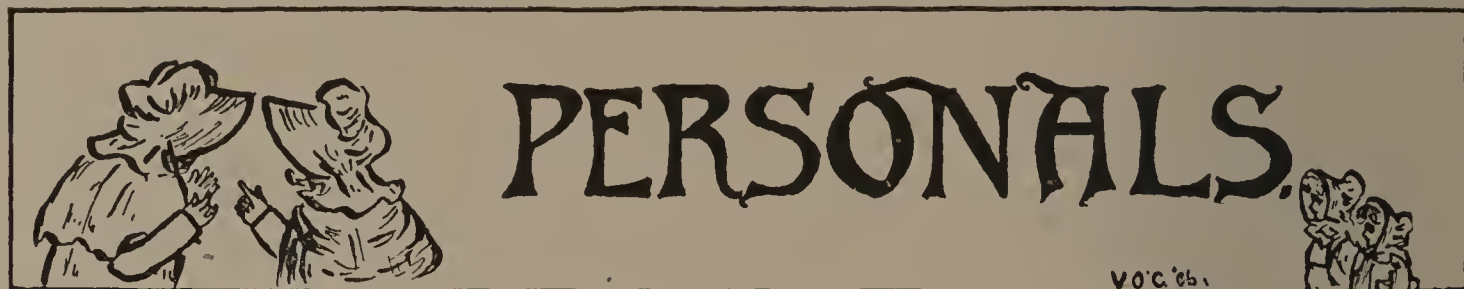
Everyone has a right to his own beliefs and opinions, and one should not ridicule those of another. If a person does not think just as you do, do not ridicule his beliefs.

To refer to the weakness of a friend is ungenerous, besides being impolite. Try to hide, rather than show off the faults of others. Also, do not call attention to your own faults and defects, but rather try to conceal them. Do not make a joke at the expense of another.

The golden rule is the only safe guide, for if we do not treat others as we wish them to treat us, we cannot expect them to do so. Before you say anything to anyone, just think if it is true, and if you would say the same thing if the person were listening.

To betray a secret at the expense or discomfort of a friend is reprehensible, especially if that friend was confidant that you would keep the secret. It is difficult to restore a reputation once lost. If we betray the secret of a friend, we lose the confidence and respect of that friend.

ISABEL L. MCKENNA, 1905.



ON January 11, occurred the most brilliant wedding in Milford for years, when Miss Edith Wires of Milford and Mr. Harry Hayward of Franklin were united in marriage in the Congregational Church, which was magnificently decorated with flowers, ferns and potted plants. The bride was beautifully gowned in white messaline silk; her maid-of-honor, Miss Ethel Williams, was charmingly attired in white satin, while the six pretty bride's-maids were all dressed similarly in pink point d'esprit, and wore picture hats of the same color. The couple received their congratulations in the vestry of the church, where an elaborate wedding breakfast was prepared by a Boston caterer. While family and guests made merry, music was furnished by members of the Symphony Orchestra of Boston. Mrs. Hayward is the daughter of Mr and Mrs. Ephriam Wires, and is a recognized social leader. She was graduated from the Milford High School in the class of '92. Mr. Hayward is a wealthy mill owner, having factories in some of the towns surrounding Milford. The couple will spend the winter in Florida and the south, and will receive their friends at their beautiful home at Franklin after July 1.

Miss Gertrude Smith, now of St. Mary's Seminary, Providence, entertained some of her friends at her home, on December 28. The guests enjoyed themselves immensely, and during the evening musical selections were rendered, and whist was played. A delicate collation was served amidst the festivities, and the party broke up at an early hour.

The engagement of Clara L. Libbey, '00, of Roxbury, and Mr. Stanley L. Johnson of Mexico has been announced.

Miss Adeline C. Teele of Scituate, former teacher of languages at our school, visited at the home of G. M. Billings recently.

A dance will be held by the Social Club on February 28. Mr. Charles Moriarty, '04, is a member.

Mr. Bertrum C. Albro, '96, principal of Rutland High School, visited his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Albro lately.

Miss Irena Sweet, '06, was absent from school during January, being ill with tonsillitis.

Miss Ida Martin, '06, who has been suffering from sore throat for the past few days, has returned to school.

Miss Vera O'Connor, '06, spent the Christmas vacation at Concord, N. H.

Locals.

HAS the Senior Class secretly organized and chosen its class colors? One of those dignified young ladies has been wearing them very prominently. Black and blue are very harmonious colors.

Seen in the library, second period—a Sophomore passing notes to a pretty little Freshman behind the "Globe." "Hands across the sea."

"Mr. Gil—, where is Lydia?"

Answer—"I don't know."

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Miss M-t-n in A Chem.—“Things that has an affinity for each other go together.” For example—If two persons have an affinity for each other, they go together. Whom did the cap fit?

Teacher in A Eng.—“Where is Chester, Miss D—?”

Miss D—“In England.”

We can find a number of examples of affinity in the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

Heard in Room 15—“I think it is dreadful to have to remain after school, especially when there is someone waiting outside.” It is really a shame to keep him waiting, Gert—.

Miss D—er in Civics—“The oldest person in the Concord Reformatory was fourteen years when I was there.”

Teacher in Botany—What is the color of the Indian Pipe?”

Pupil—“White.”

Teacher—“Why isn’t it green?”

Pupil—“Because it doesn’t grow green.”

Sophomore in Hist.—“The bell in the tower of Pisa never rings unless it is tol-d.

Who spilt the red ink on the floor in Room 10?

Teacher in C Geo.—“Who has the vanilla ice cream?” No answer. Someone must have taken the wrong bottle this A. M.

How is the fox getting along, Phily?

Teacher in Chem.—“I never saw such children. How old are you, Miss K—?”

Heard in basket ball—“Eva! Eva! Eva!”

One of the Freshman girls enjoyed a toss while playing basket ball, but was more fortunate than the Senior.

Hil— says he would play with the Juniors if he was “legible.”

“Ask and ye shall receive.” Perhaps “he” would know who Mabel is.



THE pupils of the school have taken a great interest in basket Ball and are now practicing in the Y. M. C. A. hall two afternoons a week. It is hoped that at least five class teams can be formed. The work thus far is very satisfactory, and in a few weeks a strong team or teams can be formed among the competitors. Suits have not yet been bought, but if the players continue to work earnestly, there is no doubt but what they will be supplied with them shortly. Games are being played between the different class teams twice a week. Many of the students who are not playing are eligible, while others are not. The young ladies of the school seem to take more interest in the snappy game than the boys, and it is hoped that nothing will check their ambitions. Some of the girls have received many mishaps, but still continue to play.

It has not yet been decided whether a basket ball team will be chosen as the representative team of the school to play against teams of surrounding High Schools, or whether the teams now formed will continue to play as class teams.

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to welcome the following new exchanges received this month and hope they will continue to favor us with their presence; Comus, Zanesville, O; Herald, Denver, Col; High School Zephyr, Clyde, Kan; K. H. S. Echo, Danielson, Conn; El Gabilan, Salinas City, Cal; Hermes, Petoskey, Mich; H. S. Journal, Kirkwood, Mo; Orderly, Portland, Ore; Register, Omaha, Neb; H. S. Arena, Barnesville, O; Distaff, Boston, Mass; Observer, Central Falls, R. I. Doe-Wah-Jack, Dowagiac, Mich.

Noticeable among our new exchanges is the Doe-Wah-Jack from Dowagiac, Mich. It is an interesting little paper.

The School Bell Echoes contains an interesting story entitled, "A Few Football Incidents."

You should have at least one cut in each issue of your paper, editors of the Breccia.

The Index, Haverford, Pa; contains some excellent reading matter.

The Dean Megaphone wants to know who Mabel is. We have referred the matter to the local editor.

Poor exchange column, Cauldron.

There is an interesting article on Alexander the Great in the Gates Index which the Freshmen should read.

The Observer contains a well written article entitled "The Transition of Asia."

You should not have the exchanges take up so many pages, editors of the Journal, Kirkwood, Mo.

Poor cover design, Center.

The business editor of the Register, Omaha, Neb; must be a worker, judging from the number of advertisements it contains. We do not see any exchange column in this paper.

You won't have to ask that question again, Student.

The editors of the Cherry and White have made the December issue the football number. It contains an interesting sketch entitled "Foot Ball."

Excellent exchange column, Red and Black.

A very interesting article in the Agnetian Monthly is that entitled, "The Nibelungen Lied and Wagnerian Operas."

Another stranger is the Distaff from Boston. It contains an abundance of good stories.

The High School Arena, Barnesville, O; contains five very good cuts. It is seldom that such an abundance of good cuts is found in so small a paper.

The Herald, Holyoke, Mass; contains a well written editorial department.

We see the Tooter has a new cover design. It is a big improvement over the old one and more modest.

We will try to profit by your criticism, Distaff.

Acknowledgements: Racquet, Portland, Me; Beacon, Chelsea, Mass; Aegis, Beverly, Mass; Huisache, San Antonio, Tex; Watch City Bulletin, Waltham, Mass; Latin School Register, Boston, Mass; High School Herald, Westfield, Mass; Protectionist, Boston, Mass; College Standard, North Manchester, Ind; Criterion, Macomb, Ill; Tech, Cincinnati, O; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa; Dalbonsie Gazette, Halifax, N. S. Opinion, Peoria, Ill; High School Sentiment, Parsons, Kan; High School Gazette, Lynn, Mass; School Bell Echoes, Merrill, Wis; Cauldron, Warren, O; Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass.

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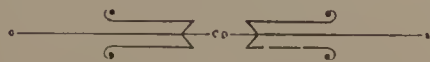
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THE DRAPER COMPANY,

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Editorial Staff of the O. L. and I.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

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IT seems that the school has been thoroughly roused at last. How thankful we should be to basket-ball, since this game has wrought the happy change. At the entertainment in the Assembly Hall, February 23, a great deal of talent was manifested in the spirited farce and in the individual numbers. Let this be the beginning, not the end, of many similar entertainments. If those who are talented are willing to give their services to such enterprises, they need not fear that their efforts will be unappreciated. This fact was clearly demonstrated by the large and enthusiastic audience present February 23rd. Keep on with the good work.



Those in charge of the entertainment desire to express their thanks to Wm. Johnston and Son for having given their services free on that evening. At such a time, such deeds of kindness are especially appreciated.



And returning to basket-ball, for basket-ball undoubtedly holds a foremost place among the school topics, has not the interest in this active pasttime increased rather than waned? We think that there will be many who will regret

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

the passing of this game, although the fickle crowd will doubtless find solace in the charms of base ball. As the seasons change, the interest swings from foot ball to basket ball, and from basket ball to base ball, and with the renewal of the school year, back again to foot ball, like the hands on the clock dial. But whatever or whenever it be, athletics always evoke enthusiasm in the Milford High School.

The boys should feel that the M. H. S. takes a proper pride in the appearance of her players. Foot ball suits were furnished to be used for future foot ball elevens. This year's victors were awarded handsome red sweaters, ornamented with the coveted "M" and now basket ball suits of crimson and white are the latest raiments.

It would be, we think, a source of much pleasure if we might have an entertainment each week, as some schools do. Literary clubs might meet on Friday afternoons, if other afternoons proved objectional, and discuss literary subjects, review the lives of the authors and criticize books that the different members of the club have read. Such meetings, while being enjoyable, will be we believe, instructive. Often there are some scholars who have ideas and advantages beyond their schoolmates, and these ideas may be exchanged and the less fortunate of the assembly may profit by the advantages enjoyed by their neighbors. Such exchanges can more easily take place in these club meetings than in the school room.

The Senior class is a reality at last. We regret that so many weeks have now passed and that so little time remains. It is pleasant for some reasons to realize that June is not far in the future; pleasant because with the passing of time, the pupil recognizes that his labors will be soon ended, and vacation time is drawing near. On the other hand, there is regret; regret for lost hours and for the time when old associations will be broken up. Evidently the Seniors have no intention of being considered conventional; they did not organize at the usual time, and they have not selected the conventional class-pins as symbols of their class, but instead have chosen class-rings. These are signet rings, and are of two styles, one for the boys, the other for the girls.

Have the members of A History class forgotten about the proposed trip to Boston to visit historical places. This proposal does not deserve to be preemptorily set aside. Pleasure and benefit are combined in such an excursion. Many have suggested the making up of a party to go to the city and attend the performance, at one of the theatres, of one of the plays which we have taken as a study in our school work. It would add a great deal to the comprehension of such a play as Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," to witness the performance of it by competent artists. As one finds greater pleasure in hearing a friend play an opera piece, after having been charmed by that same opera under more dazzling circumstances, so the readers of Shakespeare would get a better and more lasting picture of the characters and places described in the plays after having seen them represented, as it were, in real life.

The Debate in the Orchard.

ONE pleasant day in September, as I was walking through the orchard, I noticed that all the birds were hurrying toward one spot. Soon a blue-bird came by and I asked him why all the birds were so excited. He said, "What! haven't you heard of the great debate which is to take place at one o'clock? I said, "No, Tell me about it." But he had no time to waste upon me so I decided to find out for myself.

I secreted myself behind some bushes, and this is what I saw and heard.

Around a huge oak tree were hundreds of birds of all sizes and colors.

Their first move was to select a chairman to preside at the meeting. After much arguing they decided on Sir Robin Redbreast, and he proudly perched himself on a high limb, and looking down in a lofty manner at his companions said, "We, the inhabitants of Apple Orchard, have assembled here this afternoon to discuss the great question which has been agitating our minds for some time. That question is, as you all know, whether or not "man is mean, mischievous and malevolent." We shall proceed to vote on the question. I, for one, say man is mean, mischievous and malevolent. His vote was followed by many others, some who really believed it, and had reason to believe it; others, because they dare not oppose Sir Robin's opinion.

No one seemed to have courage enough to say "man was not mean, mischievous and malevolent, until a little chick-a-dee spoke up. He was scornfully asked to give his reason for so thinking and this is what he said:

"One cold winter day a severe snow-storm came, and nearly buried me in the deep snow. It frightened me terribly, for although I got out of the snow, there was nothing at all for me to eat. My mother had often warned me never to go near a human being, but this day I was so exhausted I did not know where I was going until I found myself on a door-step, half-frozen. I heard a man's voice and was sure my last hour had come.

But he tenderly picked me up and brought me into the house, where he warmed and fed me and kept me all winter, until the pleasant spring came. Then he set me free."

His story was followed by others, who thought of the kind and thoughtful acts of man. Then Sir Robin said in loud tones, "All who say man is mean, mischievous and malevolent say, "Aye," and you can imagine his surprise when he heard but a few answers. He was both mortified and indignant to think that his best friends opposed his decision.

He closed the meeting by angrily flying away to his home alone, while the little chick-a-dee was accompanied by many, who, heretofore thought him beneath them.

A Trip Down the River.

THE question as to where the "Jolly Jestng Club," should go on an excursion had been under discussion for over two weeks. The club consisting of ten members, had organized for the sole purpose of entertaining themselves. The Club had visited the home of each member, in turn, the first week in every month when games and other amusements were enjoyed. One evening of the last week of each month was spent at some public place of amusement, or a dance held in some hall.

Now each member had entertained the club and there was still one month left before the girls were to go on their vacations. As two weeks of the month had already gone beyond recall, and nothing definite had been done, it was resolved, that some decisive step be taken at once.

The girls proposed a weeks' camping party down at Rockaway, the journey to and fro to be made in Joe's yacht. The proposition was greeted with applause from all but Marion, who was a blue-eyed, fair complexioned, timid little body, an only child, who had been brought up by the well-known maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." She remonstrated that with all the danger attendant upon such a journey, she almost feared a refusal of her mother's consent. Now if her cousin Will could accompany her and be on hand in case of an emergency, the case would be different. But cousin Will didn't belong to the club and as this was a club affair that question was settled immediately. To dispense with all possibility of a doubt, as to whether or not Marion could go on the trip, the girls decided to go to her mother and ask permission for her and also extend to Mrs. Clare an invitation to chaperone the party. If this failed, the girls would again be called upon to devise a plan to accomplish the desired end; but to their great delight, this last step did not have to be resorted to, as Mrs. C. after a little persuasion, accepted the invitation, and the day for the trip was set for the last Monday of the month.

In the meantime, plans for the encampment occupied the time and attention of the girls, while the boys were no less anxious and busy, getting the yacht in readiness for the long trip. For, as Old Uncle Sam had said, 'T'was a good long five mile pull, down to Rocky Cove." Beyond this, situated in the shelter of a grove of pines, was the Hathaway Cottage, owned by Marion's father. The engine of the yacht, therefore, would need to be in good repair. This was looked after by all the would-be adventurers.

At length the day of departure arrived. The whole party had been astir rather early that morning as it required an early start to get to their journey's end before sundown. The girls were weighted down with baskets, bundles, boxes and bags, as they had prepared the eatables, while the boys were engaged in arranging their fishing tackle and guns. When all were stowed away in the bow of the yacht, the signal given and the plank removed; the yacht began its course down the river.

The day was a perfect sample of June weather. The sun cast its bright warm rays over the smooth water of the stream and Dame Nature looked superb

frail to use a shot gun, killed some rabbits, which greatly added to the menu.

Thus the days of the week slipped away so rapidly that the last day of their stay arrived almost unawares. Then came the task of packing every thing in the yacht for the return trip, and when this was completed the whole party returned to the cottage for the last time to see that everything was in order. They left everything as they had found them and returned to the yacht and all boarded but May, who ran back to the veranda to get her sketch-book, in which she had many pretty pictures. The boys shouted to her to hurry, because the sun was already very low, and they wished to see the full rise of the moon. She ran down the step to the water's edge and stepped upon the plank. At the same time, away from this the yacht began to move. Shouts to run, came to late, for May, clinging to the plank, made one great splash and went below the deep blue waves. Dismayed cries for help were in vain. As this was a rather lonely place, no one could hear the cries across the bay. Joe, who had been told of the accident and had anchored again, was soon on deck, with a long rope in his hand, waiting for the reappearance of the plank, upon which was the motionless form of May. Quickly did the boys act and they succeeded in bringing the rope about the plank so as to lift it to the side of the boat. Very tenderly they lifted May, who was sobbing bitterly and asking if she had been drowned. In the cabin, Mrs. C and the quartet of companions cared for her. After being thoroughly convinced that she was not drowned and having changed her wet garments, she soon went out with the rest of the party to watch the rising moon, which together with the narrow escape from drowning, added greatly to the excitement of the Jolly Jestings Club's sojourn.

M. G. QUIRK, '05.



American Winter Sports.

FORMERLY outdoor sports were indulged in only during the warmer months but now from one year's end to the other the practice of these outdoor exercises is followed up zealously.

One of the most interesting phases that accompanies the idea of winter sports is the way in which women are participating in them. I do not infer that this is so in all places or even in our own town, but in many of the larger cities.

First, there is skating. In Boston and vicinity, where in most winters there is ample opportunity for the sport, it has become so popular that, not content with the different and numerous ponds throughout the city, the people each year ask the city officials to flood Boston Common and other places; this request is speedily granted. Then there are rinks and ice floors provided for those enthusiasts who wish to skate inside where the temperature is warmer. This indoor skating however, is not so beneficial but of course, the skater avoids the sharp breezes and frosty air that is without.

Hockey, a game that has long been familiar among country boys, has lately been taken up to such an extent that it is now a regular inter-collegiate sport.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

A very fashionable and certainly one of the most enjoyable sports is tobogganing. While on a visit to relatives in Roxbury last winter, we had occasion one day to pass Franklin Park; it was excellent coasting at that time and there was a number of people on the toboggan slide in that park. I had never seen one before but had heard so much about them that I was deeply interested and we stopped awhile to watch them. Not far from us a Chinaman was standing, looking intently at the coasters, evidently for the same reason. Soon he turned, walked along presumably on the way to his laundry; suddenly a man evidently one of his patrons accosted him and asked him what he thought of tobogganing. The Chinaman replied, "Wha-a! Walkee back two miles." There is no clearer or better exposition than this of that sport. Certainly there is breathless anxiety when they are tucked snugly upon the toboggan, and pushed towards the chute. The sled is tipped forward. The feminine contingent of the party scream loudly. Then they seem to drop about a hundred feet. Gradually then the toboggan slows down and stops, and the trip is over; and they "walkee back," but not quite two miles.

The Americans got their ideas of tobogganing from the Canadians. The climatic conditions of that northern land is well adapted to all games on snow and ice.

Besides the sports of ice and snow, there are many other ways of finding healthful exercise in winter. Shooting, hunting, fishing, etc. Often times in the middle of winter we see a man passing through the street, a large crowd following him; rumor has it that while on a hunt he had caught a large racoon or a fox which all are anxious to see as it is a good proof of his sportsmanship.

On the other hand, there come those disagreeable days when outside, the rain drizzles drearily and indoor life is completely unendurable. But there is a remedy for this melancholy—the gymnasium. Would anyone think that those persons who play basket-ball could ever feel down-hearted or melancholy on such a bad day? And there are countless other indoor games, and those who indulge in them never feel a pain from lack of proper exercise; but when the weather becomes pleasant again, they are prepared to go forth and take up outdoor life once more. The outdoor games of winter must certainly contribute to the physical development of rising American generation.

MAY O'CONNOR, 1905.



Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

DO you not often read books in which you seem to begin and end the existence of the inmates? That is, you feel as if they hadn't begun to live until you opened the book, and that their existence were over forever when you closed it. It isn't so with Mrs. Wiggs. She greeted me with a cheerful little shudder and announced that it was nice and cold that morning, and the last thing I heard her say was that her Billy had been promoted, Asia had "got a place" and that it looked "like ever'thing in the world comes right, if we jes' wiat long enough!"

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

There are parts of books too enjoyable for the most serious reader to pass over, unappreciated. I have in mind, especially, the preparations for the Wiggs family's first theater-party. It is next to impossible to forget how both little girls were equally determined to wear the "blue alpaca," so that finally one had to wear the upper part, and the other the skirt. And where's the reader who didn't laugh when Australia crawled under the bed with Miss Lucy's muff, during the latter's call?

Mrs. Wiggs herself is the embodiment of cheerfulness. If a misfortune comes up, she picks it up, looks at it, and sends it along with the time that brought it. Never was optimist more optimistic. Poverty stared her in the face and she stared back—somewhat more effectually too. She certainly is a delightful character and the world is the better for the few we have of her nature.

Of course her children are all wonders and wholesome productions of frugality. Billy is to be remembered as the little freckle-faced fellow; Jimmy the oldest, as the more serious, which is often the case, the others are three dear adventurous little girls.

Perhaps the most striking feature in the author's style is that she makes little or no use of descriptive paragraphs. This must be a relief especially to those who are weary of descriptions, when the characters are so interesting that the readers are too curious to know "what they do then," to spend time finding out how they looked at such a time, how the chairs were placed and at just what moment it happened. There's no minute description of all the "Wiggess" and their surroundings (though it is mentioned that "the houses of the Cabbage Patch played hop-scotch over the railroad track and were faced any way it happened.") with an "active" description on Redding's part I learned quite as satisfactorily that Miss Lucy was beautiful. I eventually, though almost unconsciously found out that Redding had brown eyes and white teeth, and that Mrs. Wigg's elbows were "sticking through" one of Billy's old coats when I first met her; thanks only to little meaningful expressions artfully woven into very interesting places, the usual reader is willing and glad to supply his own ideas of the appearances best suited to situations. Thus the surroundings look just as every reader thinks they ought to, since he is left to put them in himself.

One single thread of fiction rather clings to the story than winds itself about it, but the interest for the two involved in this part of it, is not one half so great as that for the dear, big-hearted Mrs. Wiggs.

EUNICE D. HUSSEY, 1905.



Foreign Correspondence

6 Ceos Ave., Athens, Attica, November 3, 1904

My dear Alice,

Just a few lines to let you know where we are, and what we are doing since we left you for our long, pleasant journey. I do not really know how to describe all the beautiful sights, that our eyes have witnessed.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

No words can express our feelings at the first sight of the beautiful city of Athens. We arrived at nine o'clock a. m. tired and fatigued. Our friend was at the port waiting for our arrival and after having hired a carriage drove us to her beautiful house situated on a high hill a long distance from the port.

The next day, after having rested, we started out for a walk. If you were only here with us I imagine you would enjoy the beautiful sights that I have witnessed, so I will try to give you a short description. Though every land has its own charms I have seen none to equal in beauty those of Greece.

A trip to the Acropolis a citadel of Athens was much enjoyed. There are many magnificent temples, on this high citadel, among which we visited, the delicately proportioned Ionic Temple of Nike Arpetros, which contains a statue of the Wingless Victory which was made by the Greeks in order that victory would never flee from the Athenians. We then visited the Parthenon which is a building of a simple Doric style of the purest kind and built of Pentelic marble. This beautiful building is divided into two chambers of unequal size, the smaller one preserves state treasures, while the largest enshrines the gold and ivory statue of Athena. Our next visit was to the Eretheum; this structure differs from every known example of Grecian temples and it is of the finest Doric style. After having gone through all the temples on the Acropolis we started home well pleased with the sights that our eyes had seen.

On the next never to be forgotten day we started off at seven o'clock in the morning. We rode around for some hours enjoying ourselves in the early breeze of the morn, and then we started for a trip to the mountain, which is beyond description. We first visited Mt. Olympus a high mountain situated near the Thracian Sea and which the Greeks imagine is the abode of Zeus. While on our way to Mt. Ossa we came to the beautiful Vale of Tempe, which is surrounded by large trees covered with a mantle of green foliage. Through this Vale also flows the large and swiftly going Peneius River which drains the great plain. After having gathered a few leaves of different species we returned home.

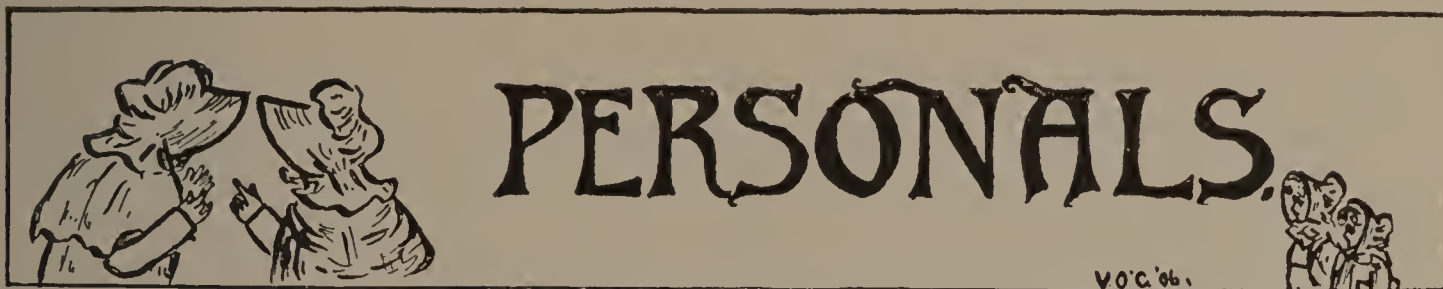
The next week began the holy season and during this season the Olympic Games are played in different parts, so we started out for Olympia. On entering we were surprised to see so many people encamped about the sacred enclosure of Zeus the great God of Olympia. Many merchants had set up their booths, while money-changers sat at their tables, such attracted great attention.

We then went into the play ground where the competitors of good able character were running, leaping, discus throwing, spear-hurling, wrestling, boxing, races of horses and chariots. The judges awarded the successful ones with a wreath. After having witnessed all the games we purchased some sweets and several souvenirs that they were selling and then started for home, with a desire to try some similar games.

Probably this will be my last letter from a foreign shore as we intend to sail for home in about three more weeks. If you only knew how eagerly we long to see our dear ones again, you would never think us in love with the old world. Yet we are glad that we have made this trip and we feel that all our life we shall be wiser and better for the pleasures it has afforded us.

Your loving friend,

MARGARET A. PIANCA, 1908.



ON the evening of February 22, Miss May Doyle, ex '05, was very pleasantly surprised by number of her friends. The evening was spent in merry making and whist. A dainty collation was served during the evening. Miss Doyle was the recipient of a beautiful ring with jewels of pearls and opal. The address was delivered by Mr. Henry Powers, a guest from Medway. The party was in honor of Miss Doyle's birthday.

Mr. George W. Gillon of Boston University has received honors in that Institute. He graduated in the class of '98 from this school.

Miss Gertrude Welch, '05, has returned to school after an attack of the grip.

Miss Essie Nolan, '06, was absent from school during January on account of illness.

Miss Florence Aldrich, '04, recently visited the school. Miss Aldrich has been substituting at the Oliver Street School.

Mr. Fred Walker, '07, has left school and has gone away on account of ill health. Before going Mr. Walker resigned his position as Exchange Editor of this paper;

A school Basket Ball team has been organized in the school. Miss Claire Mainini '06, has been elected captain.

Miss Hester Whitney '05, was absent from school for some days with an attack of the grip

Miss Morton, our teacher of Sciences visited schools in Boston during February.

A surprise Party was held January 30, Miss Lillian Schooner being the surprised one. The evening was very pleasantly spent with games and music. Miss Schooner received as a gift from her friends, a gold locket.

Miss Florentia Sennott '06, has been sick with the grip.

Mr. E. F. Lyford, Mr. L. Whittemore, and Mr. C. Hussey, all of '03, visited school recently.

Mr. Blaine Libbey '08, was the host at a surprise party, given to him in honor of his fifteenth birthday. The usual good time was very much in evidence.

Miss Irene Gallagher, '04, substituted at the Plains School for Miss Tonher of Hopkinton during the latter's recent illness.

Miss Evelina Jackman '06, was absent for a few days in February, because of the death of her cousin Miss Nellie Jackman.

Mr. Fred Cenedella, '07, has accepted the position as Exchange Editor for the Oak, Lily and Ivy, recently vacated by Mr. Fred Walker.

Miss Eva Smith '08, visited her sister Miss Gertrude ex '06, at St. Mary's Seminary at Providence, quite recently.

Miss May Ranahan '06, is ill at the Milford Hospital, with appendicitis. Her many friends express their deepest sympathy.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Locals.

Miss H - - - A Hist.—“The Brittish thought that the New England states were the whole thing.”

Miss M-t-n says “The Freshmen and Juniors are the most ideal people in school.

Voice in A Eng.—“What are we to do after that?”

K—r—“Dash after the period.”

Question—Why don’t you sing, C-rt-n?”

Answer—“I strained my voice singing through a sieve.”

Teacher in A Eng.—“When was Milton born, and when did he die?”

Answer—“Milton was born in 1608 and died in 1823.”

Miss K—“Has the next bell rung yet?”

Mr. G—“Why, have you been dreaming, it rang about five minutes ago.”

Teacher in A Civics—“How do the Congressmen earn their money?”

Miss D-y-r—“Easy.”

Teacher in D Physiology—“What are the different kinds of meat, Lamb?”

Miss McC—“What is the next, I’ve got lost.”

In D Latin—“Viri villi.” (Weary Willie.)

Teacher in Eng. C II—“Who is interfering with the radiator?”

M-r-r-y—“The stéam from the boiler.”

What did Buster say when asked to serve as base ball manager? “Oh! I don’t wan’ ta.”

Phily says on one of his hunting expeditions he shot a coon. (?) If so, we must hand him over to the authorities.

Recently one of our bright Sophomores fell asleep in English.

Miss S—a—“Couldn’t you write ‘he should be’ together?”

Teacher—“Yes, if you could shade ‘he’.”

On Friday evening, February 24, a concert was given in the Assembly Hall for the benefit of the basket ball teams. There was an attendance of about two hundred. The program opened with a selection by the school orchestra, composed of Misses Roberts ’08, and Dwyer ’05 and William O’Connell ’07, violins; H. Dillingham ’05, cornet, and Miss Lena Jackman ’06, piano.

The following program was rendered: Vocal duet, “Under the Old Oak Tree,” Miss Eva Smith and William Moore; “Madeline,” Glee Club; violin solo, Miss Roberts; vocal solo, Miss Shea; chorus, “Legend of the Bells,” Glee Club; piano duet, Misses Cenedella and Shea; vocal solo, Miss Vera O’Connor; selections, Orchestra.

A farce entitled “Popping the Question,” was given, the following participating: Messrs. Simpson and Moore, Misses Eileen Kirby, Lou Egan, Eunice Hussey, and Gwenn Cooke.

The entertainment was concluded with a series of tableaux, in which the following took part: Miss Martin, college girl; Miss Etta McKenna, golf girl; Miss Doyle, German girl; Miss Cenedella, Gypsy girl; Miss Mildred Cooke, Italian girl; Miss Nolan, Red Cross nurse; Miss Whitney, society girl; Miss Hussey, “Minnehaha;” Miss Wilcox, oriental girl; Miss Eileen Kirby, tennis girl; Miss Isabel McKenna, country girl; Miss Mainini, old fashioned girl; Miss Sweet, summer girl; Miss Higgiston, Japanese.

The entertainment was in charge of Miss Hunting and much praise is given to her for the success of the entertainment. A tidy sum will be netted from the proceeds.

The Senior class recently held a class meeting and elected Roy Kerr, president, Hannah Callanan, vice president, May O’Connor, treasurer, Frank Gilmore, secretary. They chose green and gold as class colors. The class decided to have signet rings instead of the class pins.



So far this year the basket ball teams have led a very successful career. The girls teams are playing in fine form and it is hoped that the good work will be continued. All our games thus far have been played in the Y. M. C. A. hall. We are glad to see that something is being done to stop the weekly assessments from the players. The following games have been played; all in Milford. Jan. 30, The Freshman team lined up against the Wellesley Boys Club 2nd. The game was interesting from beginning to end.

M. H. S. (1908)

Jackman, r. f.
Foley, l. f.
Brigham, l. b.
Ewing, r. b.
Callery, c.

Wellesley B. C. 2nd.

Butler, l. f.
McCracken, c.
Hatfield, r. b.
Henderson, l. b.
Webster, r. f.

M. H. S. 23, Wellesley 17, Baskets from floor—Jackman 5, Foley 4, Butler 2, McCracken, Henderson 2, Webster 2, Baskets on free tries, Jackman, Foley 4, Butler 2, McCracken. Free tries missed, Butler 2. Fouls called on, Foley 3, Brigham 2, Ewing 2, Callery, Butler 2, McCracken 4, Henderson 3, Webster 2.

Feb. 1, The Freshmen lined up against Natick Juniors.

Lineup, M. H. S. '08

Jackman, l f
Foley, r b
Ewing, r f
Brigham, r b
Callery, c

Natick Jrs.

Butle., r b
Mann, b f
Birch, c
Byron, r b
Curtin, l b

Score; Natick 25, Freshmen 19, Baskets from floor, Jackman 2, Foley 3, Ewing 2, Callery 2, Butler 3, Mann 3, Byron 3, Curtin 3, Baskets on free tries, Foley, Ewing, Curtin. Free tries missed, Foley 3, Biach 2, Byron. Fouls called on, Ewing 2, Brigham, Butler 4, Mann, Curtin.

Feb. 6, The M. H. S. team defeated Framingham H. S.

M. H. S.

Smith, l f
Dillingham, r f
Curtin, c
Laviolette, r b
Cenedella, l b

F. H. S.

McPherson, l f r
McPherson, r f j
Grigson, c
Hastings, l b
Jordan, r b

M. H. S. 33, F. H. S. 17. Baskets from floor, Smith 4, Dillingham 5, Cenedella 3, J. McPherson 2, Grigson, Hastings, Jordan 2. Baskets on free tries, Smith 9, J. McPherson 5. Free tries missed, McPherson 4, Smith. Fouls called on, Smith 2, Curtin 7, Laviolette 2, Cenedella 3, R. McPherson, Jordan 3, Hastings, Grigson.

The Freshmen lined up against P. A. C. Natick.

M. H. S. '08

Brigham, r b
Ewing, l f
Callery, c
Gillis, r f
Foley, l f

Natick P. A. C.

Sullivan, l f
Mann, r f
O'Brien, c
Golden, r b
Murray, l b

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Score M. H. S. 31, Natick 26. Baskets from floor, Ewing, Callery, Gillis, Foley 9, Sullivan 5, Mann 2, O'Brien, Golden, Murray 2. Baskets on free tries, Foley 7, Sullivan 4. Free tries missed, Sullivan. Fouls called on, Brigham, Ewing 2, Callery 2, Gillis, Foley, Sullivan 3, Mann 2, O'Brien 4, Murray 3.

The Girls team went down to defeat before the ladies of Framingham B. C.

M. H. S. Girls

Miss Wilcox, r f

" Kirby, l f

" Hussey, c

" Cenedella, r b

" Mainini l b

F. B. C. Girls

Miss O'Connor, r f

" Mitchell, l f

" Pick, c

" Lake, r b

" McGuire, l b

Score, M. H. S. Girls 2, F. B. C. Girls 10. Baskets from floor, Miss Wilcox, Miss Pick 2, Miss Mitchell 2. Baskets on free tries, Miss Mitchell 2. Free tries missed, Miss Hussey 2, Miss Mainini, Miss Mitchell 2. Fouls called on, Miss Wilcox, Miss Hussey 2, Miss Cenedella 2, Miss Mainini 2, Miss McGuire, Miss Lake, Miss Pick, Miss Mitchell.

Feb. 17, The young ladies defeated the Y. L. P. C. C. first team, 15 to 7.

M. H. S. Girls

Miss Wilcox, r b

" M. Sennott, l b

" Mainini, c

" F. Sennott, l f

Y. L. P. C. C

Miss White, l f

" Pond, r f

" Harrington, c

" A. Allison, r b

Score, M. H. S. 15, Y. L. P. C. C. 7. Baskets from floor, Miss White 3, Miss Wilcox 5, Miss Mainini. Baskets on free tries, Miss White, Miss Wilcox 3. Free tries missed, Miss White 3, Miss Harrington 2, Miss Wilcox 2, Miss Mainini 2. Fouls called on, Miss White 3, Miss Pond, Miss Harrington 3, Miss Wilcox, Miss Mainini 2, Miss Sennott.

Feb. 17, A game was played between the Y. L. P. C. C. seconds and the M. H. S. 1905—1906.

M. H. S. 1905-'06.

Miss Cenedella, l f

" Nolan, r f

" H. McKenna, c

" Kirby, l b

" I. McKenna, r b

Y. L. P. C. C: 2nd.

Miss Pond, l f

" Cadman, r f

" Gilmore, c

" R. Allison, r b

" Bailey, l b

Score, M. H. S. 4, Y. L. P. C. C. 1. Baskets from floor, Miss Cenedella 2, Baskets on free tries, Miss Gilmore. Free tries missed, Miss Gilmore 3, Miss Cadman, Miss R. Allison, Miss Cenedella 2. Fouls called on, Miss Cenedella 2, Miss Kirby 3, Miss Pond, Miss Cadman.

Feb. 20. The regular team of the M. H. S. defeated representatives of the Norwood H. S. It was a very interesting game from beginning to end.

M. H. S., 37

Laviolette, l b

Smith, r f

Curtin, c

Dillingham,

Cenedella,

Norwood H. S., 13

Ryan, l f

Winslow, r f

Atwood, c

Nugent, r b

Donnell, l b

Score, M. H. S. 37, N. H. S. 13. Baskets from floor, Smith 4, Curtin 4, Dillingham 3, Cenedella 5, Atwood 3, Ryan 2, Nugent. Baskets on free tries, Smith 4, Nugent. Fouls called on, Winslow, Ryan, Atwood, Donnell, Nugent, Curtin, Dillingham 2, Cenedella 4, Smith 6, Laviolette.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Feb. 22. Both the Boys and Girls regular teams lined up against the M. H. S Alumni. The boys went down to defeat, while the girls won.

M. H. S. Girls
Miss Whitney, l b
“ Cenedella, r b
“ Hussey, c
“ Wilcox, l f
“ Mainini, r f

Alumni Girls
Miss White, r f
“ M. Pond, l f
“ Gallagher, c
“ Cadman, r b
“ H. Pond, l b

Score, M. H. S. Girls, 21. Alumni Girls 6. Baskets from floor, Miss White 2, Miss Hussey, Miss Wilcox 6, Miss Mainini. Baskets on free tries, Miss White 2, Miss Wilcox 4. Free tries missed, Miss White 7, Miss Cadman, Miss Hussey, Miss Wilcox 3. Fouls called on, Miss White 6, Miss Cadman 2, Miss H. Pond 2 Miss Whitney 5, Miss Cenedella, Miss Hussey, Miss Wilcox 4, Miss Mainini.

M. H. S. Boys
Smith, l f
Dillingham, r f
Curtin, c
Cenedella, l b
Laviolette, r b

Alumni Boys
Tucker, r b
Ewing, l b
Moriarty, c
G. Gillon, r f
At. Cenedella, l f

Score, M. H. S. Boys 21, Alumni 40. Baskets from floor, Tucker 3, Gillon 14, At. Cenedella, Smith 5, Curtin, Al. Cenedella. Baskets on free tries, Gillon 4 Smith 4. Fouls called on, Tucker, Ewing 2, Moriarty 3, Gillon 5, At. Cenedella, 3, Smith 4, Dillingham 2, Al. Cenedella, Laviolette. Referee, Charles Gillon. Time 15 min. halves.



Exchanges.

We welcome the Greylock Echo from Adams, Mass., as one of our best exchanges.

The Newton High School Review for February contains a number of good stories and also a fine cut of their foot-ball warriors.

“My Experience with a Fountain Pen” in the Crimson and White is a very interesting short story.

Quite an odd name—Doe—Wah—Jack.

There are many of our exchanges that would be greatly improved by having cuts for their respective columns.

The Red and Black has a better cover design than any of our other exchanges. It has a good literary department.

Some of those who take Latin should read “When I Recite (?) Latin” in the Newton High School Review, and should feel encouraged when you can say “I’m” not the only one, there are others.”

The special number of the Roaring Branch has a very appropriate design for its exchange column.

Why not put the advertising by itself, Phi Ronian?

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"We are glad to welcome the Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass., finding it excellently published. The cover design is very appropriate, and the Exchange column is very interesting."—The Hanoverian.

The Exchange column of The Student could be partly changed to a joke column.

The cover design of the February number of the Tooter could be improved.

Your cover seems crowded, H. S. Sentiment.

Read "School Spirit versus Home Spirit" in the February number of the Phoenix.

The Tech from Cincinnati, O., has very appropriate cuts for each of its columns.

Very interesting Exchange column, Comet.

"The O. L. and I. of Milford, Mass., should publish more news and fewer stories."—Advance.

The Literary column of the February Climax has four very interesting short stories.

The January number of the Quill, Trenton, Mo., has a very poor Exchange column, but with this exception is alright. It has a good article on Joan of Arc.

The High School Herald from Westfield, Mass., says we have a very attractive cover.

The students of the Haverford H. S. should be proud to have such a paper as The Index.

Just look at the January number of the Red and Blue if you want to see a fine appearing paper.

February Acknowledgements: Student, Swanton, Vt; Gates Index, Neligh, Neb; Roaring Branch, Bennington, Vt; Aegis, Beverly, Mass; The Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass; Hanoverian, Hanover, Pa; Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S; Sentiment, Parsons, Kansas; Comet, Reno, Nev; Newton H. S Review, Newton, Mass; The College Signal, Amherst, Mass; The Climax, Beloit, Wis; Puss, San Diego, Cal; School Bell Echoes, Merrill, Wis; Doe-Wah-Jack, Dowagiac, Mich; Phoenix, Montpelier, Vt; Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass.

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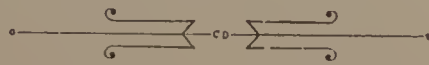
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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XXI.

MILFORD, MASS., APRIL, 1905.

No. 7.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF THE MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, Hannah E. Callanan, 1905. BUSINESS EDITOR, Frank E. Gilmore, 1905.

SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, John E. Doherty, 1906.

EXCHANGE EDITOR, Alfred J. Walker, 1907. PERSONAL EDITOR, Vera A. O'Connor, 1906.

LOCAL EDITOR, Helene M. McConnachie, 1905. ATHLETIC EDITOR, William A. Curtin, 1907.

ASSISTANTS, Myra W. Leahy, 1908. James M. Foley, 1908.

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Address all communications to Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post Office as second class matter.



Now Springtime is here and we have heard some talk of having the girls play basket-ball out of doors, when the weather is warm enough to permit it, and when a favorable playing ground can be found. This is not at all certain as yet, but in the meanwhile the players are making the most of their opportunity to play indoors. The competition among the different class teams has added zest to the games, and although there is no doubt about the victors in the minds of the players, still there is much speculation as to the final relative standing of the other teams.



So baseball will soon be ushered in. With so many experienced players in the school, and with plenty of material as yet untried, it seems as if the school ought to make a very successful year of the current one. The school teams have done well in basket-ball. Let them be an example for the players on the diamond. Girls, get your flags ready or if you haven't flags, at least make up your minds to attend all the local games, and as many of the others as you can, and spur the home team on to victory.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

We feel very sorry that the Seniors' plan for an entertainment to be given by the Tufts Glee Club, the latter part of April, had to be given up. We trust that the class will be able to give some entertainment or reception before graduation. To accomplish this, effort, steady persistent effort is necessary. Not two or three members, but all must be interested in any scheme undertaken. Then let us "pull to-gether" and with "a long stroke and a strong stroke" endeavor to remedy the reputation for procrastination which we have acquired.



Since the warm weather is approaching and it seems as if there will be no more snow, we think that the scholars should take a proper interest in their school and its surroundings and endeavor to have them present a pleasing appearance. To have the grounds look well, we must allow the grass to grow. This it will not do if we trample on it. Perhaps it does no harm now to walk on the lawn, but it would be advisable to discontinue the practice, so that it will not become a bad habit.



The Seniors have their class-rings. Now let them get a class motto, in order that they may live up to it, while yet there is time left to them in the school.



A new plan has been inaugurated for keeping the library in order. This idea seems to be carried fairly well. Two members of the Senior class are delegated for a term of one week to see that books are in order, and in their proper places, that the curtains are evenly drawn, the boards are clean and chairs arranged in a neat and proper way.



The Prodigal's Return.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE sat alone in the little sitting-room of her cottage with head bowed in deep thought, before the bright fire, which burned in the grate.

It was a tasteful, homely room with stiff old fashioned furniture, which, however was brightened by the spotless muslin curtains and bright green carpet. The room with its blazing log fire was a contrast to the outer world, where a fierce storm was raging; the snow was up to the window sashes and the wind whistled and shook the shutters. But the lone woman with the grey hair and soft white skin, saw or heard nothing of all this. She was thinking of a night twenty-five years ago, when her only brother had left home in a fit of anger.

It was the eve of Christmas; how well she remembered it; the family were all sitting at the table, father, mother, Jamie and herself, enjoying the pleasant evening as they had so many others.

James or Jamie as they loved best to call him, was the pride and joy of the house, and although at times a little wild, he was always forgiven, because of his sunny nature and pleasant manner.

But suddenly as they were all laughing over a story of the boys there came a knock at the door, the laughter was hushed. Who was coming to the house at this hour, on a stormy night? After a moments pause, Mr. Lawrence rose and went out. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed and he did not return. A silence fell on the little family, and they all waited. What did it mean? They gazed at each other. Visitors were an unusual thing to them, and on this night above any in the year. What did they want? Conversation had ceased entirely. Half an hour passed and still he had not returned. At the end of five more minutes the door opened and Mr. Lawrence entered. But what a change. He stood inside the door towering with rage, his face purple and his hands clinched convulsively at his side. After a minute which seemed hours to the frightened sister, he walked over to Jamie and spoke. Spoke such words as he had never before used to the boy. That a son of his should so far degrade himself and dishonor his good name by engaging in a low brawl at a disreputable gambling den was past all forgiveness. The story was all over the village by this time and a neighbor had come to tell him how his son had fought with a stranger, who had been in the village about a week; and who, rumor said, made his living by gambling. In vain did Jamie try to explain, try to tell his angry father the cause of the fight and how he had not disgraced his name, but the father, letting his passion master him, would not listen, but ordered him to at once leave the house and never enter it again. In vain the sister had pleaded and begged her father to take back the words.

At last the boy, angered by the injustice of his father, had uttered some harsh words and had taken up his hat and left the house without a word to sister or mother. That was twenty-five years ago to-night and Jamie had not yet returned.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

The mother and father had died, both with the name Jamie on their lips; the one praying that he would return, the other begging for forgiveness, and now Elizabeth is all alone in the old house. As she sits thinking over the past, she hears a sound outside—a sound as of a child crying, but no, it must be the wind moaning in the trees, and after, listening a moment she returns to her contemplation of the fire. But a moment later there comes a knock at the door; as she hesitates, it is repeated and the knob turns; she rises hastily just as the door is pushed open. The wind and snow blows out the light and she is left in darkness with the stranger, but not a stranger as she well knows when a voice asks her through the darkness if Elizabeth Lawrence still lives here; it is a voice she has not heard for twenty-five years, but how well she knows it, and how her hands tremble as she tries to relight the wax candles on the table. But they are lighted at last, and she turns to find standing by the fire-place, Jamie. The same Jamie, but how changed, haggard and worn, with hair threaded with grey, and holding in his arms a child of about four years, with black hair streaming over her shoulders and sharp black eyes.

It is long before the happy sister can compose herself to hear the wanderer's story. How when he had left home on that fatal night he had immediately left the village, and had for years wandered around the country, how at last he had gone to Australia to try his fortune, and how he had married the daughter of one of the miners. She had died when his little girl Beth was but three years old, and from that time misfortune had crowded fast on him until at last he had decided to bring his little girl home to the kind care of his sister.

That was his story; much his sister wept over his hardships and ill comforts. But there were no more lonesome days or nights in the old house, which rang with childish laughter.

EUGENIE S. KIRBY, '05.



A Dream.

LITTLE HANS went to-bed early the night before Christmas, because he was tired of “waiting up.” As he tried to get to sleep, he thought of how day came first to the children of the far east; and as he thought that day had already reached them, determined to go to sleep. His eyes shut with a snap.

Then the door softly opened and a queer little fellow with wings came in. This was a Dream. Now I don't believe you ever saw one, because they always make their visits when people are asleep, but perhaps you know they are interesting. This Dream of whom I speak, stole across the room and held one hand over Hans's eyes to keep them shut, while he whispered, “come let us go to the Palace of the Days.” With that he lifted Hans out of bed, and they floated quietly over land, sea and clouds. In the midst of the clouds was the Palace.

This was a beautiful hall. There were three hundred and sixty-six beds in it, three hundred and sixty-six tables, and three hundred and sixty-six chairs, one for

each day in the year. Each day took his turn around the world, and returning slept for the remaining days of the year. "Great sleepers," said the Dream to Hans, "what is called History down there in the world, is only these fellows muttering in their sleep." There were all the days' names over their beds; the First day of April wore a fool's-cap for a night-cap; July Fourth wore a 'star-spangled banner' for a bed-quilt. The bed of December Twenty-fourth was empty, as that gentleman was out on his travels. The laziest one of the lot, Hans thought was February Twenty-ninth, but he ought to be, travelling only once in four years. Of this Day, Hans asked all his questions.

Suddenly a messenger ran through the hall bearing a torch. This was the "Morning Star" and came to wake the Days. He now woke December Twenty-fifth to whom Hans at once became attached, and who took him with him on his travels. He was just about to enjoy himself when that little mischievous Dream lifted him lightly and carried him right into his little bed.

Now Hans' mother stood over him and said, "Wake up, little boy, Xmas is here."

"O," said Hans, "I guess I know that, I've been 'round the world with him!"

But the Dream! Where is he? Gone where all his predecessors have gone most likely.

GRACE HIGGISTON, 1905.



The Hero of the Great Fire.

THE day of the Inauguration dawned clear and cold and great crowds of people were gathering on the White House grounds as early as nine o'clock in the morning, that they might secure a position, where they could have a good view of the President. During that day and the evening before, the population of the city had almost doubled itself. Every hotel was filled to its uttermost capacity and several private dwellings were pressed into use to accommodate the great demand for lodgings.

Noon of that day, found hundreds of people congregated on the grounds surrounding the White House, and when the address was finished, it was several hours before the last of the mass had left. Some, who had come from a great distance, left immediately for their homes, while others remained to attend the Ball, to be given in the evening. The sun went down and with it, its warm rays, which had kept those, who had attended the inauguration, from becoming icicles, so severe was the weather. The wind rose; the temperature fell as the evening progressed and those who attended the great social event did not find it too warm to keep step to the quick time of the music.

About two o'clock the following morning, the people of the city were awakened by the fire alarm, which blew loudly and long. Many left their rooms, which were perhaps but little warmer than the frigid atmosphere without. This was the case with one youth of twenty years, who, to satisfy his romantic spirit, had earn-

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ed enough money, by working overtime, to pay his way from Boston to Washington. He had hired a third-class lodging, which was in the fifth story of a large hotel, so cold and dreary that he had not retired, but had sat by a little table, on which was a small brass lamp, the only means of heat that the room afforded. At the sound of the alarm, a sudden thought seized him. He knew that he didn't know where the fire was, or where to go, but it would be warmer to run to it than to sit in the cold room until morning dawned, and then he could follow the crowd; this he did in company with several other lodgers.

For about twenty minutes, they ran at a steady gait, up one street and down another, until they reached the burning building, which proved to be St. Mark's hotel, the largest in the city, and which was by this time nearly demolished by flames. The fight with those flames was one never to be forgotten by the firemen, some of whom had their hands frozen while trying to thaw the water which froze in the hose. Among those who arrived on the scene a little late, was the young fellow from Boston, who rushed into the crowd in time to hear a woman pleading with the captain of the fire department to save her two babies, who were sleeping in the alcove over the side entrance, which was rapidly becoming enveloped in flames. He was trying to reason with her, that as the hundred or more lodgers had had time to escape, doubtless the children were taken out too, and were being cared for at some nearby house.

At that moment faint cries broke on the frosty air and almost distracted the mother, who turned from one side to the other, searching for someone who would venture to save them. The pitiful wailing of the woman moved our young Boston friend to such an extent that he ran to the burning building, and called for rope, which was provided by one of the firemen. He began the ascent of an icy trellis, which extended to within a few feet of the window in the alcove, where the children were sleeping. The trellis was covered with ice, making the ascent difficult and dangerous; yet the lad, with a rope attached to a large iron hook swung over his shoulder, despite the shouts of the danger in which he was placing himself, climbed step after step, until he reached the top. He then took the hook and by swinging it against the window, broke it and then swung himself into the room. Great was the applause from the crowd below.

Soon he appeared at the window, bearing in his arms a large bundle, to which he attached the hook and rope and lowered it carefully into the arms of one of the firemen. He drew up the rope again and lowered it a second time in the same manner. He took up the rope a third time, while those below watched with breathless anxiety to see how the life-saver would save himself. It seemed an utter impossibility, as the window was now ablaze. Some of the most stout-hearted men turned away as they saw him thrust his head out through the flames and was about to lower himself by the rope, which he had attached to the radiator within the room.

Shout after shout arose as the hero, with his hair singed, his hands burned, and his clothing scorched, dropped among the spectators. He was taken to the hospital, where his injuries were dressed. Noon of the next day found him crowned with praises, and wearing a gold medal for his heroism, given him by

the fire department, and the proud possessor of a bright twenty dollar gold piece from the father of the children. He started for home a very happy young man. That evening, Harry Winsor's name, the hero of the great fire, appeared in every issue of the papers.

M. G. QUIRK, '05.



The Ins and Outs of Housekeeping.

FORTUNATELY I am not the chief character in this important function; for if this were so I doubt if it would be carried on in the systematic way that it is; however I assist my sister in this work every afternoon and on Saturdays. When I found it compulsory for me to take part in the housekeeping I knew enough to butter a cake-pan and to turn the heat into the oven when I needed it. I learned many other things, in time, as every one does who has a willing spirit and a moderate amount of sense. But when I think of the number of times I cried into the roller towel during the first few months, for having forgotten something in the oven or mixed up the wrong ingredients in something I was about to make, I concluded that I must have known comparatively little compared with the vast amount my sister knew and which I know now.

The hardest thing I had to teach myself was system and it wasn't until I had become particular about my work and learned to do the same things at the same time every day, that I experienced any comfort. A regular system in this as well as in other things saves much time and strength.

A housekeeper should never allow herself to fall into the habit of leaving one piece of work until she has entirely finished it, for this is a way of never getting through with anything. Haven't you known women who are always rushing from one thing, before it is half done, to start in at something else? They fill the dish pan with hot water, put in the soap and dishes, maybe wash and wipe a half dozen, and then fly off to dust the parlor or make the beds—just as fancy strikes them. When they finally remember the dishes, the water is cold, the soap is wasted and a new start must be made. A person of this sort always has more than she can possibly do and always will.

When I began I had little drifts of flour, spatter designs of milk and drops of water, decorating my kitchen floor in every direction by the time a meal was prepared. These didn't look appetizing and kept me everlastingly mopping them up.

One day, after having washed the floor, I vowed that I would prepare the next repast more tidily. I began a half an hour earlier, poured with caution, stirred carefully and did not allow anything to spill on the floor. My reward was not only a clean floor, but an unflurried mind and a good appetite.

Nothing delays the regular work so much as having to stop and pick up things before starting in. It is a great deal more fun to drop a thing than to pick it up and put it away. The possessor of the faculty of house-keeping must put

things away as they are finished with them even though they hate to.

Gradually, every article finds a convenient place for itself and it saves many minutes and a great deal of trouble if one is sure of finding what one wants at a first glance.

It seems to be a natural gift that some are able to accomplish their work without much fussiness and waste of time; for these can do more than others who are less gifted and plan to do so much within a limited time but find however that it is a matter of impossibility for them; whereupon they fret and worry over it.

From all my experience in housekeeping I should judge that by systematic housekeeping is meant briefly this: that a housekeeper should think over and classify what she has to do each day, and decide before beginning the tasks when and how they would best be done

MAY O'CONNOR, '05.



Mrs. Ward.

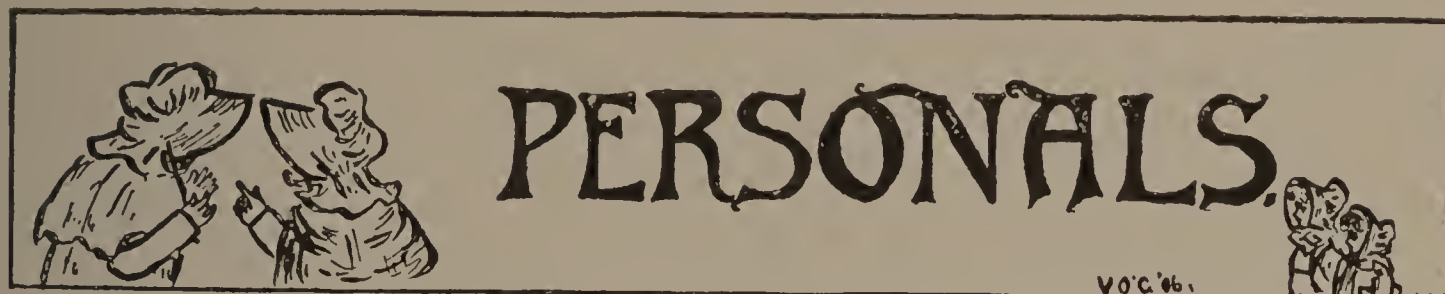
MRS. WARD shows much skill in the first draught of character, and by this I do not mean that registration of every common-place act by which some authors try to establish a reputation for character-drawings. I think that at least one original character can be credited to Mrs. Ward—that of Langan in “Robert Elsmere” the man who had lived so long among books that he was not fitted to live with human beings, and who, overcome by this conviction, breaks off his engagement with a beautiful girl. In the character of Helbeck of Baninsdale she has drawn a charming picture of an English Catholic gentleman, which is perhaps, the more surprising as her own personal views are supposed to be more in accordance with those of Robert Elsmere than with those of a follower of the ancient faith. This shows her power of taking the stand-point of others, not only mentally, but where feeling and emotion are perhaps more concerned than logic, a far more difficult task. Lucy, in “Eleanor”, is also a wonderfully correct portrayal of New England character, especially remarkable when it is considered that Mrs. Ward has never been in this country. From her books my judgement is that she possesses apparently very little sense of humor.

Mrs. Ward's social perception is shown in her description of Julie Le Breton's position in Lady Henry Delafield's house. Her picture of a woman under thirty, holding Prime Ministers and Ambassadors spellbound by her social gifts and influencing government appointments by her slightest wish, I think is an absurdity.

Her strong artistic sense leads her to describe some charming interiors. She knows how to describe a room where time, money, and taste have done their best, a room which harmonizes with the characters she delights in drawing—characters most aptly described by the old-fashioned term of “gentlefolk”. Such a room she has given us in her portrayal of Lady Delafield's drawing-room in “Lady Roses' Daughter.”

Mrs. Ward does not venture upon a description of clothes, which causes me to wonder if she has the traditional English woman's lack of skill in dress. With the exception, perhaps, of her “David Grieve” I think it is hard to lay aside one of her books when it is once begun. Her last essay in the line of fiction, “Lady Roses' Daughter,” has caused considerable interest as being entirely different in theme, if not in treatment, from her former books.

RAY DWYER, '05.



ON the evening of February 10, at his home, 22 Congress Street, Mr. Arthur Ewing, '08, was very pleasantly surprised, by some of his schoolmates and friends. The affair was in honor of Mr. Ewing's 16th birthday. The gay company enjoyed games and refreshments. Useful gifts were given to the young man.

Miss Gertrude Mann, '03, Miss Maay Sanderson, both of Wellesley College, and Miss Florence Aldrich '04, were recent visitors at our school.

Miss May Murray, of Woonsocket, a student at Bryant and Stratton's Business College, who has been visiting her cousin Miss Eva Smith '08, has returned to her home.

Mr. Hull, our principal, visited public schools in Melrose recently.

Miss Eva Smith '08, was absent for two weeks in March, on account of a severe attack of the grip.

Miss Viola Ettinger '06, and Miss Jenny Clarke, '03, visited in Braintree and Quincey lately.

Mr. Leroy Whitney ex '03, who has been working for the Swift Beef Company in this town, has been transferred to Holyoke.

Miss Mildred Kennedy and Miss Elizabeth Driscoll, of Holliston, visited school in March.

Miss Grace Waterman has joined the Junior Class of this school. Miss Waterman was a resident of Milford a few years ago, but moved to Everett.

Mr. Clarke, the Commercial teacher, recently visited the English High School of Boston.

Mr. Stuart Godfrey ex '03, who has been a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, '04, and a student of Boston Institute of Technology, has been admitted to West Point Military Academy.

Mr. Clarence Hussey, '03, of Boston Institute of Technology has received a one-hundred dollar scholarship.

Miss Florence Rockford, ex '06, was a recent visitor at the High school.

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Miss Leta Lamont, Miss Myra Leahy and Miss Lillian Schooner, all of '08, accompanied their music-teacher, Miss Alta Brown, to the recital given at Wellesley College March 20. The recital was given by Mr. Clarence Hamilton.

Mr. Walter Bullard has been absent on account of illness.

Miss May Ranahan, '06, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Milford Hospital, has been discharged and is now at her home.

Mr. James Luby, '04, will be in a debate between Boston College, and Holy Cross in the near future.

Miss Myrtle Grant, '06, was ill during March, and could not attend school for some days.

Miss Isadore Burbank, ex '06, visited this school recently.

Miss Mary Smith '99, accompanied her mother, Mrs. Charles J. Smith in a recent visit to Washington.

Mr. J. Frank Curtin, ex '00, has been chosen president of the Al Pha Omega Delta, a society at Baltimore Medical College.



Exchanges.

"The O. L. & I. has been received from Milford, Mass. The cover is attractive. Several of the departments are well written"—Orderly.

The Radium from Aurora Mo., is one of the poorest of our exchanges, but as it is in its prime there is some reason for excuse. Don't get discouraged for as "A poor beginning makes a good ending," we hope you may soon be one of our best exchanges.

"Some Relics of Spanish Authority" in the Huisache, San Antonio, Texas, is a very interesting story.

Of our two new exchanges, the A. B. C of Literature and the Cue, the latter is by far the best. It's cut for the column entitled, "Cueisms," could not be better.

What's that last sheet empty for, Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y? Fill it up with something. Your article entitled, "Benjamin Franklin and His Inventions" is quite interesting.

Your stories are well written, Students' Arena.

The exchange column of the February number of the Hedding Graphic could be greatly improved.

"The Inauguration of a President of the United States" in the Aegis from Houston, Texas, should be read by the Seniors that take U. S. history. It may be of value to them.

We like your style of writing the received exchanges, Index.

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Quite an abundance of stories Racquet, Portland, Me.

The Aegis from Houston, Texas, should put the name of the city where it comes from in a place where we can easily find it. The only way it can be found is by looking in the advertisements.

The Dean Megaphone is a very neat looking paper.

"In the locals of the O. L. & I. we would suggest that a space be left between each item, as it is decidedly confusing"—Watch City Bulletin.

You lack an exchange column, Register, Boston, Mass.

The cover design of the Egypti is very attractive and appropriate.

We see by the Philomath that the Framingham H.S. Basket Ball Team were beaten at Norwood as we were, on account of the slippery floor. They were defeated by the score of 30-18.

Missing in the Salute, Portland, Oregon—An exchange column.

The Herald from Holyoke Mass., contains a number of good stories.

The Tooter for February 24, has a very good picture of its Basket Ball Five.

The Beacon of Chelsea Mass, has six very interesting cuts. It also has a long and well written exchange column.

If the Aegis from Beverly Mass., should put the advertising by itself and add an exchange column to the paper it would be greatly improved.

The Arms Student, Shelbourne Mass., would be made better if a better quality of paper would be used.

Larger type would make the Cauldron, Warren, Ohio, a better paper.

Your exchange column needs improvement, Climax, Beloit, Wis.

We acknowledge the following exchanges since our last issue:—Huisache, San Antonio, Texas; Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass; Herald, Holyoke, Mass; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa; Flickertail, Lisbon, North Dakota; Phi-Rhonian, Bath, Me; Salute, Portland, Oregon; Egypti, Cairo, Ill; Herald, Westfield, Mass; Squib, Golden, Col; Capitoline, Springfield, Ill; Legenda, New London Conn; Hedding Graphic, Abington, Ill; Cue, Albany, N. Y; Racquet, Portland, Me; Cauldron, Warren, Ohio; Watch City Bulletin, Waltham, Mass; Orderly; Portland, Oregon; Register, Boston, Mass; Index, Haverford, Pa; A. B. C. of Literature, Appleton, Wis; H. S. Beacon, Chelsea, Mass; Climax, Beloit, Wis; Padium, Aurora, Mo; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me; Protectionist, Boston, Mass. Aegis, Beverly, Mass; Dalhousie Gazette. Halifax, N. S.; College Signal, Amherst Mass; Philomath, Framingham, Mass; Journal of Education, Boston, Mass; Comet Reno, Nev; Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass; Tooter, South Omaha, Neb; Arms Student, Shelbourne Falls, Mass; Agnetian Monthly, Mt. Washington, Baltimore Co, Md.

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Locals.

Miss. D. compare "little."

Miss. D.—"little, small, smaller."

A. German:—(Teacher to pupil who is writing at board) Miss D—, rub out that "sah" (czar.)

Miss D—: We think he has already got a pretty good rubbing.

Who was Oreste's wife?

Ans.—His mother was—!

D. Com'l. Teacher:—Name the routes of the Great Lakes' sailing vessels.

Pupil:—I didn't think vessels had roots.

Teacher in D. Eng.:—Can you make faces, Mills? On paper, was probably meant.

Teacher in D. Com'l.:—How do you raise "checks?"

Miss Whit—I didn't know that people could raise checks.

Found on a Freshman Eng. paper:—"The eighteenth of April, 1875,
Hardly a man is now alive."

A. Eng.:—What is a jutty?

Bright Senior:—A projection out. Shakesperian style.(?)

Who is the pretty Senior girl that Billy is writng notes to?

D-ll-g-m:—I don't want pie, "I want my money back."

How about "Mark" for the paid police force?

Teacher in C. Lat.:—What have you in your mouth?

T-l-y:—"Compound verbs."

Heard in C. Lat.:—What case is,—Miss G-l-o-r?

C-nn-d-l-a:—"A bad case."

A. Eng.:—(Analyzing the Orange Stuarts) He was the Orange, and his wife was the Stuart (steward.)

Miss K-r-y, in A. Stenog.:—May I go "back up" stairs for my notes?

And Simpson got the "glad hand" over the transom. "Spirits!"

In A Latin—"Who is the King of Avernus?"

Dillie—"Hades."

Teacher in Physiology—"Why don't people shoot some birds?"

Wilk.—"Because they cannot tell whether they are young or old when flying in the air."

Teacher in A Sten.—"We can do mostly anything with 'you,' Miss K.

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The Senior English Class has decided that Lady Macbeth is the "emergency fund."

It has been suggested by one of our teachers, that Simpson be presented with a striped snit.

"Tiny" Smith, walking up to one of his bigger schoolmates:—

"Do you want to fight?"

"Well, yes, I don't mind."

"Alright, I'll hold your coat."

Even some of the "Faculty" get mixed once in a while. "Don't put the horse before the cart."

The following notice in the lunch-room is causing much perplexity:—

"Do not take food from this room."



SO far this year, there has been more interest taken in Athletics than in former years. We have led a most successful season in football and basketball and it remains wholly with us to end this year by putting a fast base-ball team on the field. As far as material is concerned we have the best and with a little practice will be in fine shape to under-take the task which is now before us. There is much talk going on about joining a league. Why not do this boys; the school has the honor of owning two trophies won in former years and why not let us try for a third banner or take under consideration a cup. This is a very appropriate article for a winning team. The team of 1904 has not, as yet elected a captain for the ensuing year, but it is hoped by many that they will meet and elect one as soon as possible, as it is necessary to have one before we begin our year's work.

February 24, The Executive Committee met to elect a manager of the base-ball team for the ensuing year. Mr. W. A. D. Clarke was elected without any opposition.

March 17, The regular Athletic meeting came up before the school. Mr. W. A. D. Clarke and Wm. E. Curtin were elected delegates to attend a meeting to be held at South Framingham for the purpose of joining a league between Milford, Marlboro, Natick, South Framingham and others if possible.

March 18, The delegates representing this school were present at the meeting held at South Framingham, but were unable to do anything because Natick

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and Marlboro were not represented. The meeting was adjourned until March 21 1905. This meeting was called and the following officers were elected; Pres. Mr. D. E. McCormick of South Framingham, Vice-Pres. J. V. McCarthy of Westboro Sec. & Treas. W. E. Curtin of Milford. Marlboro and Natick not being present were dropped, leaving Milford, South Framingham and Westboro to compete with each other. A cup will be the reward of the team having the highest per centage at the end of the season. The league was named "The Suburban Base Ball League."

The following is Manager Clark's schedule for the Base Ball season of 1905:

Date	Opposing team.
April 19.	Wed.—Alumni at Milford.
" 22.	Sat.—Open.
" 26.	Wed.—Westboro at Westboro. *
" 29.	Sat.—Walpole at Walpole.
May 3.	Wed.—So. Framingham at Milford. *
" 6.	Sat.—Open.
" 10.	Wed.—Framingham B C. at Milford.
" 13.	Sat.—So. Framingham at So. Framingham. *
" 17.	Wed.—Walpole at Milford.
" 20.	Sat.—Open.
" 24.	Wed.—Millbury at Millbury.
" 27.	Sat.—Westboro at Milford. *
" 30.	Tues.—Alumni at Milford.
June 1.	Thur.—N. Attleboro at N. Attleboro.
" 3.	Sat.—Open.
" 7.	Wed.—Framingham B. C. at Framingham.
" 10.	Sat.—So. Framingham at So. Framingham. *
" 14.	Wed.—Open.
" 17.	Sat.—Westboro at Milford. *

(Those marked (*) are league games.)

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Suits, Coats, Dress Skirts, Waists,
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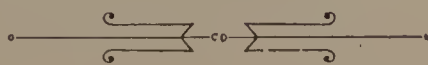
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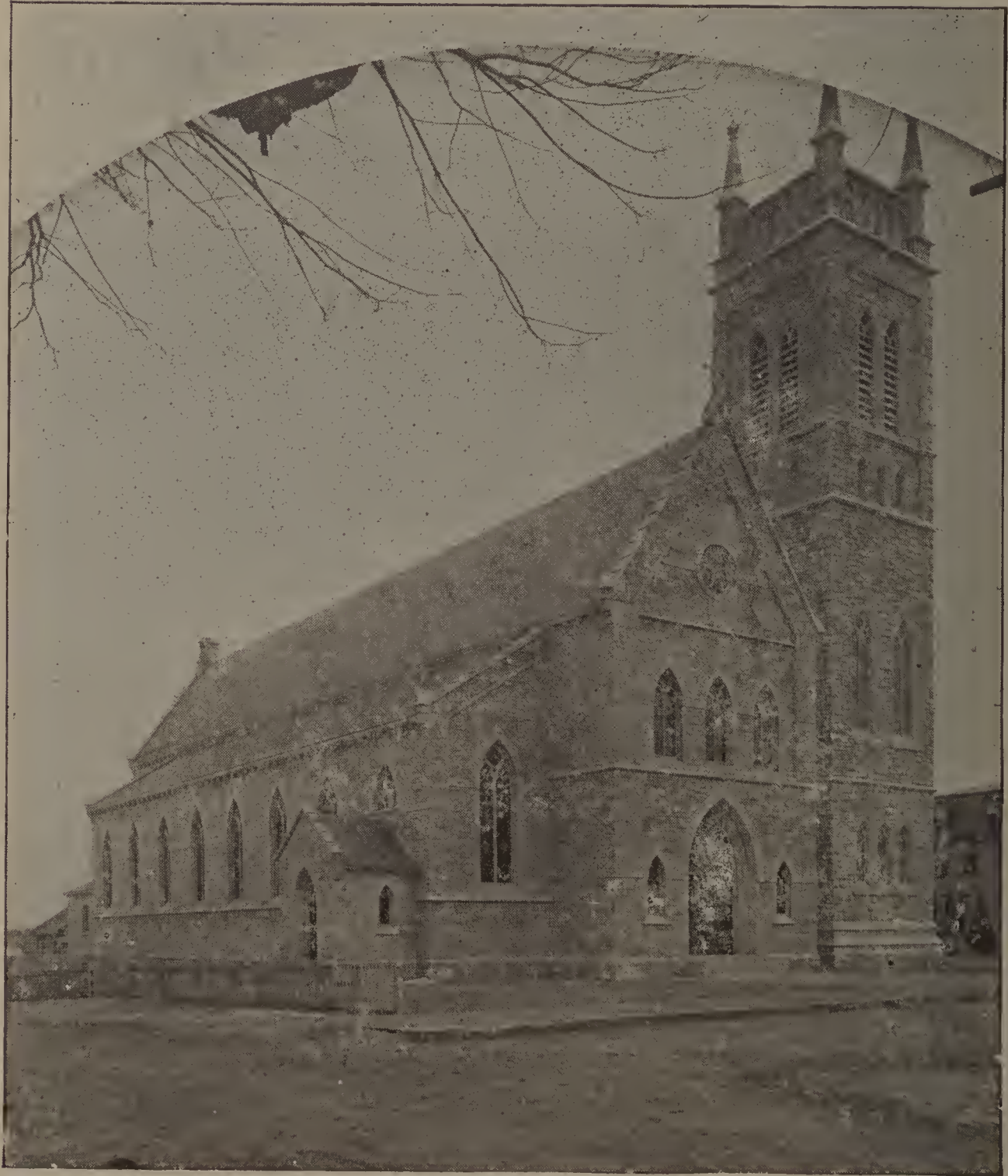
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VOL. XXI.

MILFORD, MASS., MAY, 1905.

No. 8.

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SPRING is here and Easter is past and yet we have failed to receive any contribution of spring poems. Can't some one make an effort in this line? If you fail, no harm has been done; if you do not fail and your effusion is published, perhaps the readers will fail to appreciate its value. However be that as it may, we want material for the paper, and though we want it badly we do not want it bad. Let each one help us to have the best reading matter, by contributing something of the "best" that in him lies. There is not much time from now until the end of the school year. We have tried to make some progress, to make the last editions of our paper better than the first. Help us to do so.



It now seems as if by graduation time, the Seniors will be well equipped and ready for the severing of old school ties. They have the class rings, class colors, class flower and class motto. If to this is added class spirit, an uncatalogued yet undeniably essential element if concord is to be realized, then indeed the ensemble should be a happy one.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

So basket-ball is ended for this year at least. Alas for the poor Senior girls. The gauntlet they have run; but no laurels have they won. To the Juniors the praise must be given, not to all the Juniors, no not by any means, but to the team made up from the second division. They have conquered their friends and they feel that they are deserving of reward. We hope that they will receive it.



It would appear from their brilliant beginning that the boys of the M. H. S intend to make a success of this base ball year and have already begun to realize their capabilities in that line. Keep it up, boys. We need excitement. Unless the dates now open on the schedule are filled in by local games, we fear that there will be all too few home games. Of course we can't expect to have all of the league games at home, nevertheless, we want Milford to have her share of them. But be they few or be they many, let each member of the school feel it his or her duty to be present at as many games as possible. This is a case where "children" should be heard as well as seen. Learn the school yells, so that when you do yell, you can find ample words in which to express your admiration and, if need be, give encouragement.



We are glad to say that the trip to Boston for sight-seeing was not given up, as we feared it would be. Those who made the journey felt well repaid for time spent in making it. It is to be regretted that more such pleasant, interesting and instructive occasions cannot be enjoyed by the different classes of the school. This trip need not be the last of its kind.



Whatever the time of the year, interest in Rhetoricals does not seem to wane, but rather to increase.



There has been some talk of having a track team in the school this year. The Milford High School has been invited to join in the sport with vicinity towns. While we do not mean to imply that the school is getting tired of the present forms of Athletics, nevertheless, anything new is acceptable.

Marie's Awakening.

MARIA HARRINGTON had finished her high school course and one at the normal; then she had taught two years in the little village school-house. It might be imagined that she was a young lady of considerable age, but indeed, with all her schooling, she was not quite twenty.

Her father was a minister in the little village where she lived; and as she was the oldest in the family and already the belle of the village, all the Harrington's hopes were centered in her. In a few words, Marie was flippant, fascinating and flighty. She was very discontented with her life in the country and longed to have fine clothes. Ah! if she only knew how pretty she looked in her simple white dress, surrounded by the little children who loved her for her beauty and kindness! She had hair like the finest spun gold, cheeks of the prettiest pink imaginable and ruby lips that parted smilingly, but alas! more poutingly now, over two rows of pearly white teeth.

She had made two or three trips to the large city of B— on gala days, and longed to live there always. She was ever dreaming of the beautiful things she saw there.

In the summer there had been numerous boarders at the pretty white rectory at the end of the lane and she had earned a goodly sum by teaching the children who accompanied them.

When she had visited the city probably she saw not the miserable beings who crowd the streets of our larger cities. If she did, she did not recognize the story of misery and poverty engraved upon their faces. She thought life in the city would be glorious, and every time she looked at the familiar sights of X—, her own town, she sighed, and a look of discontent began to creep over her features.

And what employment would she find in a great metropolis where so many are seeking work, you ask? Well, Marie hoped to find a situation as governess in some small, select family or even in a school, or a position as an actress. She had always had the most prominent parts in the little plays which had been enacted in X—, and having a singularly sweet voice, she had aspired sometime to be a great artist at such work. Ah poor silly Marie! She knew nothing about the hard years of study required before one may become a successful actress.

One June afternoon she fell asleep on the piazza of the little house shaded by honeysuckle vines running up on a trellis and "into her soul a vision flew.

* * * * *

It was a cold drizzly morning in B—and Marie Harrington yawned sleepily as she arose and dressed for the weather, unconscious of everything save it was her first morning in B—. Her room was a very tiny one on the first floor of a house on Twenty-First Street, for which she had carefully extracted payment from her little hoard of money that she had so carefully set aside.

Having gulped down a hasty breakfast at her lodging house she walked to a library on Twenty-Third Street and having purchased a newspaper from one of the street gamins, she sat down to peruse the pages relating to theatrical matters.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

She took down the names and addresses of six playhouses and she thought "Surely in one of these I ought to find employment."

So away she tripped to the nearest one. She entered through a side door marked "Manager," and found herself in a small and untidy room that was filled with smoke. Blinking her eyes, smartened by the unexpected fumes, she perceived, sitting in a chair, a stout man of about fifty with false teeth and whose appearance was thoroughly in keeping with the general air of the room. No collar or necktie, his feet on the top of his desk, and puffing away at a very bad cigar. He was talking excitedly to his companion, a much younger man and did not at first perceive Marie who, by the way had changed her name to the nicer sounding (?) title of Mlle. Louise L'Aimante. When he saw Marie or Mlle. Louise, as we must call her, he approached very civilly, offered her a chair and wanted to know if she had come to hire a box for the season and talked on and on till Mlle. Louise, after trying vainly to interrupt the torrent of words, finally rose. The manager stopped and fearful of losing a customer, asked how many seats she wanted. When she finally made him understand she was not looking for a box, but a situation, he politely escorted her to the door, saying he had too many actors and actresses now for his pay-roll, heaping reproaches on her for taking up so much of his valuable time. What a different meeting poor Mlle. Louise had fancied! But she soon found she had many things to learn.

Round and round the city she travelled for three days without any encouragement. Some of the managers were kind and courteous but assured her it would take months of study to make her a drawing card. Others said oh! yes she might begin any time but they really couldn't promise when her salary would begin! Some were like the first one, some rude and familiar and some harsh and forbidding.

Finally, despairing, she turned away from this means of employment and sought a position as governess. It seemed at this time, that every one had a governess for their children that exactly suited them and there were no vacancies in the school teacher's list although the superintendent assured her there would probably be one next year, as one of the teachers expected to be married. Then she was obliged to give up her tiny room and take an even tinier, one a flight above for her money was getting scanty.

One morning as she was going slowly down the narrow stairs she turned on her ankle and—bumpety bump!—then she was on the piazza floor staring in a bewildered manner. "Oh!" she cried, jumping up. "Was it really a dream." Then she ran to the honeysuckles and buried her nose in a cluster of its fragrant blossoms. Am I breathing the fresh pure air of the country and not that of the city? And I am not seeking employment in old city theatres? Oh! how can I ever say I want to live in the city again?"

And from that day to this Marie Harrington has never yearned to live in the city. For a few years she taught in the small school-house and then married a wealthy young lawyer who cannot understand his wife's aversion to the city. She says, "It's all on account of a dream I had. Just for all the world like Lowell's Sir Launfal, who went searching for what he had at home."

MARION AYLWARD RYAN, '07.

Varney's Villainy.

IN Sir Richard Varney, Scott has portrayed to us a villain possessing all the traits of character that go to make up one of the most cruel and villainous creatures that God ever created. We are first given a clue to the cause of all his wretched undertakings that follow, when in his first soliloquy these two reasons are shown; first, his ambition to become great, and second, rather depending on the first, his ambition to win the favor and love of the fair Amy. In his first private conversation with her, he talks with his usual ease, veiled in external politeness, so as to disguise his own feelings and to penetrate those of others; finally he succeeds in persuading the countess to keep the secret of Tressilian from his lord, which, if told, would mean Varney's ruin.

We next see Varney's villainy when he is called before the queen to relate his side of the affair concerning Amy. He did not seem to hesitate, but rather fully conscious of the advantages which he would obtain, could he free Leicester from his present peril; he used his bold face, ready-wit and cunning with good result. In his late interview with his lord, on finding out what he had said before the queen, with his usual deceit wins his favor in a short time.

Later Varney is called upon by his lord to propose plans so as to keep his marriage with Amy a secret. Here the villain shows his great power of being able to settle all intricacies, by the mere appliance of his villainous methods of murdering people. He therefore hits upon the plan of having the countess undergo a slight sickness, although in his conscience he has fully decided to take this for an excuse, and instead of a mere sickness, have her take a dose large enough to cause her death. He therefore immediately goes to the castle at Cumnor, and after having had the poison prepared, he sends Foster with it to the countess. On the latter's return, Varney asks him with his sordid sneer, "Has the sweet bird sipped?" On being answered in the negative his anger bursts forth, and taking the cup himself when everybody in the castle had retired for the night, he goes into Amy's chamber and forces her to take the poison, which fortunately enough did not have full effect on her after she had taken the pill administered to her by Wayland as an antidote for poison.

When Amy is discovered by the Queen at the feast at Kenilworth, Varney is called before her for the second time, and he doing justice to his lord, asks the Queen to avenge herself on him, but to spare his lord. Later, for once, he is made to feel the terrors of what he had done to the countess when Leicester decides to go and speak to the countess himself. Luckily however for the villain, Amy kept from the earl, all her reasons for leaving the castle.

The next day when Varney saw that the earl persisted in having his orders to disarm the queen's guards, obeyed, he resorted to his last measure, in order to keep the earl, and of course himself, from ruin. This he did by telling the earl all of the affairs that Tressilian had with the countess, and thereby raising in him a hatred towards his countess. The agony with which his master spoke during their interview, had some effect even on the hardened Varney, who, in the midst

of all his own wicked designs, really loved his patron as well as such a wretch was capable of loving anything.

Late that night he forced the countess weeping, trembling and praying, to depart with him to Cumnor. Varney had by this time determined to let nothing stand in the way of his ambition, and he therefore, when Sanbourne brought orders not agreeable to him, shot the latter down in cold blood. Varney was then cruel enough to search the poor unfortunate's pockets for his purse, but by some strange conscience, that this remorseless man would have felt himself degraded had he pocketed the few pieces belonging to the wretch whom he had thus ruthlessly slain, he threw the purse into the river by the road.

The climax of his villainy comes, when he so gayly sets the trap by which the poor unfortunate lady was destroyed by the means of her best affections. When Varney heard the fall, and learned from Foster that she was still moving, he uttered his most cruel words: "Hurl something down on her Toney, thy gold chest, it is a heavy one." Just then Tressilian and Raleigh rushed in and Varney was taken on the spot. Varney instead of expressing compunction for what he had done, seemed to take pleasure in pointing out to them the remains of the murdered girl, while at the same time he defied them to show that he had any share in the death of the countess. Varney ended his most villainous life by taking a small quantity of strong poison, thus ended the life of a man of extraordinary powers, and all these powers were unhappily, dedicated in all their energy to the very worst of purposes.

MARIA E. CENEDELLA, '05.



Transportation.

TRANSPORTATION seems to be a very common word, yet it implies that which has ever been a source of serious thought, worry, and expense to the world at large. No matter how crude the manner, it has existed since the world began. To-day in our great cities it exists, and is indeed a most important feature of our crowded city life.

In America especially can be seen a marked improvement in the mode of transportation. Beginning with our forefathers, consider the crude, slow-moving vessels in which they came to this country from Europe. The colonies were formed, and the only mode of transportation between them, for a number of years was on foot or horse-back. It can be readily seen what a long, tedious journey one would encounter in traveling from Massachusetts to Virginia or South Carolina. It would take weeks to accomplish such a journey. As years advanced better roads were laid out between the different towns, and thus communication between towns and colonies was greatly benefited. Still later the stage coach was the quickest mode of travel.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

As time advanced mode of travel was made easier and less expensive, until steam began to assert itself as an important feature in transportation. First, in 1786, appeared Fitch's crude plan for a steam-boat, which, although not a great success, was a step in the right direction. Going forward twenty years, we see the astounded world looking with wonder and awe upon Robert Fulton's steam-boat. This, in 1807, marked the first real successful beginning of the steam age. In 1800 it required three days for the stage-coach to complete the journey between New York and Boston. By Fulton's invention the time was reduced to about thirty-six hours. From this time we can skim rapidly over the one hundred to the present day, and glancing back, mark the speedy advancement in transportation.

With the invention of steam as a motive power began the real advancement toward speed and cheapness in transportation. In 1829, during President Jackson's first administration, the first railroad was begun in the United States. The cars, at first, were drawn by horses over this road, but soon a locomotive, made from an imported model of Stephenson's, took the place of the horse system. Then it was that our locomotive, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was capable of traveling fifteen miles an hour.

From this first use of the locomotive, rapid indeed has been the improvements in railroad engineering, till the United States stands, as it does to-day, crossed and re-crossed by railroads, joining our towns, cities and states.

Great, too, has been the advancement in mode of water traffic. First, the crude sailing vessels of the Pilgrims, then, after many years, Robert Fulton's first steam-boat, and finally, the great commodious ocean liners of the present day. Consider the worth of a war vessel from the Spanish Armada, as to speed and strength, when compared with one of our great, powerful battle-ships of to-day.

But railroads and ocean steamers don't, alone, comprise the advancement in transportation. What a sight New York City would be to one of the early colonists! The Brooklyn and East River bridges, the elevated railroad, the sub-way, and the Great East River Tunnel! All marvelous and tremendous works of civil engineering.

Fully as important as steam, perhaps, has been electricity in this great advancement. The electric cars are a very important feature of our modern city life. Electricity is also used as a motive power in running machinery, such as the printing press. In New York City, to-day, a man has his choice of riding overhead, on the surface, or under the surface, and for the trifling fare of five cents.

Another important device, and one which could not justly be left out in this survey, is our modern ferry-boat. The necessity and usefulness of the ferry-boat is manifested by their daily patronage. Now let us consider the East River the same as we have the city streets. There is a continual traffic above, on, and under this river. The Brooklyn and East River bridges, together with the East River Tunnel, are probably as skillful pieces of engineering as the world has ever seen.

One hundred years ago the stage-coach was the most commodious mode of transportation known. To-day the stage-coach is indeed a thing of the past, dropped into obscurity in the great rush toward better and more enlightened modes of transportation.

The Incidents of a Summer Vacation.

HOW eagerly we look forward to our summer vacation, and plan what we will do and where we will go?

Last summer, a friend and I went to visit some friends in Braintree and the neighboring towns. There were all girls in the family, whom we went to visit and when we arrived there were five girls in all.

Near the house was a large field, and here we spent many a pleasant hour. At dusk, we would put on some of Mr.S—'s clothing, and go into the field and play "duck on the rock," "hide and seek," and all such games, which we wouldn't think of playing if at home. There was no one to look at us except Mrs. S—as the town is not thickly settled.

We would take out the horse and one would ride on his back while another would lead him around the field. This was great sport, but it was soon stopped because Mr.—sold the horse and bought an automobile as the auto could cover more ground in shorter time than the horse. And as his position called for speed and quickness he secured the auto.

The auto was always ready to be used at a moment's notice. One morning, all the girls decided to go to the post-office for the mail. We had to present a note at the window in order to get the mail. As Beatrice was getting the note, Mabel suggested that we go into the carriage house and take the automobile and ride down to the post-office. Mabel was not an experienced chauffeur, but she knew that there wasn't any danger of our running into a team or an electric car. I preferred to walk, but the other four got into the auto and rode to the post-office. They reached the post-office safely, but all were glad to get back home again. They had a long story to tell when they did get home. One would say, "O, I thought we would be thrown out," another would say, "I thought we were to meet our death, when Mabel almost ran into that tree." Mabel was fearless, and said that it was their fault, that all these things happened, that when she was with Pa, she drove it alright. This was the last time Mabel acted as chauffeur.

We visited all the historical places around Braintree, including the homes of John and John Q. Adams. In the yard of the late John Quincy Adams' home is an old fashioned well with a long pole with a bucket attached to the end of it. The keeper lowered the bucket and we all enjoyed a drink of cold spring water.

The next day, we went to Quincy again to visit some friends. There were men there with flying horses and a large crowd of children had gathered around them as is usually the case. In the evening to our amazement a crowd of grown people had gathered round and were enjoying rides on the 'horses'. If any grown person did anything like that here they would be considered foolish, or childish, but there it was not noticed. There was one old lady sitting in a sleigh who we thought was about sixty years old. You'd really think it was a circus. We were asked to have a ride, but only laughed, and thanked the person for his kind invitation.

On the following days, we visited many places of amusement and a number of beaches and summer resorts, but did not see any that we thought so nice and clean as the parks around here.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Mr. S—had a large orchard and in it we swung hammocks and hung swings. Girls will think of such things to do when alone and where there is no one to watch them. We would climb the apple trees, walk the fence which separated Mr. S—'s land from that of the Railroad Company's. We would run to see who could run fastest. Mrs. S—would scold us, but her scolding had no effect. We would eat so much fruit that when dinner time came, we were unable to eat any. At last, she prepared dinner only for Mr. S—and herself, if we felt hungry we could go to the pantry and help ourselves.

When night came, Mr. and Mrs. S—would retire at nine, but it would be eleven before we thought of going to bed. We would sing and dance and have a lunch before we'd retire. At last in bed we would tell stories and imagine that ghosts were haunting the house. Sometimes, we would be so tired that we would fall asleep while one of the girls was telling a story and often find ourselves in the wrong chamber.

How we hated to come home when the time came. We bought our tickets at the station and the agent told us the train was due in ten minutes, so we sat down to wait. In a few minutes, the train came puffing in and we asked if this was the train. He said "Yes." We hurried to board it and I was standing on the steps of the car and looked back and saw my friend stooping trying to pick up something. I called to her and asked her to hurry as the train started. She stood there laughing and said, "Get off, I've dropped the tickets and can't pick them up." I was helped off by the conductor, and went to my friend and after much laughing we picked up the tickets and went into the waiting-room. I went to the window of the ticket office and asked what time the next train went. The agent answered "In an hour, madam."

I then informed him that his clock was over ten minutes slow. He thanked me and asked us if it was his fault that we had lost the car.

We answered, "No."

When the train arrived, we entered one of the cars and rode to Boston. There we boarded an electric car, arriving home tired and dusty.

M. H. McCONNACHIE, '05.



Gladys.

LITTLE eight year old Gladys was up at half-past eight every February fourteenth. The postman came to her house about nine o'clock in the morning, two in the afternoon and five at night. He and Gladys had become very good friends for he was a constant visitor at their front door and she always went down for the mail.

Gladys seemed very anxious this morning, nearly as much as on Christmas, New Years Day and her birthday.

Her mother could not get her away from the window, that looked out on the street, long enough to give her her breakfast. At last she asked Gladys why she was so sure she would get "a valentine." Gladys said, "Because I know I shall; I always have and he won't forget."

Then her mother asked her how she knew it was a "he."

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

This time she was not so ready with an answer, but after thinking awhile she said, "I guess, mama it is because the writing on the envelope is so big."

Just then the bell rang and Gladys ran down two stairs at a time and in her hurry landed all in a heap at the foot of the stairs. It did not take her long to get up and open the door, she hardly spoke to the postman, but sat down on the step and went through all the envelopes, little and big, fancy and plain until she came to the one she was looking for. There could be no mistaking it for there were the familiar sprawling letters. This one always fascinated her the most because the others she would go right through and tell from whom each one came by the writing on the outside. There was one other not quite so interesting as the first but still rather interesting. She and her little friend Dorothy always got one just alike and from the same person; they could not imagine from whom they could have come.

When Gladys grew up she waited just as she had ever since she could remember. When she saw the postman coming she went down to the door a little more slowly than eight years before. She saw the familiar scrawl, first thing, but this time there was another.

She hadn't seen that handwriting since Jack went to college and she had never guessed before where it had come from and he had lived in the next house as long as she could remember.

That night when her father came home she thought he wore his Christmas expression so she cross-questioned and recross questioned him as only a woman can until she found out where her other valentines had come from even since and before she could walk.

HAZEL KING, '08.

My dear Mattie,

Athens, Greece, November 4, 300 B. C.

I wish to thank you for the very pleasant time I enjoyed while visiting you at your home in Potidaea, and extend a cordial invitation to you for a visit at Athens.

Your father left me safe and sound in Megara, and must be in Syracuse by this time. We had a splendid sail down from Chalcidice, although it was quite a lengthy voyage; but I didn't mind that much for the weather was so fine.

If you can, do accompany your father the next time he comes down to trade for then it will be time for the Olympian games at Olympia. As you have never seen them you certainly must this time for the women and girls are to be permitted to attend. There is to be a series of games and races in which young girls may take part.

The festival will last five days. The first day is given up to sacrifices, the three following to the contests, and the last day to processions and conquests.

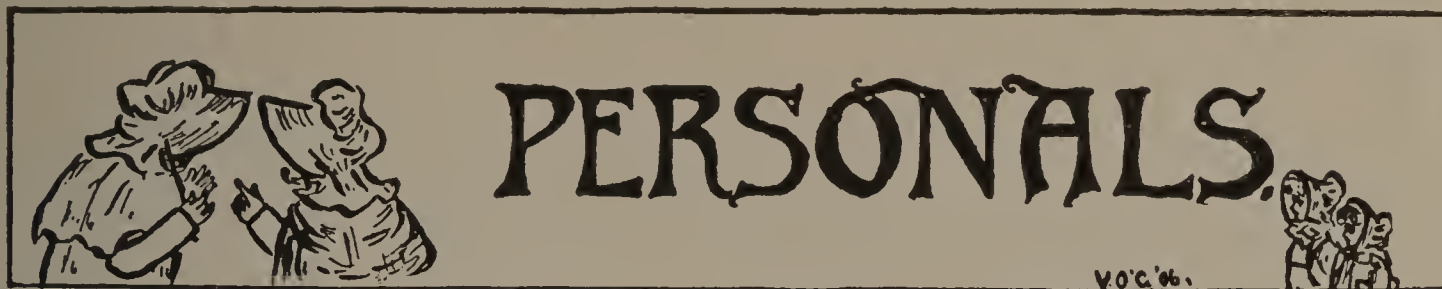
The sports this year are varied by additional contests such as boxing and wrestling matches, throwing the discus, quoit and javelin, and horse and chariot racing.

The athletes must have ten month's training in the gymnasium and only perfect and completely trained persons are admitted to the list.

You will find the buildings very beautiful, especially the temple of Zeus where the olive wreath is received by the victor.

Your mother must allow you to come and if possible she must come, too. Thanking you again and hoping for a favorable reply, I am

Yours lovingly, MYRA W. LEAHY, 1908.



Classmates and friends of Miss Ethelyn Harding '99, deeply sympathize with her and her family, on account of the recent death of her sister Mrs. Lola White of Cliftdale. Her death was sudden, the cause being heart trouble.

Miss Adeline C. Teele, our teacher of modern languages, now on a year's leave of absence, was the guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Billings, Congress St. during April.

Mr. Harry L. Willard '00, who has been working as assistant to Town Clerk John T. McLoughlin, is now employed as a draughtsman at the Milford Pink Granite Company's quarry.

Misses Louise and Ada Bancroft, of Manchester, were recent visitors at this school.

Miss Gertrude Mann, '03, now a student at Wellesley College, spent the Easter vacation with her parents, on Grove Street.

Miss Charlotte Waterman, of Franklin, was a recent visitor at the school.

Mr. Stanley Wires ex '04, spent the Easter holiday at his home on Clafin Street.

Miss May Ranahan '06, who was very ill with appendicitis at the Milford Hospital, and underwent an operation, has been discharged from that institution, and is once more attending school. Miss Ranahan has the congratulations and best wishes of her schoolmates.

Miss Helen Mead '04, of Wheaton Seminary, Norton, visited her parents, on Chapin Street, during April.

Mr. Edward Dempsey, '01, now of Holy Cross College, Worcester, spent the Easter Holiday at his home on Grant Street.

Miss Helen Gilmore '01, Commercial teacher at Littleton, N. H. High School spent her Easter vacation at her home, on West Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Hayward, have returned to their beautiful home in Franklin, after a long wedding trip through the South. Mrs. Hayward was Miss Edith C. Wires '92.

Mr. Bertram Albro, principal of the Rutland High School has been spending his Easter vacation at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. D. Albro, Fayette St. Mr. Albro was graduated in 1896, from the Milford High School.

Mr. Benjamin Clancy ex '06, of Phillips Exeter Academy visited at his home on Main Street, during the Easter vacation.

Mr. J. Frank Curtin ex '00, of Baltimore Medical College, spent his vacation with his parents, on Leonard Street.



April 22. The school team defeated Upton High team by a score of 16 to 10 on the Milford Driving Park grounds. The Upton team outbatted the Milford team getting eight hits to Milford's six, but Upton had poor luck on the field making in all about ten errors, Milford only having three. The pitching on both sides was not very good many being passed to the first base frequently on account of wild throws. The game was called in the seventh inning on account of rain. Upton had the best of the game up to the seventh, but the local school boys hammered the ball right and left and scored seven runs in this inning, winning their game.

The lineup,

Milford H. S. 16
Lamb, c
Smith, s s
Cenedella, 3 b
Curtin, 2 b
McCarthy, p
Dillingham, 1 b
Foley, l f
Gilmore, c f
Moore, r f

Upton
Urlan, 3 b
Pease, c f
Baldwin, 1 b
Leaver, 2 b
Genches, c
Williams, r
Newton, r f
Morse, s s
Nelson, l f

Two base hits, Curtin. Stolen Bases, Smith 5, Cenedella 4, Curtin 2, Lamb 3, Callery 3, Dillingham, Moore 3, Urlan, Nelson 2. Base on Ball; by McCarthy Baldwin 2, Jenches, Newton 2, Nelson, Williams by Williams, Cenedella 2, Lamb 3, Moore 3. Hit by pitched ball, Dillingham, Callery. Struck out, by McCarthy Urban, Pease, Baldwin 2, Leaver, Williams, Newton, Morse 2; by Williams, Cenedella 2, Curtin, Foley, Moore. Passed ball, Lamb. Umpire, Simon Hickey. Time of game 1hr. 20 m. Game called in seventh.

April 19, the school team lined up against the Milford High Alumni team on Town Park and defeated the latter in an interesting game of ball. Our boys were in the lead all through the game winning it in the first inning. McCarthy our new twirler was in excellent form and won his game. Smith and Cenedella led both teams at the last, while Foley's fielding was excellent. Graven and Clancy put up the best game for the Alumni. The field was in fine condition and was kept clear by ropes and officers.

The lineup:

M. H. S. 16.
Smith, s s
Cenedella, 3 b
Curtin, 2 b
McCarthy, p
Dillingham, 1 b

Alumni 5.
Graven, c
Brady, s s
Moran, p. 1 b
Casey, p. 1 b
Murphy, c f

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Foley, l f
Gilmore, r f
Lamb, c
Moore, c f

Clancy, 3 b
Moriarty, 2 b
Hansbury, l f
Ewing, r f

Two base hits, M cCarthy, Dillingham, Graven. Three Base hits, Smith, Cenedella. Home run, Smith. Stolen Bases, Smith, Cenedella 3, Curtin 2, McCarthy, Gilmore, Moore, Graven 2, Brady, Clancy 2, Moran, Moriarty 2, Ewing. Hits off Casey 4, off Moran 10, off M cCarthy, 5. Struck out b Casey, Curtin, Dillingham, Cenedella, Gilmore; by McCarthy, Moran 2, Brady, Murphy, Clancy, Casey 2, Moriarty 2, Ewing. Umpire Sime Hickey. Attendance 500. Time of game, 1h. 30 m.

Locals.

Teacher:—"What does the German Emperor's title R. I. (rex imperator) mean?"

Pupil:—"Rhode Island."

Simpson in A. Ger.—"Couldn't you commence the sentence with a "goat!"

Teacher:—"Certainly you can commence the sentence with a "goat" if you want to.

Perhaps a "pony" would be of more use.

Teacher to Freshman who was disturbing the A. English recitation,—What No answer.

Teacher—"Don't you know it?"

Teacher in A. Eng.—"Where is Acheron?"

Miss Cenn.—"Down where the king is."

In A. Latin—"And he fell on his beak."

The boys witnessed a "trial" in the Assembly Hall recently.

Miss K. in A. French—"Elle etate de lherbe jusque pardessus les cornes.

Trans.—"She was grass up over her horns."

Teacher in Physiology—"What is the difference between Cl—and an athlete?

Ans.—"He isn't one."

A. Latin—"Now I don't want any one to tell me who knows. Miss H—?"

In A. English—"Dog's tail. Some of these are quite long."

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Exchanges.

Members of the school should spend some of their spare moments looking over the received exchanges as they nearly all contain some very profitable matter, especially pertaining to English and History. The majority of those who spend any time in looking over the papers, do so with the hope that they may find some jokes they may learn and "crack" on their schoolmates.

Loud cover, Egypti.

"The Oak, Lily & Ivy, of Milford Mass, is a good exchange received this month. The cover is very suggestive of the name,"—Arena.

The cuts in the Observer are all very comical.

We are again glad to welcome the Doe-Wah-Jack. It was among the "missing" last month. The last sheet is bare with the exception of the following words written in bold type, "Patronize Our Advertisers." A very good suggestion.

In reading the Zephyr, one does not know whether or not he is reading an ad. Too complicated.

"Wouldn't It Tickle You" in the Hedding Graphic is very funny.

The Index, Haverford, Pa., cannot be complimented too highly this month.

Read "My Views on Geometry," in the Student.

The Racquet contains quite a number of pictures of the school cadets.

A humorous cover Caldron.

"The O. L. & I. Milford Mass, contains several good headings. It has a large editorial department,"—Hanoverian.

The Gates Index contains a cut of its editorial staff.

"Happenings Within" of the Hermes, is certainly an original title for a column.

Some new friends, Simondonion; Somerset Idea; W. T. M. A. Bugle Notes, and the Torch.

"Indeed the O. L. & I. seemed not to have any use for space fillers. On the contrary it did not have enough space and ran the different Locals and Exchange paragraphs so close together that they are almost unintelligible."—The Squib.

The El Gabilan is a very well published paper.

Many exchanges came in this month with very attractive cover designs.

Comus, we receive two numbers of your papers each month, one will do.

Your Inaugural number is very interesting, Tooter

"The O. L. & I. is excellent in every detail,"—Corona.

We have received the following since our last issue: Comet; Gates Index Phoenix; Torch; Phi-Rhonian; Center; Cherry & White; College Signal; Climax; Hanoverian; Greylock Echo; Index; Bostonia; Tooter; H. S. Herald; Russ; Corona; Lasell Leaves; Watch City Bulletin; Student; Capitoline; Aegis; Flickertail; Caulron; Legenda; Racquet; H. S. Sentiment; Hedding; Graphic; Dalhousie Gazette; Criterion; Salute; Academy Monthly; H. S. Review; Arena; Huisache; Egypti; Observer; El Gabilan; Echoes; Squib; Distaff; W. T. M. A. Bugle Notes; Chronicle; Dean Megaphone; Simondonian; Register; Zephyrs; Doe-Wah-Jack; Aegis; Comus; Opinion; Clarion.

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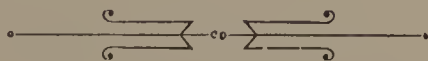
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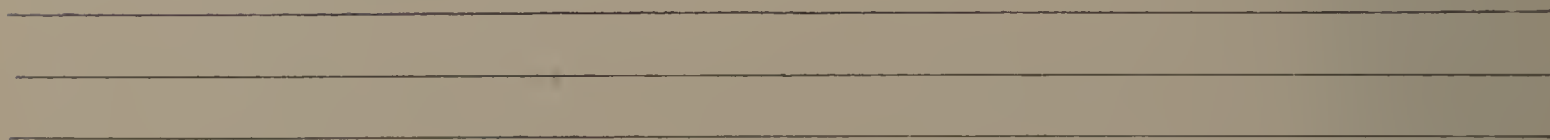


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OAK, LILY AND IVY.

VOL. XXI.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1905.

No. 9.

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WE would take this opportunity to thank the Park Directors for the use of the Driving Park, which has been so liberally allowed us for base ball this spring.



The school exhibition is now dividing honors with base-ball. Preparations are being made in all classes and in all subjects. Some of the pupils think that if work is given out for the sole benefit of the wicked, judging from the work awarded to them, they must be considered very wicked indeed, by their superiors.



Now that the last rhetorical contest is ended, and the prizes awarded, we hear little talk upon that subject. The Seniors and Juniors have had a couple of informal trials in the forensic art with more or less success. Graduation will offer an opportunity to a number of Seniors to demonstrate their powers of oratory. To some of the participants the idea is new and awe-inspiring, but

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that feeling must and will be conquered, for no one wants to have stage fright on graduation night. Let the girls go to the ball games—the boys go without being told to go, and often after being told not to go—there plenty of opportunity is afforded for using their voices. Let them profit by their training and let others see that they have profited by it, in their speaking, graduation night.



The Juniors must be getting busy; we know they are busy now, but busier if need be, and devise plans for beautifying the hall for graduation. It may be early yet to think of that; it was merely given as a suggestion, but nevertheless the Juniors might take this view of the matter: that the better the work they do for the present Senior class, the more they may feel entitled to exact from next year's Junior class.



Since the Seniors have chosen the music for their class ode, they should, it seems, begin at once to practice in order to make a good appearance on the stage that night of all nights—the night of graduation. Our opinion, though perhaps it is of no account, is that the class should become well acquainted with the tune of the ode, and it will be much easier to learn and sing the words.



With this, the June number, our efforts as editors of the Oak, Lilly and Ivy cease. During our term as editors, we have tried to do well. Perhaps we have not always succeeded, yet we trust that endeavors will be criticised, not in the light of what we have accomplished, but rather what we tried to accomplish. We hope that the succeeding class may continue to edit the paper, enlarging and improving it in every way, until the O. L. and I. of Milford High School shall be recognized as the best high school paper to be found anywhere.



We have heard, but only vaguely, that there has been some idea of constructing granolithic walks on the high school grounds. We hope the report is not unfounded. Certainly the present board walk has done its duty in its long, if not popular, service. Yet we are told that all things come in good season, and those who will not be fortunate enough to enjoy the new walk, will rejoice with their more fortunate companions.

The Wise Parrot.

IN the stillness of a moonlight night in early spring, Mr. Moneysaver the miser of Moneysaver's Hill, stealthily dragged the savings of his whole lifetime, enclosed in an iron box, from his house to his rickety woodshed. He lowered the heavy box to a nook beneath a plank in the floor. The wood which he had gathered, day after day filled his woodshed.

All summer long the miser went each day to the shed and sadly gazed at the wood, beneath which was his fortune. He realized that the one thing that made his life worth living was now out of his reach. He mourned and worried so much over it that he grew weaker and weaker throughout the winter. The miser was nursed and cared for by an old servant. But his only consolation was his parrot, for he had confided all his secrets to her. The winter was cold, and therefore the wood in the shed had been used. In the early spring when the miser could have again looked upon the precious treasure, he passed away. His last words were to the parrot: "You won't tell anyone where the money is, Polly? You won't betray my secret?"

The notice of Mr. Moneysaver's death in the town paper at once brought his two nephews to the scene. These young men were his heirs.

Alfred, the older of the cousins began to search the house in a systematic way. From attic to the cellar he went. He became cross with the servant and parrot for not informing him of the hidden fortune. Bill, the younger, became friends with the servant and the parrot. He made a careless search, going through a few drawers and closets. Then he spent his time caring for the poor animals in the barn and good naturedly teasing the parrot. Taking things a little more good naturedly than his brother, he decided to return to his home and business.

With Bill went the parrot, for Alfred, disgusted with her often-repeated, "You won't tell anyone where the money is, Polly? You won't betray my secret?" had threatened several times to choke her.

The neighbors all agreed that the miser's nephew was crazy. For he hunted and hunted for days and months, until he became frightful to look at.

Back to the city went Bill, whistling, at his work. His salary was not large, but he did not grumble. Finally, he needed his uncle's fortune, and he would say over and over to the Polly—"I need the money in the worst way." But Polly merely looked wise.

He usually read the newspaper to the parrot, especially the one that came from the little town where his uncle used to live, and this day he read in the paper that his uncle's shed had been destroyed by fire. Polly looked interested. He sat down beside the parrot's cage and said: "You know that rickety woodshed at the old place, Polly, well that was burned last week' burned, do you understand?" "Evidently she did understand for she cocked her head on one side and said in a sharp voice, The money is in the shed, the money is in the shed." Bill jumped from the chair, opened the cage, took the parrot in his arms, questioned her further, but those were the only words she could say.

On arriving at the ruins of the shed, and after a little search he found the iron box. Then he looked about for his cousin to tell him the news. But where was his cousin?

This question was answered by the neighbors. After the woodshed fire, which they believed he himself set, they had taken him to an insane assylum in a nearby town.

Bill visited Alfred in his dismal confinement, and found him raving of parrots all day long. At one time he would seem to imagine he was a parrot, and again he would say in a loud, shrill voice, "You won't tell anyone where the money is, Polly? You won't betray my secret?"

MARIE E. CENEDELLA, '05.



The Trial of Shylock.

POOR unfortunate Antonio! You have much reason to be sad, now. The presentiment that your ships would be lost, and your fortune gone, is now a stern reality, and Shylock, the person who lent you the money for the enterprise, claims the forfeit. Yes, Antonio has received the news that his ships are lost, and Shylock, when he hears this, is delighted and thinks, "now is the time for my revenge." Of course, this is a very wrong spirit in the Jew, but his people are hated by the Christians, and have been greatly abused by them; so no wonder he feels revengeful. So Antonio must prepare to die, for such is the forfeit which Shylock claimed, if the rich merchant could not pay back the money.

The day of the trial is drawing near, and Antonio sends a letter to Bassanio, a young man, who has often been helped in money affairs by Antonio, begging him to come to see him before he dies. So Bassanio hastens away.

The fatal day has come. The jailer, Shylock, Antonio and his friend Salarino are gathered together for the trial. Antonio tries to speak, but the Jew will not listen, his only cry being "I'll have my bond." After a while Shylock departs, and Antonio says, "He seeks my life; he does not want the money, and his reason I well know. "But I'm sure," says Salarino, "that the Duke of Venice will never grant this forfeiture as a legal one." But it is legal and he will have to grant it.

Meanwhile, in another city, in the home of Portia, who is the wife of Bassanio, Balthazar, one of the servants, is bidden by his mistress to hasten with a letter to Doctor Bellario, cousin of Portia in Padua, a city a few miles distant, and bring with all possible haste, what notes and garments the Doctor gives him.

Antonio, Gratiano, Salarino, Solanio, Bassanio and the Duke are again assembled in the Court of Justice.

Antonio is very calm and prepared to meet his fate. Shylock now enters. The Duke is the first to speak, and asks that the Jew show some mercy and pity in this, his last hour, but Shylock will not relent. He says he has sworn to have the forfeit of his bond, and he will have it. Then Antonio speaks. "You may as well forbid the pine trees on the mountain tops to make no noise when the wind

blows through their branches, as to try to soften the Jew's heart. Therefore make no more offers. Let Shylock have his own will.

Bassanio now steps forward, and offers the Jew twice the sum of the money borrowed, but he refuses to take it, which shows that what he wants is revenge, not money.

"Well," says the Duke at last, "I may as well dismiss the court unless Doctor Bellario, a very learned man, comes to decide the case." At that instant a messenger arrives with news from the Doctor. The messenger is in reality Nerissa, a friend of Portia's. Nerissa, or the Clerk, opens the letter and reads it aloud. It is from the Doctor, who says he is sick, and cannot be present at the trial, but that he would send a young doctor who is visiting him, who will decide the case as well as he would. A few minutes later, this young man appears. The Duke asks him if he is acquainted with the facts of the case. He answers in the affirmative. He now commences to question Shylock and Antonio. He asks Antonio if he confesses the bond, to which he answers "I do." Shylock's answer always is "I claim the forfeit." The Clerk then asks if Antonio can pay the money and Bassanio says "Yes. I have offered him twice the amount, but he refuses to take it." The lawyer then reads the bond and says, "Yes, everything is plainly stated, the forfeit is written here, and it is legal; therefore, the Jew can claim it."

Antonio is to prepare for the knife. The scales are ready to weigh the flesh; and a surgeon is near by. "But wait a minute," says the clerk, "the bond says not a drop of blood must be shed. If there is, the Jew must give all his lands and goods to the State of Venice." Shylock asks if this is the law, and when told that it is, he says, "I will take his offer; pay three times the sum, and let the Christian go." Bassanio steps forward with the money. "Oh, no, he would not take the money before, now he shall have nothing but the penalty, and this at his own peril." Poor Shylock! Everything seems to be against him, but Antonio, who has a kinder heart than the rest assembled there, asks the court to release the fine, and give the State one half his goods, and at his death to give the other half to Jessica, his daughter, who is a Christian, and hated by Shylock, and last, but hardest of all, to make him become a Christian. Shylock assents to all this and asks to go home.

They all depart now, Antonio feeling more cheerful than when he entered that court room, and Shylock, angry, sad and mortified.

M. CORNELIUS, '06.



The Ghost.

ONCE saw a ghost, or thought I saw one." This is the way little Tommy Green always commences the story which he has told me many times. Tommy's papa had told Tommy one Hallowe'en night, not so very long ago, that he might not go out as he had a cold. Poor Tommy felt very badly and thought

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

father very unjust, and immediately determined that in spite of what father had said, he would go out for a short time anyway. So after Tommy thought his parents thought him safe in his little white bed, he sneaked softly out the back door, and had soon joined his comrades, who were prancing up and down the street, having a very fine time. Tommy told them that he could not stay around because his father might catch him. So he and his companions decided to go to another street. They had a very pleasant time for a while, but soon a crowd of big boys who often teased the little ones and frightened them very much, came along, and all the little boys ran away.

Tommy was so frightened that he did not attempt to keep with the other boys, but ran off in another direction. Poor Tommy ran and ran until he decided that he was far away from the boys; but as he looked around, he saw in the distance a great white thing approaching. Little Tommy's knees shook, for he was certain that the big white thing was a ghost.

The ghost soon caught up to him, for he had very long legs. "Oh, Mr. Ghost please don't hurt me," begged Tommy. The ghost gathered Tommy in his arms. "I shall have to put you in the great deep pit," said the ghost, "where all bad little boys have to be put. I know you are bad, because I saw you run out of your house to-night, and I know you were running away." The ghost had a very gruff voice, and poor Tommy shook from head to foot.

"Oh, Mr. Ghostman," he stuttered, "I did run away, but I will never do it again, if you will only let me go."

"Are you sure you will not?" asked the ghost.

"Oh, yes sir, yes sir," answered Tommy. "Please let me go."

"Very well, I will let you go," said the ghost. "Run home quickly; but if I ever catch you again, remember the pit."

Tommy did not wait to hear more, but scampered quickly away, and was soon safe at home.

Tommy does not know to this day that the tall ghost with the gruff voice was his own father, who, seeing him run out of the house, had followed him, wrapped in a big sheet, and when he caught up to him, frightened him almost to death. Tommy's father thought it would be a good way to teach him a lesson. Although Tommy does not know the ghost was his father, he certainly suspects that it was not a real ghost that he saw, but thinks that some of the little boys have told the big boys about his running away, and one of them must have impersonated the ghost. Nevertheless, Tommy has never since run away, and I do not think he ever will.

IRENE SWEET, '06.

Merely Paragraphs.

Bryant, of all poets, seems to be the most successful in taking lessons in moral or other lines, from the simplest occurrences. Most of his observations are made on nature. He appears always to have complete information on his subject. In his poem "To a Waterfowl" he knew when he wrote that they generally fly high in the air, and stay out later evenings than most other birds. The bird was alone and naturally the first question that comes to the author's mind is "Where is he going?" The bird continues in one direct line, so the author concludes that he is going to a home of his somewhere, for the night. Soon the bird will find his nest and will be in the company of his fellows. From the apparent certainty of the birds flight, Bryant finds his lesson. It is this: the same sure hand which leads the bird will lead his own steps aright.



The "good old times" were not all that some people think. Think of hiring a mule to transport an enterprising traveler from here to Boston! Think of the change in that custom to-day; you will notice that there is an obvious advantage in hanging on to an electric car strap. And then, what was the use of going to Boston in the "good old times?" There were no flowerery scented automobiles to run down an ignorant pedestrian; there were no sky-scrapers to strain the neck of of a curious rural gengleman. Indeed, the former times were very slow and stale, all things considered. The time when candle grease was the light of the world is not what it is cracked up to be.



THE DESERTED MILL

There is an old deserted mill a few miles up the river. The storms of many years have passed over its sunken roof, and turned the wood to a moss-grey color. However, this does not detract from the charming picture it presents, as it stands on the bank of the little stream. Rotten and tumbling, an old wheel, which has been silent for many years, leans against the side of the mill, partly covered by the running water and overhanging willows. One cannot fail to notice the windows, with their small, shattered panes, broken perhaps by some mischievous boys who sometimes came there to fish for minnows in the mill pond. Moss covered stones are piled about the base of the old building, which long ago may have served as the foundation, but are now used as stepping stones.

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A CLUSTER OF CLOUDS.

Have you ever watched the effects of moon-light upon clouds? Long I watched the clouds moving on, like draperies studded with gold. And high above her was fair Luna; around her were clustered numerous clondlets who allowed the fair one to reign on her undisputed throne, save one or two who seemed to linger quite a way behind. Perhaps they were plotting some kind of a surprise for their queen. How peaceful seemed those clouds, with the beautiful moonbeams shining upon them. The star bespangled dome on that soundless night gave me a feeling which I cannot express, but which seemed to impress me with the peace of heaven. And this question arose; who is the Master Artist of this wonderful hand-painting?



PREMEDITATION.

In stating his reasons, he never jumped at conclusions. Deliberation and thought were two of his best qualities. Over and over again he turned a problem in his mind before giving an answer. Silent meditation was the secret of his success. Cool, level headed, right-to-the-point thinking made all his answers creditable. His individuality was shown in his remarks, which were a sequence of his premeditation. He knew, before he spoke, which was the error and which was the right; why did he know? Because he thought before he made an utterance. His was not the parrot system imitation of some preceeding thinker. No, his were true, noble inspiring, personal, independent ideas. His opinion was always sought, because his clear thinking produced most satisfactory results.



EVANGELINE.

What a beautiful character Longfellow has created for us in Evangeline. Her whole life was patient suffering. She was always thinking of the poor; was very pious, and one with a sweeter disposition could not be found. Evangeline was her father's housekeeper, and applied herself lovingly to these duties. Then when her father died, and her lover Gabriel went away, she started to search for him. It was a long and very nearly fruitless one; going from one part of the country to another, searching in vain, until at last she found him dying. Her good heart and patient spirit had kept her up. Evangeline's character is clearly shown in these lines:

“When she passed,

It was like the ceasing of exquisite music.”

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

There are books and books. In other words, there are good books and bad books. Good books are good companions, and are always a source of knowledge as well as pleasure, while the others are injurious and uninstructional. Under the former may be classed histories, biographies, travels, and those which are written for amusement and entertainment. Generally novels are also instructive, and are likely to be read by a majority of people, especially the young. Cheap novels, or dime novels as they are called, should never be read by anyone, as they are in every way corrupting. By this it is not meant that cheap books are bad; the very best books are now sold for very low prices.



It requires sustained effort to become a good writer. One cannot become a good writer at once. He has to practice over and over again before he can write a neat looking page. A child that is just learning to write cannot write so well as when he has been practicing two or three years. Some people naturally can write better than others. But it is a very difficult task to write neatly, and requires long and patient effort on the part of the writer.



The following is a very helpful suggestion in regard to reading matter and was clipped from a contemporary paper.



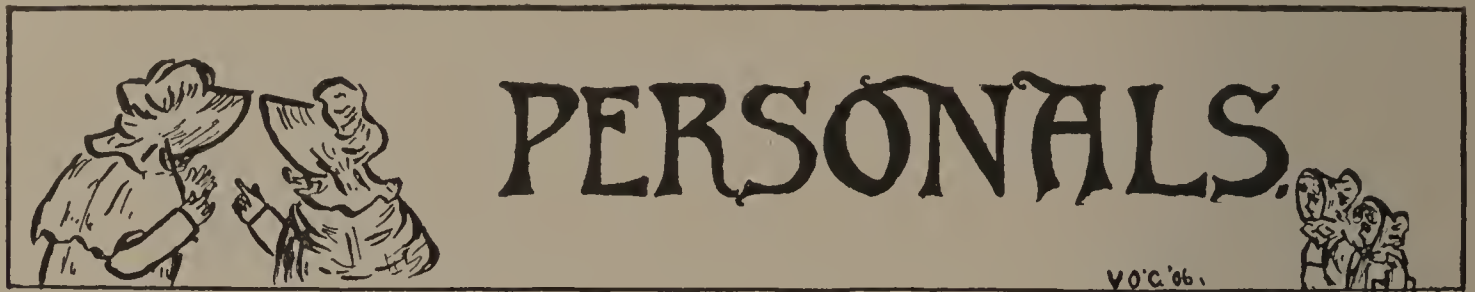
A READING LIST.

Any student drawing books from the library may be interested to try those in a list which recently received a prize for best selection of ten stories, interesting to the average young person, and also of standard merit.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Ivanhoe. | Scott |
| 2. Tom Brown's School days. | Hughes |
| 3. Treasure Island. | Stevenson |
| 4. David Copperfield. | Dickens |
| 5. Jungle Books. | Kipling |
| 6. Last of the Mohicans. | Cooper |
| 7. Story of a Bad Boy. | Aldrich |
| 8. Quentin Durward. | Scott |
| 9. Robinson Crusoe. | |
| 10. Tales from Shakespeare. | Lamb |

Others recommended :

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Kidnapped, The Talisman. | Olive Twist |
| Men of Iron or Robin Hood. | Byle |
| Around the World in 80 Days. | |
| 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. | |



Friends and schoolmates of Mrs. Fiske (Miss Maud E. Taft, '96) deeply sympathize with her on her recent bereavement, the death of her father, Edwin Taft.

Miss Thompson and Miss Thomas of Medway H. S. and Miss Goddard of Hopkinton H. S. visited our school, Friday, May 12.

Mrs. Fred Saunders of Hartford, Conn., visited her parents on Walnut St. during May. Mrs. Saunders was Miss Lelia Walker and was graduated in the class of '98.

Miss Florence Howe '03, visited relatives in Worcester recently.

Mr. Fred Walker, ex '07, who has been at Rutland, Mass. for the past few months, has returned home, his health much benefitted.

Miss Jenny Clarke, '03, visited friends at Braintree, during May.

Mr. Daniel Clancy, '02, is now employed at census enumerator in Milford.

Mr. Amos Phipps, ex '02, of Attleboro, visited Milford friends lately.

Mr. William Moore, '06, while practicing for the Athletic Meet in Milford Driving Park, fell and sprained his wrist, and was unable to partake in athletics for a few days.

Mr. Benj. Clancy, '02, has accepted the position as book-keeper in Patrick H. Gillon's store, succeeding Mr. Thomas Ford of Watertown.

Mr. Bernard Thatcher, '09, who has been ill with diphtheria, has returned to school.

Miss Gardetto, of South Boston, was a recent visitor at the home of Miss Marie Cenedella, '05.

Mrs. William Mathewson visited Milford relatives recently. Mrs. Mathewson was Miss Blanch Whitcomb, ex '06.

Miss Ada Mathewson, ex '05 of Roxbury High School, visited Miss Marion Gilmore, '05, during April.

Miss Mabel Quirk, '05, visited Providence, R. I. recently.

Mr. Loyd F. Roberts, '98, of Lynn, visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, 36 Jefferson St., recently.

Miss Eva Phipps, '01, has returned from her trip through the west.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Locals.

A Sten.—“Miss S-h-'s ‘circum’ stances are not the same as Miss McK--na’s.”

Miss C-n-d-l-a, misquoting from Burns—“I am twenty-three and nine foot tall.

Teacher in A. Eng.—“What is a censor, Miss McK-?”

Miss McK-.—“One who takes the census.”

Teacher in Physiology—“What would you do if all the air was pumped out of your lungs, Bul-r-d?”

Bul-r-d—“Cave in.”

Simp. sat with his mouth open during the English recitation catching —’flies.

Teacher—“When you burn your hand what is raised?”

Miss Gor.—“A blister.”

A. Sten.—“How do you write impure?”

Voice—Imp-you-are.”

Teacher.—“Do you know, Cen—?”

Cen—.—“No, I don’t.”

Teacher—“Do you, Steele (steal)?”

Voice —“No, we are honest people.”

Teacher in A Sten.—“No, that is wrong—you haven’t your eye in the right place.”

Teacher in A French—“The bed with four feet.” A bandes de points de Hongrie. Bands of hungry lace.

Question—“Where is Thebes?”

Bright Senior—“In Babylonia.”

In D History—“Where is Libya?”

Master Libby—“I am right here.”

Question—“A small family uses two ounces of coffee a day; how long will six pounds last?”

Answer—“That depends on how fast the family grows.

A Eng.—“Why is ‘Dray-horse’ begun with a capital?”

Answer—“To distinguish it from a circus horse with four feet, I suppose.”

A gin-horse, a bright Senior tells us, is a horse fed on gin.

Teacher in B. Lat.—“Now do you see the derivation of our word ‘tandem’? At length,—therefore, hitched at length.”

Pupil:—“Hitched at length, in what state of mind ought you to be?”

Miss Q.—in A. Eng.—“He narrowed down in circumstances.



April 27. The team, followed by a large number of rooters, went to Upton and succeeded in defeating the High School team of that town by a score of 25-11. The game was one sided, the Milford boys hitting pitcher Williams at will.

The lineup, Milford H. S. 25.

Smith, s s
Cenedella, 3 b
Dillingham, 1 b
Curtin, 2 b
Murphy, p
Lamb, c
Foley, l f
Gilmore, r s
Moore, c f

Upton H. S. 11.

Williams, p
Urban, 3 b
Pease, c f
Nelson, l f
Jencks, c
Newton, r f
Morse, s s
Leaver, 2 b
Baldwin, 1 b

April 29. The team journeyed to Walpole and was defeated by the score of 4 to 3. Although the latter played a "ringer" in the box the boys hit him hard and and safe at times.

The lineup, Walpole 4.

R. Lewis, 3 b
R. Hudson, c
McCarthy, l f
Cullen, p
Wilbur, 1 b
Boyden, c f
Bailey, ss
Dalton, r f

Milford, 3.

Smith, s s
Cenedella, 3 b
McCarthy, 2 b
Foley, l f
Moore, c f
Gilmore, r f
Lamb, c
Phillips, P

May 3. The team won its sixth victory by defeating Framingham High on the Driving Park by a score of 21-10. The game was one sided. Milford batted for 16 hits with a total of 19 bases, while Framingham got 13 with a total of 15. The errors were seven for Milford and nine for the visitors. Phillips led both teams at the bat getting four hits with a total of 7 bases.

May 6. The team played the longest and one of the best games won on record in this school with Wayland High on the Driving Park Grounds. The game ended in a treat the end of the 14th inning, the score being 10 to 10. Phillips played a star game in the box, and McCarthy led at the bat. Cenedella's fielding was also good.

May 9. The seventh victory of the season was won from our old time rivals, Franklin, by a score of 7 to 2. The visitors came up to win as they had with

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

them a first class pitcher from Dean Academy who was lost after the second inning. The home team batted him at will. Phillips allowed but two hits to eight off Stevens the Dean pitcher. The visitors depended wholly on the latter for victory, but were disappointed. Phillips secured nine strike outs while Stevens got but four.

The lineup, Milford High 7.

Phillips, p
Smith, s s
McCarthy, 2 b
Curtin, 1 b
Cenedella, 3 b
Gilmore, r f
Moore, c f
Foley, l f

Franklin High 2.

Stevens, p
McGroary, c
Fiorani, s s
Duffy, 3 b
Fitzpatrick, 2 b
Laycock, 1 b
Cunningham, c f
Winters, r f
Durkey, l f

May 10. Framingham B. C. succeeded in defeating us by a score of 9 to 8. The game was very interesting from beginning to end. Phillips and Cenedella were the features of the game with their fine batting and fielding.

The lineup, Framingham B. C. 9.

Curran, s s
Kenney, c
Reagan, c f
Williams 2 b
Houghton, 1 b
J. Slade, p
Cavanaugh, r f
McBride, l f
McGrath, 3 b

Milford H. S. 8.

Phillips, 2 b
Cenedella, 3 b
McCarthy, p
Curtin, 1 b
Moore, c f
Gilmore, r f
Foley, l f
Smith, s s

May 13. We showed our superiority over So. Framingham High by defeating them twice. The latter school team had the better of the game up to the fifth inning, however, the Milford boys succeeded in landing on Framingham's twirler and made eight runs, making the score 10-8 in our favor, and in the four remaining innings made the score 15-8. Pitcher Phillips did not allow one man to hit safe after the fifth inning.

Exchanges.

"The criticism of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in the Oak, Lily and Ivy is exceptionally good. Such articles are worth writing and reading."

—Watch City Bulletin.

The Index for the month of April contains a good picture of its board of editors.

One of our new exchanges this month is the Owl, Fresno, Cal. We are pleased to meet you, as you contain some clever cuts and amusing stories.

Very sorry for that accident you record (?) Roaring Branch. Hope that none such will happen again.

Good Literary Department, H. S. Arena.

"A Little Leak Will Sink a Big Ship" in the School Bells Echoes is a short but very instructive piece.

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—Comet.

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You have a very good cover and also some appropriate cuts for your columns,
Tahoma

"Student Life in Germany" in the Cauldron should be read.

Make your exchange column longer, Lynn H. S. Gazette.

The April issue of the Latin School Register was greatly improved by a full sheet picture of Othello.

With its pretty new Easter Gown and its cut of the characters of "The Passing Regiment" the Academy Monthly was made better.

We welcome the following new exchanges: Tahoma, Taconia, Wash; Clarksville Index; Clarksville Texas; Organug, York, Me; and the Owl, Fresno, Cal.

The following have been received since our last publication: Comet, Reno, Nev; Tahoma, Taconia, Wash; Register, Boston, Mass; Protectionist, 77 Summer St., Boston, Mass; Cauldron, Warren, Ohio; Index, Clarksville, Tenn; Organug, York, Me; Tooter, So. Omaha. Neb; Idea, Somerset, Ky; Arena, Barnesville, Ohio; Watch City Bulletin, Waltham, Mass; Phi-Rhonian, Bath, Me; Flickertail Lisbon, N. D; Student, Columbus, Ohio; Roaring Branch, Bennington, Vt; School Bells Echoes, Merrill, Wis; Arms Student, Shelburne Falls, Mass; Review, Newton, Mass; Red and Black, Reading, Pa; Climax, Beloit, Wis; Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y; Racquet, Portland, Me; Hedding Graphic, Abingdon, Ill; Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass; Capitoline, Springfield, Ill; Agnetian Monthly, Md; Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa; Owl, Fresno, Cal; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me; Index, Haverford, Pa; Huisache, San Antonio, Texas, Squib, Golden, Colo; Gazette, Lynn, Mass; College Signal, Amherst, Mass; Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

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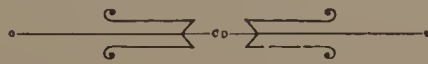
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Graduating Class, M. H. S., 1905.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

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SALUTATORY ESSAY.

Some Peculiarities of the English Language.

BY HANNAH E. CALLANAN, '05.

N this, the evening of the graduation exercises of the class of 1905 of the Milford High School, I wish, on behalf of the class, to extend a cordial greeting to the chairman, members of the school committee, our teachers, and our friends. This manifestation of their interest in us is very gratifying. That which the heart feels most it can least express. Our teachers who have striven so earnestly and faithfully to direct our course through the devious paths of knowledge are worthy of much honor and praise. They have done their duty, and if we have not received the best fruits from our High School training, the fault lies in ourselves, not in our instructors.

At least, we have had the influence of High School life for four years, and each one knows in his heart whether he has gained much or little thereby.

The English language! How little it is appreciated. If it is said of a man that he has mastered the dead languages, great wonder and admiration are expressed, but the average person considers the mastery of his own language of small consequence.

To my mind, the English language is a most difficult one, and worthy of our careful attention. For it is the language that we speak every day. It takes a life-time to learn English; yes, even for the American, whose mother tongue is English. For at the end of thirteen years of school drill, who feels that he has mastered all the intricacies of our language?

Have you noticed how many rules there are for forming the plurals of simple words? Then, in addition, every rule has two or three exceptions. How bewildering it must be to the foreigner who comes to America, to attempt to write some

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of the words which have similar ending, but which are pronounced very differently from one another; for instance, the words enough, cough and thorough. On the other hand, it is equally difficult to write words which have similarity of pronunciation and yet have no similarity in spelling, as sew, go and owe. Then again, concerning plurals, someone has intimated that, though the plural of cow may be kine, the plural of vow can never be vine, and that, though mouse in the plural is mice, the plural of house is not hicc.

Oftentimes, foreigners who have come here to reside, promptly adopt our English language; they prefer it to their own, since they intend to become American citizens. If they do this with enthusiasm, ought not we, much more than they, give strict attention to our own tongue?

The English language—if we might only call it American—is like a puzzle, or like a long winding road, at every turn of which, some new obstacle is encountered; at every turning, some knowledge to be gained.

If you observe carefully, you will note that there are “family words,” so to speak. I know a number of families, every member of which uses this so-called “family word.” This word is either a misuse of a correct word or one that has been “coined” by the particular family in which it is used. I know two families who are not acquainted with each other, and who do not live near together; yet both families make use of the same word in conversation, and this word is not found in any dictionary.

There are a great many kinds of English language, if we may so style it. Different sections of our country have different ways of expressing their thoughts, and to one another their speech seems strange and foreign. These localisms have to be translated like any foreign language. To the native of New York, famed for the rolling r, and the Buffaloean, accustomed to designate anything as that ere book or this ere chair, the plain speech of the East is stilted and unmusical—“flat” as some one has expressed it. The gruff, concise, sometimes slangy, colloquial dialect of the Western ranchman is in direct contrast to the polished and refined conversation of the Bostonian. The pretty, languid, drawling voice of the Southerner gives to words a sound so different from that of the quick, energetic Northerner that the language itself would seem to be different.

The English language is a combination of languages. From each of the older languages it has sought the best that was in it. Yet all these parts have been assimilated in such a way as to give harmony and completeness to the ensemble. Our numerous words like memorandum and phenomenon, which are fundamentally Latin, have become so familiar to us that they seem like old friends and yet there is a movement now on foot to form their plurals by adding s instead of giving the Latin plural form in a. Some people plead for an innovation in spelling, arguing that phonetic spelling will enable more people to become excellent spellers, and that the words thus spelled make a better appearance. Not all scholars agree about this new idea, and it is improbable that this system will be adopted very soon, if it ever is.

Perhaps there are superfluous letters in some of the words, but I think that people in general will agree that the present system of spelling presents a better appearance than the phonetic method would.

Improvement in everything is always acceptable, but every innovation is not necessarily an improvement, and we feel content to leave our language as it is, with its marvelous propensities for expressing every wish of the heart, for defining every degree of meaning.

Whether or not it is creditable to borrow, we cannot say, but I think that everyone is grateful to the French language for the word of parting, "Au revoir," which we would rather bear in mind to-night than the sadder, sweeter word—farewell.

The Influence of the Cotton Gin in American History.

ALTHOUGH many inventions tend to advance the industrial condition of a nation, some of these often encourage evil.

Could Eli Whitney, the true patriot of Massachusetts, have looked ahead seventy years and have seen the battlefield of Gettysburg amid the roar of cannon and the clanking of swords, would he have tried to invent a machine that would induce the planters in the South to buy more slaves? Surely no man with a spark of national pride would contribute to any cause that could lead to bloodshed. Yet this is just what Mr. Whitney did by giving to the world his cotton-gin.

He was a poor boy, but one of recognized ability. From his youth he dreamed of fame and fortune as an inventor. But what should he invent, was the perplexing question?

One day in 1793 several Southerners visited Whitney's home. In course of conversation they expressed regret that there was no quick method of separating the cotton fibre from the seed. They knew that the chief difficulty in the production of cotton was the extremely slow and laborious process of cleaning. They also knew that this was the chief objection to what had been the grand design of their undertaking; the raising of cotton for European markets. One slave could prepare about one bale in two years. At that rate, the demand for a great production could not be met, for it could not be handled with success so slow was this hand labor. The planter could not raise more cotton than the market demanded, for he had not the ability to raise it and pass it on to the manufacturer in a required time and in an acceptable condition.

These ambitious men saw fortunes before them if they could only devise a way to clean the cotton. Here then young Whitney seized his opportunity. He set to work, made the tools necessary to make many parts of the gin, and after a few weeks of effort he produced a machine that would prepare from three to fifteen bales of cotton per day. Think of the difference! The southern growers were filled with joy. They saw the changes possible and necessary.

More cotton must be planted to feed these machines. Each man must keep his gin busy. More cotton planting, more slaves necessary to plant it.

But let us go back a moment here, and look, more in detail, into the cotton industry previous to this wonderful invention. Up to this time not enough cotton could be raised and prepared in the South, to supply even our own country with raw material. It is even said that in 1784, (ten years before this invention)

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

seven bales of cotton arrived in England and so surprised were the English people that they would not believe it came from the United States; commissioners were sent over here to find out the truth. The cotton was raised and prepared by slave labor. Many thousands of slaves were in the South, but it seemed impossible to import enough to meet the demand for cotton.

The moment that the gin was an assured success, the value of slaves increased greatly. Every planter not only wanted many more slaves, but he wished to prevent the loss of those he already had. Hence as a result harsh fugitive slave laws were passed. Slaves were sought everywhere. Before 1808 (after which time the national Constitution prohibited the prosecution of African slave trade) enormous numbers of slaves were brought to this country. Slave trade had been unprofitable and was dying. The cotton gin revived it, made it strong and profitable, and cotton, its representative, assumed to be king of the nation.

The pleasure-loving, easy-going gentlemen of the South welcomed this Whitney gin as a great aid to prosperity. They saw not, far off on the horizon, little cloud that told of a future war.

But, you ask, "Where was the trouble?" "Was the fault with the gin?" No. It was the use it was put to by the same southern gentlemen.

Lord Macauley says, "What Peter the Great did to make Russia dominant, Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin has more than equaled in its relation to the power and progress of the United States."

In the year 1794, the first year of the invention, the cotton crop was increased five million pounds and forty years later the United States produced three times as much as India. This increase is rightly attributed to the increased speed in the method of cleaning cotton. Ought not the commercial world to have thanked the man who brought about such a situation? A part did, a part did not. This part most severely condemned him. It said that the invention of the gin had necessitated the holding of a larger number of slaves. Those who applauded were seized with greed for gain. If the Northerners objected to slaves, they, the Southern people must put into office men who agreed with the Southern spirit and so we all know how the controversy grew and grew. From a matter of individual it grew to be an affair of the State. One state was admitted as a slave state, then one as a free; and so on until the bands of Union were broken by the election of Lincoln as President. Four long years of war followed. Years of bloodshed and destruction of property, of which no man would like to be the cause.

If Eli Whitney was not the direct cause he surely was an indirect one; for his brain gave the southern gentlemen the machine which caused him to increase and not decrease his slave prosperity. Our Northern leaders knew this would go on and on. Therefore such an evil in our land had to be checked. Our Civil War had to be. Still ought not Whitney be proud of his invention? Certainly his gin rightly used was a great power. Its misuse caused the trouble.

In those days the gins were private affairs and operated by mule power with slave labor. That was cheap. To-day plantation ginneries have been supplanted by public ginneries with modern steam machinery and free labor.

The fact still remains that in a subject of public interest, the benefits derived from it as well as the injuries incurred by it must be considered.

The Ins and Outs of Housekeeping.

THE housekeeping of to-day is more complicated than in the days of our grandmothers. They cooked in the same kitchen; used the same pans and kettles generation after generation. Methods and receipts were handed down from mother to daughter, year after year. This was easy enough. To-day, one must rival her neighbor in the latest method for boiling greens without water, mixing and kneading bread without using the hands, sweeping carpets without raising dust. No steam must enter our kitchens; the modern kettle sends the steam up the chimney where it belongs. "Why no steam in our kitchens?" you ask. Our grandmothers didn't mind any amount; true they owned their homes and were glad to keep them in good condition, but the good condition of their day and what is known to be good condition now is vastly different. Our walls and curtains and gas ranges and general furnishings are made to save labor and save strength and will not stand hard usage. All this requires care and the exercise of brain power.

The first thing necessary to the successful housekeeper is system, a regular method. She must learn to do from habit the same duties at the same time every day. For housekeeping is much like store-keeping or factory-running. A regular system in any department of life saves time and strength.

A good housekeeper will never allow herself to fall into the habit of leaving one piece of work until she has entirely finished it, for this is a way of never completing anything. Haven't you known women who rush from one thing, half done, to start something else? They fill the dish pan with hot water, put in the soap and dishes, maybe wash and wipe a half dozen, then hasten off to dust the parlor or make the beds, just as fancy strikes them. When they finally remember the dishes, the water is cold, the soap is wasted, and a new start must be made. This kind of a person always has more than she can possibly do and she always will have.

How often have we heard a housekeeper say, "I never get ahead of what I am actually compelled to do!" This one works without fore-thought and management. She has a general idea when she rises in the morning that such and such pieces of work are to be accomplished during the day, but none as to the order in which they are to be attacked. After kindling the kitchen fire such a woman lingers to watch it, takes off the lids, opens the front of the range to make sure that it burns; then fills the kettle and tries three or four places on the stove before satisfying herself that it is in the best position; it never occurs to her that the three kinds of food to be prepared for breakfast may receive her attention at the same time. She knows not that while the oven is heating, the biscuit may be made ready. Nor does she take time to set the table while the water is heating and the biscuits are baking. Again she makes one trip to the closet for the tablecloth and another trip for the napkins and so on until she has what she wants, never burdening herself to secure all these at one time. Would you not look at this woman with compassionate curiosity, certain that she makes hard work out of every easy task! She does not follow the ancient maxim, "make your head save your heels."

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In all households there are certain periods which are disliked by all the members of the family. One of these is wash-day, which, however, is so common an occurrence that humanity accepts it as the inevitable and determines to meet it with patient endurance. With each returning spring comes another ordeal which is dreaded until it is past, and then looked back upon with relief. 'Tis the yearly house-cleaning! The simple phrase recalls back yards full of carpets and the monotonous beat! beat! of the rod; bare wet floors, pictureless walls, open windows, weary feet, aching backs and a general confusion. The housekeeper is the chief character in this important function. Here again does she need system so that she may not attempt to do two rooms at the same time, but rather wait until one is entirely finished before beginning the next.

To the busy housewife life seems a constant doing that things may be undone for instance, wiping away dust that more may settle, washing dishes which in a few hours must again be receptacles for food, laundering clothes that in another week will be soiled and returned to the tub and ironing-board from whence they came. All this repetition must be from the very nature of things; but how about the person who uses a different dish and spoon for each article she cooks, thus making that pile of dishes unnecessarily large? Here one may use brains as in building a bridge and economize labor and time. I myself often had little drifts of flour, spatter designs of milk and drops of water, decorating my kitchen floor in every direction by the time a meal was prepared. These didn't look appetizing and kept me frequently mopping them up. One day I vowed I would prepare the next repast more tidily. I began a half hour earlier, poured with caution, stirred carefully and did not allow anything to spill on the floor. My reward was not only a clean floor, but an unflurried mind and a good appetite.

Some housekeepers consider house-work a vexatious task. Why is it that they find it so? Isn't one of their great troubles that they can't find what they want to use? Isn't another that they must stop and pick up things, straighten out a confusion of odds and ends, before they can start in on the duty of the moment? It is a great deal more fun to drop a thing than to pick it up and put it away. But she who possesses the knack of house-keeping must put things away as she finishes with them even though it take time, for in the end time and temper will be saved.

The real housekeeper's maxim should be "a place for everything and everything in its place." It is true, the art of housekeeping seems to be born in some people. They can turn off great amounts of work with ease and without friction. While others plan and plan and fret and worry. But it seems to me, that these same persons may cultivate and acquire the art, if so determined. They must go on planning, with sense and system. They must finish what is once commenced. They must put away articles used. In a word, they must clear the track for on-coming duties, and the obstacles to pleasant housework will have disappeared.

MAY O'CONNOR, '05.

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GRADUATING EXERCISES
OF THE
Class of 1905, Milford High School,
THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 22ND.

PROGRAMME.

- Bridal Chorus,* Cowen
Salutatory Essay—Some Peculiarities of the English Language,
HANNAH ELIZEBETH CALLANAN.
The Influence of the Cotton Gin in American History,
JOSEPH ROY KERR.
Song—The Flight of Ages, Bevan
EDNA MAY SHEA.
Sidney Carton's Death, Dickens
CLAUDE RANDOLPH SIMPSON.
The White Lady's Live-a-Day Book,
ISABEL LOUISE McKENNA
Chorus—The Nights, Roberti
The Ins and Outs of Housekeeping,
MARY GENEVEIVE O'CONNOR.
Just a Suggestion,
FRANCIS EDWARD GILMORE.
The King's Pardon,
HESTER MAE WHITNEY.
Violin Solo, Faust, Singelee
Class Prophecy,
HERMAN LOUIS DILLINGHAM.
Valedictory Essay--The Question of Living,
EUNICE DITA HUSSEY.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Class Ode.
Chorus—Unfold, Ye Portals, Gounod

Secrets from the White Lady's Book.

LAST Xmas I went to visit my aunt in Bohemia. She lives in a great stone castle high up on the mountain-side. On New Year's Eve we watched the old year out, so it was well into the night when we retired. I was just falling asleep when into my room silently glided a beautiful woman in snow white garments, who seated herself where the moonlight fell on the floor. I could see her quite distinctly. A huge bunch of iron keys hung at her side. I wondered what they could open, so I asked her.

"Oh, these are the keys to other people's secrets," she replied.

"About whom would you like to know? For I will get my 'Line-a-Day' Book where I have kept the record of all my children since the sixteenth century."

All eagerness, I said I wanted to know about thirty-three boys and girls in a Massachusetts town who became conspicuous in the first year of the twentieth century. In a minute, the White Lady returned with her book. This she unlocked with a key and turned to the year 1901.

"Yes indeed," said she, "something of interest did happen that year. I read here that thirty-three boys and girls commenced their high school course in a fine new building. I note here that the boys looked unusually awkward in their short trousers, too long at the knees, and in their coats, far too short in the sleeves. But their heads—here were signs of promise—large heads, far too large for their years." Glancing from the book she said, "Have they kept on growing during the past four years?" Turning again to the records she read:

"Girls of entering class of 1901—tall, slender, with swarthy complexions simpering smiles, due to an over amount of shyness." Thought I to myself, "That is a true picture of us as we hurried up that temporary plank walk and climbed the many stairs to the Assembly Hall. Vividly did I recall the dedication of our new building. How Mr. Stacy, the Chairman of our School Committee, asked us to unite in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and how tired we felt at being obliged to stand during the remarks of Mr. Stacy and Principal Dr. Frisbee—for there were no chairs—and how timidly and quickly we went down to rooms one and four to find there no desks and a number of promiscuous chairs. How well did I recall the trouble we had from being obliged to keep our books on the floor and window sills for almost half a term. For there were books and books—books for the Normal Scientific, the Classical and Commercial Courses. These books were not changed during that first year, but one of our five teachers resigned before Xmas, and Mrs. Harmon of Boston took up our Commercial work.

Out of the moonlight a voice interrupted my meditation, saying, "You had an accident during that first year—I note here that Lizzie Hodge, who is now in the state of Washington, fell down stairs, narrowly escaping a fractured skull."

The White Lady thought it an escape, but I knew that no skull belonging to that class could be so easily broken. From reading along in her book, I learned that during the second term, Fred Turner, Clyde Johnson and James Holland aspired to large fields to conquer, so went out into the world to work.

Turning to her records for 1902, this ancestress of the race found that almost all the class completed the Sophomore year's work. In September 1902, the class welcomed our present principal, Mr. J. C. Hull of Adams, a new Commercial

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teacher, Miss Grace Harwood, and a sub-master, Mr. T. J. Murphy. With the exception of a substitute now or then, there were no changes in teachers during the year. Rhetoricals were introduced and all were given a chance to participate. Some showed a great talent for that line of work and I am proud to say that our class can boast of at least four good speakers, namely, Misses Callanan and Whitney and Messrs. Kerr and Simpson. These four have taken medals at the different contests and Miss Whitney and Mr. Simpson were our representatives at the last Inter-scholastic Contest held in Uxbridge.

Again the voice of the White Lady interrupted my thoughts, saying, "A great change in studies occurred in 1902.

"Yes," I said to myself, "and a very pleasant one also. Then we were given an opportunity to select and make a study of the subjects best suited to us. With the exception of Geometry and English, all our studies were elective. I plainly remembered the difficulty we had battling with Geometry, and trying to pronounce the French language in a fairly correct way. But the White Lady read again from the book. Here she had noted that if we didn't master pronunciation, we did master the sentiment for which the French nation is famous. She read that many of us could conjugate the verb *aimer* with deep feeling especially the present tense. Reading on she observed:

"A few of your number became discouraged, for in the following September there were only twenty-one pupils who returned to take up the battle for the third time." In her record she read, "Third year in High School—boys, only four; appearance, tall dignified, long trousers, heads as large as ever, somewhat overbearing in manner. Girls—meek, gentle, and as many as ever.

Well do I recall that morning we entered school as Juniors. How high we held our heads, for then we were entitled to sit in the room with the Seniors. How we worked that year, learning English History, how to write shorthand, the German Script, and endeavoring to act as much like Seniors as possible. With the exception of two Commercial teachers, Miss Jackson, and Mr. Clark of Middleboro, our teachers were the same as during the previous year.

This White Apparition continued, "The last year of your High School Life began in September, 1904. I notice that your number of class members in full standing is reduced to thirteen—that unlucky number. No wonder you had such poor luck in choosing a class president. No wonder you had no success at giving class parties or arranging Glee Club Concerts." That was all she read from her book.

But she hinted at just what has occurred since. She told me that our class meetings would be filled with confusion—that Gilmore and Dillingham were born orators. She fancied that our girls would be aspirants to athletic honors. And how true that was! Did not our team win all the applause? Did we not love a costume distinct in color and varied in cut?

There was one thing about which this famed lady could not know at that time, though she probably does now. Probably she has it duly recorded that in our last spring vacation Mr. Hull invited the Seniors to visit Boston's historic places. To be sure all did not go, but those who went will never forget the two hundred and ninety-five steps leading to the top of Bunker Hill Monument. Since

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then we have also felt a personal interest in the War of 1812, because we went on board the old battleship "Constitution" now lying at the Charlestown Navy Yard. Our visit to Copp's Hill, Granary and King's Chapel burying-grounds, made us realize more than ever that famous Americans have lived. After viewing Boston from the roof of the Ames Building and many noted buildings from the ground, we went to our dinner which our hostess had been almost frantic trying to keep for us since quarter of twelve. After dinner, we visited the State House where we were cordially received by our Representative Mr. Birch. He kindly showed us through the different halls and apartments of that building; then escorted us to the gallery of the House of Representatives. We attended a very interesting session of the legislature and all felt very grateful to Mr. Birch for his kindness. Before leaving the State House however, we climbed to the dome and viewed Boston for the third time. Then with the exception of one of our party, who had found the journey a little tiresome we visited the Public Library and then returned home.

In April the Seniors made another interesting trip. This time it was to one of our local factories, The Milford Shoe Co. Mr. Kelley the Superintendent kindly showed us through the different rooms and explained to us the trade of shoe-making. Our visit to the different departments and the many souvenirs received, gave us a very enjoyable afternoon. In May we visited the Milford National Bank and Mr. Wheeler gave us the use of the Director's Room for taking notes. We saw the book-keeping of such an establishment and where the packages of money are kept. We had the thrilling experience of holding \$20,000 in our hands. And last but not least the generous cashier furnished us with chocolates to eat during our stay.

Now perhaps you are wondering who the White Lady is who so clearly mapped out in her "Line-a-Day" Book the happenings of the Class of 1905. On consulting my aunt the next morning she said that from the sixteenth century a White Lady had appeared in castles and huts when matters of great importance were imminent, whether joyous or sad. So I suppose this apparition appeared to me because the completion of our High School work is both joyous and sad. Joyous because vacation is coming and what else we know not. Sad, because we no longer may listen to the voice of our teachers when they dictate concerning the three R's, nor shall we often see the faces of our agreeable companions of the past four years.

ISABELLE MCKENNA, '05.

Just a Suggestion

THE right education of the young is a question that perplexes the greatest thinkers of our time. In what lines must they be trained? Shall the eye be trained by a course in art? Shall the ear be trained by courses in music? Shall the intellect be trained by courses in science and languages? Educators have agreed that these studies are necessary. They have been universally adopted throughout the land. But, as yet, only a part of our country has decided that there is still another line of training necessary, and that is the training of the hand. That is, manual training. The word manual is a derivation of the latin word "manus," meaning the hand. Hence, all work done by the hand is manual

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labor. Look where you will you will find the hand in history; working, building inventing, bringing civilization out of barbarism! Most of us agree that the mechanic's hand, the hand that hews, saws, builds, is equally useful with the hand of the statesman that writes the law. Who can say that the hand is not equally useful with the ear and the eye? If so, ought not the hand to receive a share of our attention? If this were to be applied to boys alone it would seem that it occupies a first place, for the boys are to be the bread-winners. And the majority will earn a livelihood by their hands. By this I mean by manual labor. And to be a success to-day, this must be skilled manual labor.

At what age should a boy begin to train his hand for this life work? To complete a high school course, our boys are required to remain in school till they are seventeen or eighteen years old. It would seem that a portion of these years of training ought to be devoted to the hand. Would not our own high school be improved by the addition of a work-shop, when the boys might begin to use tools?

If such training were given in our school, it is safe to say that the percentage of boys in attendance would be much larger. To-day there are over twice as many girls as boys in our high school. This has been true for some time, and probably will be so for years to come, unless some method is devised to attract the boys. For many boys do not feel able to spend four years in the studies of a regular classical or scientific course. It seems to them a waste of time if they do not intend to enter an advanced school and pursue a profession; They feel the need of something practical. Therefore they leave school! The majority become apprentices to learn some trade in the line of manual labor.

Now, if the opportunity to learn something of this were offered them in connection with their other studies, many would willingly remain in school. Perhaps, too, it is as much the duty of a town to give its boys manual training in a workshop, as it is to educate them in physics and chemistry in the laboratories, or in Latin, French and German, in the class room. Who can say with justice, that it is not?

The kinds of practical hand work taught in such a department are many. There is sloyd work, carpentry, pattern making, wood carving, chair-seating, etc. Sloyd work comprises the very finest of wood-working by tools. According to the Sloyd Record, "Sloyd is toolwork, so arranged and employed as to stimulate and promote vigorous, intelligent self-activity, for a purpose which the worker recognizes as good."

Our present High School building furnishes ample room for this work. The room which at present serves as a boys' coat room would be a very suitable place and there is sufficient room elsewhere in the basement to accommodate coats and hats. And now you ask, "Would not the expense be too great, provided it is advisable?" The expense, in comparison with the results which are sure to follow, is not great. After the first expense of fitting out the department was surmounted, the expenses to follow would be comparatively small. Tables, for instance, could be bought for \$15.00 a piece, and tools, to be used in common, about \$15.00 or \$20.00. One pupil is accommodated at a table, and a class of fifteen would be large enough to work at one time. Now, as one teacher would be sufficient for such a class, the total expense would not exceed \$250 or \$260. (Two hundred-fifty or two hundred-sixty dollars.)

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The great popularity with which manual training has been received in other places, and the gratifying results obtained, speak strongly in favor of such hand training.

Owing to the factories in Hopedale, Milford is an excellent field for manual training. For the several kinds of skilled manual labor for men, are demanded in the various departments of the Draper shops.

At the annual dinner of the Boston Boot and Shoe Club the other day, the speaker of the evening made a strong plea for industrial education. He pointed to the example set by Germany in the work of industrial education, and said that this country, if the competition of the world is to be met, must follow that example.

An article in a recent magazine claims that the only solution of labor troubles for America is in a combination of school and shop training:

Beside the practical use of actual wage earning, there is still another important benefit to be derived. This is the resources that a man may have within himself for home entertainment. No man can work all the time. He must play! What constitutes his play shows the character of the man. Right education is character building! Education in the use of the hand may furnish a playground for many. In his free hours at home, one may find it a pleasure to cut out a rack for that kitchen roller towel, or a bracket for those plants, or reseat that worn-out chair. And beside concentration of the mind, is there not, too, economy in this? It also tends to keep the worker off the streets.

Thus the moral tone of our country would be raised. Education and morals are the prime factors of our social life. They go hand in hand. One is certainly weakened by lack of the other. Years ago, when every man earned his living by the sweat of his brow, the social standing of the country was not in the deplorable state it is to-day.

This training need not be confined to the High School alone. If the town would see fit to equip a manual training department in the basement of the High School building, the grammar grades might participate with little or no inconvenience. The eighth and ninth grade boys, for instance, could have two afternoons a week for a lesson. It does not seem advisable, at the beginning at least, to teach it below the eighth grade. The High School boys, in classes, could be accommodated in a few hours per week. With the excellent facilities we have, it seems at least worth a trial. And until it is given a trial, the Milford schools may be lacking in the practice side of education, for which there is such a demand in these days.

In a recent address before the Social Service Department of the Woman's Club, Mr. Haley, our superintendent, explained the subject of manual training, and pointed out some of its many advantages. This year, in his report to the town, Mr. Haley earnestly advises the installment of a manual training course in the public schools.

Now, with the benefits to be derived from such a course in mind, and considering the comparatively small expense to be incurred, does it not seem at least worth a trial, and especially among the boys of the High School?

FRANK E. GILMORE, '05.

Class Prophecy of 1905.

I had almost finished a long and tiresome day's work at my office and was waiting to fill an appointment with the last patient for the day. He was to be treated with the latest and most effectual remedy for the gout, known as the 'M Radio Rays.' I allowed my mind to wander back over the old school-days at Milford High. I will not explain it, but soon I seemed to be in a magnificent hall with transparent walls which radiated light over the whole world. From this lofty lookout I could see into whatever corner of the earth I wished. As the thought of my preparatory Alma Mater was in my mind, I tried to locate the members of that illustrious class of '05.

Naturally first I turned toward Milford. This I found readily enough since I was especially attracted in that direction by the sound of a familiar voice resounding from the walls of a new and finely equipped opera house, "The Morgon-ion." Upon more careful investigation I found the speaker to be none other than my old classmate, F. E. Gilmore, the most prominent leader of the new Men's Rights' party. He thought men had been under woman government long enough, and therefore proclaimed the virtues of his party in a most eloquent manner.

I next saw a large prosperous city crowded with women, pushing and elbowing their way toward a great and spacious city hall. The great city of Bellingham was stirred by the learned and logical arguments of Eugenie Kirby, the most enthusiastic supporter of Womens Rights in the country. She was following Mr. Gilmore's course so that, in regular Carrie Nation style, she might undue what he had, with much difficulty, established.

Among the swaying crowd I caught sight of a very tall and stately woman. On her left shoulder was pinned a richly engraved, gold medal. The inscription read thus:—The Centennial Exposition, held in New York in the year 1912 in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the war of 1812, awards this medal to Miss Hester Mae Whitney, as being the champion strong woman of America. She was at present giving in the city a public exhibition of her marvelous strength, and at these exhibitions she did what all of her class try to do; she lifted the roof of the house, with applause.

In the growing town of Braggville, I perceived a sign "Excellent Dying Done Here." This was of no interest to me, until I saw in smaller gilt letters, "Edna Shea, Prop." Then I quickly took the second look. Sure enough there Edna was dying, although there was no need of a ministers services; but she always thought that change of color, especialiy in maps, was for the best so I did not wonder that she choose this as her life-work.

Through the windows of a neighboring house I saw Mae O'Connor, alias "Madam Zuilga," the Egyptian Clairvoyant. Just at this time she was holding the hand of one of the towns most promising young business-men who had come to consult her on matters relating to marriage. She made a specialty of this subject and was always sure to tell what was for the best.

In Boston I saw Isabelle McKenna doing an excellent business as a chiropodist. She was assisted by two maids, and had her hands full most of the time. She is known throughout the city as the best in her line and therefore has all the political and religous leaders as her patients.

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As manager of "Sleepy Hollow Glee Club," Hannah Callanan was keeping accurate account of dates both open and closed. She enlisted the services of the best singers possible. She was at this time just planning the annual concert to be given in Milford. It was to be held under the auspices of the Senior Class of the high school as has been the custom for the last five years.

The matron of a college hospital ought to be a bright and attractive woman. In this vocation I found Marie Cenedella, under whose direction all broken shoulders received in foot ball are carefully mended, and the patient kept in cheerful spirits by her winning way and affectionate sympathy. There is no doubt but that she is a success in this line, for at an early age she seemed to possess all the requirements for the position.

On the bill boards of the "Empire Theatre" I recognized, in glaring purple letters, the name Mlle. Rae Dwyer. In what could she be engaged? Looking more closely I read the following: Singing and Dancing Soubrette; positively her last appearance before going west. So Rae was on the stage! But she was always the best of entertainers, so no doubt her audience is delighted with her act.

Here is a big tent. This does not interest me until from the top I read "Kerr and Tootie's Circus." Sure enough, Roy Kerr had gone into the circus business. He was a crack animal trainer and the climax of his show was reached when he made his triumphal entry into the ring, followed by his trained rats, drawn in a chariot by four Welsh rabbits. These rats did some of the most remarkable stunts on record.

On the circus grounds I heard the late songs sung by an attractive young girl. After some difficulty, I placed her as my old school mate, Irene Trask. She was introduced to the people as "Madam Wayup" from Paris. However, she had a way down voice and I could not quite see the appropriateness of the name, except that the announcer meant that she was way up in the air, for she certainly was since she stood on a stand, far above the spectators' heads.

What is better than a guardian of the young? At this work I found Eunice Hussey, dressed in the usual costume of a nurse girl, happily watching the playing children of her wealthy mistress. However, she is about to leave the occupation and teach the art to young girls in Mrs. Lovell's Private Girls' School of Domestic Science, where she has accepted a professorship.

On a recent visit to this country, the Chinese prince, Hi Che He, met the society belle, Grace Higgiston. After an unplanned meeting and a hurried courtship, the engagement, although not formally announced, is generally understood among the "two hundred and fifty three." It is also thought that the couple will make a short trip to China, and, during their stay there, will be married in true Oriental style.

The United Order of Old Maids' Sewing Circles was carefully presided over in a large office in one of the great cities by Mabel Quirk, their worthy president. The object of the society is to make clothes for the uneducated classes who are so foolish as to enter on that insane path of marriage. However, they forget that someone must have been insane in their families.

Women lawyers are now recognized at the bar, legally speaking of course, and here Nellie McConnachie has earned the title "Champion of Her Sex." Her

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specialty is divorce cases. Having two husbands living she has had plenty of experience of this kind, and therefore always makes a worthy plea for her clients.

I saw Grace Doherty, "the elevator girl" driving the elevator from the fifth basement to the fiftieth story of the new skyscraper in Boston. As Grace was always of a high turn of mind, she has fulfilled the highest desires of her friends for she is bound to rise.

In the distance I perceived a black, bullet-shaped object rushing directly toward me at terrific speed. After much difficulty I recognized Claude Simpson A. B; B. S; Ph. B; for he was minus an eye and a leg as a result of one of his mechanical experiments. He was out taking his morning fly, in his recent invention, the flying machine. Instead of turning his course, he came directly toward the hall in which I stood, when Bang! I awoke to find all my ideas a mere dream and my gout patient pounding vigorously at the door.

HERMAN L. DILLINGHAM, '05.

VALEDICTORY ESSAY.

The Question of Living.

THE most vital question before the American people at the present time is the increased cost of living. To provide for the numerous conveniences now looked upon as necessities and to prepare for sickness or emergency is a problem demanding serious thought, and a problem that is all-important to the American wage earner. What does it benefit him if we have a great nation, a remarkable government, progress from a national point of view, when he is laboring under the weight of higher and higher prices. And he is going without those pleasures that help to make "the game worth the candle." Wages are at best stationary. The workman complains that all his earnings are immediately paid out in the bare cost of living. Economy is the eternal watchword. Although the country, in general, is in a period of great prosperity, yet the rush and the struggle of the mad race for wealth is the cause of much crime. And it does seem strange that one person can live in luxury while another would be glad if he could make both ends meet. The trouble lies in the ignorance of the laborer, in the avarice of the employer, in the corruption of legislators.

But the cause of this state of affairs? The natural wealth of our country has been utilized by a few clever organizers who have diverted the benefit that belongs to the whole people. The great financial kings are not to be censured for this. Each of us, under the same circumstances, would have done the same. And the philanthropy of some rich men places them above criticism.

The result of our rapid progress is two-fold. First, it has placed enormous power in the hands of a few who, very naturally, use this power in their own interests. Secondly, it has caused open warfare between labor and capital in the form of costly strikes, harmful to all concerned. It must be admitted that the workman doesn't always receive his due share of the profits and that this has a direct bearing on the distress of the masses, and surely the great organizers are morally, if not legally, responsible for the present high prices.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

And we will not blame 'the government,' as people say. There are those who look up to that mysterious power as the cause of and source of relief for every misery and think if they could only get such-and-such-a-man into office, he'd find a remedy. This great problem is not to be solved by the workman alone, nor by his employer, nor yet by the makers of the law; but rather it must be a cooperation of all three. The great remedies are, for the laborer, education; for the capitalist, brotherly love; for all of us, the golden rule. Thus we will not wring the sponges, and we'll have reformation in preference to punishment. Then are we masters of the science of true living.

My friends---To-night eighteen young people bid you farewell as a class. On the morrow no class of nineteen-five will take seats in the usual place. You who have been in our places can realize that. We have had our school days, and to look on the serious side, we have had some of our happiest days. Even in going farther in still higher schools, there is a difference in what will take our attention—a very great difference. And these recent bright days are not to be duplicated. We leave with every one of you our thanks for your kind attention; with our teachers, volumes of gratitude. The people of the town have offered us every encouragement. And we trust that the succeeding classes will prosper as well under the guidance of our efficient principal and corps of teachers. We are greatly indebted to the school committee for their careful attention to all our needs, and are especially grateful to their experienced chairman who has so generously served many classes that have gone before. And now, once more,—Farewell.

EUNICE DITA HUSSEY, '05.

OAK, LILY AND IVY.

Class Ode.

BY EUGENIE S. KIRBY.

Air: Juanita.

To-night the portals
On our bright school days will close ;
Mem'ries immortal
In our hearts repose.
Dear School, we'll remember
All the lessons you have taught ;
Alma Mater, tender,
Our success you've sought.

Parting, yes, parting
From the school we've loved so long ;
Singing, ah, singing
Our last farewell song.

We now are starting
On a pathway hid from view,
Saddened at parting,
But with courage true.
We'll meet trials and troubles,
Mixed with pleasure there'll be pain,
Yet will he who struggles
True success attain.

Sadly, yes, sadly
Break we now the tender spell ;
Softly, ah, softly
Do we say FAREWELL.

Graduates, 1905.

Hannah Elizabeth Callanan, Maria Evelina Cenedella, Grace Veronica Doherty,
Herman Louis Dillingham, Mary Ray Dwyer,
Francis Edward Gilmore, Grace Patrice Higgiston, Eunice Dita Hussey,
Joseph Roy Kerr, Eugenie Sylvia Kirby,
Margaret Helene McConnachie, Isabel Louise McKenna,
Mary Genevieve O'Connor, Mabel Gertrude Quirk, Edna Gertrude Shea,
Claude Randolph Simpson, Irene Helene Trask,
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